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THE WHITIN MACHINE WORKS
ESTABLISHED 1831

The WHITIN Spindle

WHITIN

AUGUST

Vol. I No 1

IN HONOR OF OUR HEROES OF THE GREAT WORLD WAR

Northbridge Honor Roll, Unveiled July 19, 1919

The WHITIN Spindle

VOLUME 1 WHITINSVILLE, MASS., AUGUST, 1919 NUMBER 1

Jeffrey L. Vail Post of American Legion

(Formed at Whitinsville)

Ever since the armistice was signed, soldiers, sailors, and marines have been thinking of forming some kind of an organization which should be big enough, broad enough, and splendid enough to hold together all the veterans of the Great War.

The first steps taken to form this organization were made by a group of officers who chanced to meet in Paris in February. At this meeting these officers decided to hold another meeting in Paris on March 15-16-17, and they also planned for a similar meeting to be held at St. Louis on May 8-9-10 to obtain the views of service men at home as well as those abroad. It was at this St. Louis caucus that the American Legion really started.

The Jeffrey L. Vail Post, No. 111, had its first informal meeting on June 18. Some 75 men turned out, and the following officers were elected: Capt. Josiah Lasell 2nd, commander; Thomas J. Melia, vice-commander; James P. Kane, adjutant; Arthur F. Jackman, finance officer; James R. Clarke, chaplain; Oscar T. Smith, historian.

Two weeks later a second meeting was held, at which the Post was named for Jeffrey L. Vail and the application for the charter was signed. On July 11, 1919, the American Legion headquarters in New York issued the charter for the Post here in town. The American Legion is still such a new organization that it might be well at this time to outline briefly what the legion stands for. It typifies a civilian democracy which knows no distinction of rank or of service. Officers or enlisted men—those who went abroad or those who served at home—the Legion embraces all, provided their service was honorable.

It is *not;* partisan, military, or militaristic.

It has, even at this early phase of its development, certain clear-cut, sound policies tersely expressed in the preamble to its constitution.

"For God and Country we associate ourselves together for the following purposes:

"To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state, and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom, and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness."

All persons who were in the military or naval service of the United States between April 6, 1917, and November 11, 1918, may be members, except those persons who separated from the service under terms amounting to dishonorable discharge and except those who refused to perform their military duties on the ground of conscientious objection.

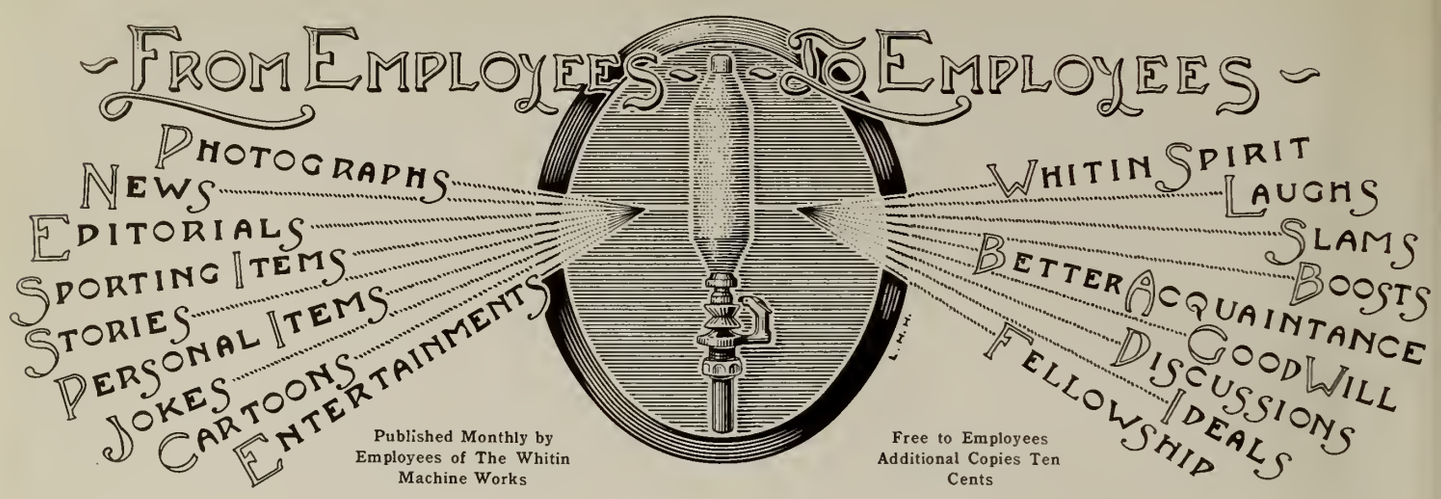
Capt. Josiah Lasell 2nd, Commander

Charter Members of the Jeffrey L. Vail Post

Josiah Lasell 2nd
Thomas J. Melia
James P. Kane
Arthur F. Jackman
James R. Clarke
Thomas H. Driscoll
Gordon L. Boutillier
James E. Lightbown
Louis A. Burke
Frank L. Searles
Daniel A. Hammond
Elmer A. McFarland
Thomas P. Boyd
William J. Walker
Patrick Anderson
Lawrence Beinema
James J. Dundas
Leon H. Tebo
Harry L. Kearnan
Leo F. Kelliher
Francis H. Leonard
Henry Lamont
Joseph E. Bouchard
Wm. Joseph Thompson
George H. Gregoire
James Brown
Nelson J. Berard
William A. Adams
Frank Lightbown
Robert F. Walsh
Eugene J. Gauthier
Robert Knox Brown 2nd
William F. Kingston
Hagop Moorakian
Robt. S. Blakely
Vernard L. Gordon
Carroll Reed
Daniel A. Connors
David Magill
Walter H. Stevens
James S. Ferry
William Skillen
Mesrop Sarajian
William H. O'Neil
Charles J. Brennan
Francis V. Smith
Arthur C. Leavitt
Newell S. Oliver
John Hayes
Octave J. White
Ernest E. Ballard
Napoleon Ruell
Thomas Dufault
Ovila Breault
Joshua A. Boyette
Alfred H. White
William J. C. Riley
Edmund McEndy
Martin J. Rudolph
William L. Fanning
Oliver Frieswyk
Oliver Benoit
Sydney M. White
Patrick Connors
Elmer J. Martin
Darius H. Deslauriers
Edwin E. Crosby
Edward M. Bibeau
Robt. E. O'Dea
Teake Oppewall
George E. Benoit
Harry E. Lees
Harry Shaw
Oscar C. Martin
John J. Lash
Albert R. Kelly
Earle E. Hammond
Henry Joseph Burns
Roland Wilbur
John Serapian
Lawrence Ball
Benjamin Albert Hall
Thomas P. Farrell
Rosaireo Larivere
Ernest A. Watson
Thomas J. Joyce
Harry Cowburn
William Hays
John Jackman
Jos. Damour
Herman G. Oppewall
Edward Kane
Henry Pope

Non-Charter Members

Edward Feen
Wm. A. Donlon
James Cahill
Joseph J. Reneau
Wilfred J. Reneau
William Duggan
George Duchene
Alde Bruso
Leon Barnes
Wm. J. Jackman
Melville Richard
Walter Duggan
Arthur Bryant



EDITORS
Martin F. Carpenter William D. Morrison

The "Spindle" Winds Its First Bobbin

To meet the repeated requests heard around the shop for a monthly paper, the "Whitin Spindle" has been published through the efforts of a few of the employees. After a start it is expected that everyone will lend a hand and contribute to make this a paper, issued by the employees, of value to all connected with the concern. It will be eagerly read by everybody in the shop and by our friends. Therefore it should be filled with the spirit of our workers. It is ours; it is just what we make it. The cut above shows best what the whole plan is. From employees news of various incidents will come in, be wound up by the "Whitin Spindle" and then run out to you for your amusement, discussion, or disgust.

Don't throw away or carelessly lay your copy aside. The pictures will be worth saving. The older they are the more valuable, the better they serve our memories.

One of our contributors has suggested quite seriously that the next issue be called the Vacation Number. He has never had a real good vacation in his life and wants suggestions. Harley Keeler told him to try a trip to Maine, but Keeler's story was rather fishy; and besides, one does not care to eat canned salmon all the time. You have had good times; help out our contributor, and we hope he'll follow your suggestion for a vacation.

Contributors Present and Future

Fellow Employees, as the soap-box artist would say, we are indebted to the contributors who have made this issue possible. They have voluntarily helped us over some serious brain fags and our limited knowledge of local events. This issue may not be all-sweeping in its scope of Shop and Whitinsville doings, it may lack personal notes or humor (we will take the blame if that is true), but the next issue should not have any faults. We ought to have so much good news that it will be just a matter of selection to present the most vital and interesting things that are daily happenings right here in the Shop. How can we do it? By having each one of us feel that the success of the paper, here in the Shop, in the mills where Whitin machinery is used, in the mills which will be on our mailing list, depends upon the interest each of us puts into it. If you have any ideas, jokes, notes, or a thousand other incidents of interest, please mail them to, or see, M. F. Carpenter, Employment Department. Please sign your name in order that verification or more extensive knowledge may be had of the subject. All contributions may not be published, as the value of news sometimes changes between the date of receipt and the time of going to press.

What kind of news do we want? The best and liveliest there is. Or as the Standard Dry Kiln Company expresses it:

HAS ANY ONE

Died—
Eloped—
Divorced—
Embezzled—
Left town—
Had a fire—
Had a baby—
Had a party—
Sold a farm—
Been arrested—
Come to town—
Had twins or colic—
Sold a cow or lost an auto—
Laid in a stock of whiskey—
Stolen a dog or his friend's wife—
Committed suicide, or murder—
Fallen from an airplane or—
Fallen into a coal hole, or—
Fallen into a legacy?

We agree with them.

Arthur E. Moore, of the Production Department, was taken from his work unconscious Friday morning, July 11, 1919. At the Shop Hospital every effort was made to bring him to, but the case proved to be more serious than we are equipped to handle; therefore, a transfer of the case was immediately made to the Whitinsville Hospital.

In the afternoon of the same day we learned of Mr. Moore's death from cerebral hemorrhage. The sudden passing of a faithful and efficient worker was keenly felt by his many good friends here in the Shop, and deep sympathy was expressed for his wife, who before her marriage was Miss Annie Hughes, daughter of Albert Hughes, of the polishing job.

The funeral was held Monday, July 14, at East Douglas, and was attended by representatives of the Whitin Machine Works.

Shop Hospital a Busy Place

Our Hospital was officially opened on June 30; and in a short time it was a very busy corner, for our foremen were right on the jump, so much so that 48 were treated the first day. The workmen were sent in for the slightest cuts or scratches; no wonder, then, that we have the large number of treatments indicated in our table published herewith. On July 25 we had 74 cases for treatment.

Some of the men were inclined to laugh at the idea of noticing slight injuries, but the treatment they received probably prevented more serious trouble. The larger part of our accidents were cuts and scratches about the hands, and steel or emery in the eyes.

Every man who enters our employ must pass a physical examination. Over two hundred men have been examined, and only eight were considered poor risks. The advantages gained by this examination are apt to be underrated, because we do not think of the danger an unhealthy workman causes to those about him.

One of the men examined was asked to name the letters printed out in the line D Z A R F U L, and he read it "Balloon."

Another said he could not read letters or figures; but when Dr. Barry took out a bill from his fat pocket-book, the gentleman promptly recognized it as "Two Dollars."

The Hospital corps will award the Croix de Guerre for this month to Ed. Driscoll for running his nose up against the safe crank and reporting for treatment.

The doctors follow a schedule, so that at least one of them is on hand at the ward at all hours of the day. Dr. Barry conducts the physical examinations. Two nurses, Miss Glidden and Miss Anderson, are on duty constantly.

Miss Glidden was district nurse in Whitinsville for three years. While doing private nursing she was called to the Red Cross service in September, 1917. She spent seven months in the General Hospital No. 6 at Fort McPherson, Georgia. Orders came for overseas duty, and on her arrival in London she was transferred to the British Expeditionary Forces at the time a hundred nurses were loaned by the Americans.

Under British orders she spent a week in a base hospital at Salisbury Plains and then went to France, debarking on July 2, 1918. Her first duty there was in Treport, on the English Channel, at the British General Hospital No. 47. This hospital had 1,400 beds. Care was given to the boys after they had received first aid on the field or as they came from casualty clearing stations. As soon as possible the soldiers were sent to "Blighty," to make room

(Continued on page 9)

WHITIN MACHINE WORKS STATISTICAL REPORT

Accidents Treated at Hospital from June 30 through July 26

Wounds	Eye	Face	Scalp	Arm	Elbow	Wrist	Hand	Leg	Knee	Ankle	Foot	Chest	Back	Total
Lacerated	2	1	1	1	...	...	5	...	...	...	...	...	...	30
Abrased	1	3	1	9	1	1	108	4	1	...	...	...	...	129
Contused	...	1	...	3	...	...	49	4	1	1	4	1	...	64
Punctured	...	...	...	...	...	...	30	...	...	2	2	...	...	32
Incised	3	1	...	3	...	2	90	...	...	...	1	...	...	100
Burns	1	1	...	6	1	1	7	1	...	2	3	...	1	24
Sprains	...	...	...	1	...	1	...	...	1	...	...	...	1	4
Strains	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	1	...	2	3
Amputations	...	...	...	...	...	...	1	...	...	...	...	...	...	1
Dislocations	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	2	0
Faintings	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	7
Fractures	...	...	...	...	...	...	5	...	...	...	...	...	...	5
Enlarged Joints	...	...	...	...	...	...	1	...	...	...	...	...	...	1
Foreign Bodies	135	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	135
X-Rays	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	0
Infections	6	1	...	1	...	...	13	...	1	...	2	...	...	24
Syncope	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Total	148	8	2	24	2	5	329	9	4	3	13	1	4	559

Fractures and Dislocations,	5	Total number of accidents treated,	550
Infected cases,	24	Total number of men treated,	285
Eye cases,	148	Number of men disabled,	37
Other accidents,	382		

Sunset Baseball League Completes 13th Week

Whitin Machine Works,
Whitinsville, Mass.

Lizzie my dere,

You know me Lizzie, I'm down here at the Whitin Machine Works and I have to sit down by one of those old drilling machines all day, but there is only one thing that keeps me here. It ain't the fishing for hornpowts or the paddlin in one of them indian canoo boats on the lake. Its just this, we have a corking good baseball league down here called the Sunset League and when I say its in a class with them games we played down hum you know me Lizzie it must be some classy baseball, I'll tell the world. This is some town too in baseball circles, imagine Jim and Al. sitting up after Sunset to see a ball game. Well just you pike the picture enclosed with the crowd on it out to see a ball game. Eh? Gee Whizz staying up late just to see a ball game. But I wants to tell you right here Lizzie you'd stay up two nights to see some of them. Why Sally Jones, one of our stars, was up all night on account of one of these games.

This league is so fast that I am not hitting as hard as I used to. I have slumped a lot since July first. I have walloped the old pill for only .623 to date, but I'll bring it up to a thousand before I'm through, you know me Lizzie. Say Lizzie, I wish you'd figger out my average I've been hit twice by Butch Melia some name and it hits him too. I been passed once cause Steele was in a trap, me up with the bases plum jammed. Besides I got six hits but Harry Lees says I only got four and the rest of the time I struck out. What is my average? Say old George Hanna is down here scouting for them Red Sox and you want to see him sizing me up. Theres another manager down here who looks like Dempsey. I bet you can guess.

I know you and Si like figgers so I am sending you our latest records. Don't be disappointed because I don't play with the Moguls, but the president of the league thought I ought to help the other fellers to make it even up. Gee ain't the Meccas rotten. They are good fellers, but you can't play ball with a collar on, can you Lizzie? Say old top show these figures to Hen and maybe he'll come down and help the office boys win the flag. Billy Norton's down here givin jobs away to anybody that comes along so maybe Hen would get by. You know it is funny to be called a cigarette, but Oscar Martin started that and we got used to it just as we got used to his kiddin us on the bases. They wanted to call his team the Camels, but he says everybody will be camels after July first.

They say figgers don't lie, but I'd hate to be the feller what has to stand for the calldown from those heavy hitters down at the bottom of the list. The guy what made them out, last I heard, went out of town and i don't blame him.

Yours, IKE.

Watching the Game

The Umpire on His Job

A Close Decision

Strike Three

Out on First

Ball Four

Scores to July 30

Ziras	9	Moguls	6
Murads	7	Meccas	3
Omars	6	Fatimas	2
Moguls	10	Meccas	7
Ziras	11	Fatimas	8
Omars	4	Murads	3
Moguls	4	Omars	3
Fatimas	12	Meccas	2
Ziras	5	Murads	4
Fatimas	7	Moguls	1
Moguls	7	Murads	1
Ziras	7	Omars	2
Omars	10	Meccas	0
Fatimas	9	Murads	2
Ziras	7	Meccas	5
Moguls	1	Ziras	0
Murads	13	Meccas	4
Omars	6	Fatimas	2
Moguls	11	Meccas	4
Fatimas	9	Ziras	6
Ziras	13	Murads	4
Omars	10	Murads	3
Fatimas	8	Meccas	4
Omars	6	Meccas	5
Murads	8	Fatimas	6
Moguls	7	Fatimas	3
Omars	6	Ziras	4
Murads	5	Moguls	3
Ziras	6	Moguls	3
Murads	9	Meccas	1
Fatimas	10	Omars	0
Moguls	13	Meccas	3
Murads	9	Omars	7
Fatimas	8	Ziras	2
Moguls	6	Omars	1
Murads	3	Ziras	2

League Standing

Moguls	8	4	.667
Ziras	7	5	.583
Omars	7	5	.583
Fatimas	7	5	.583
Murads	7	6	.538
Meccas	0	11	.000

Batting Averages

Player	Team	ab.	r.	h.	P. C.
J. Leonard	Z	10	3	8	.800
Renault	F	5	2	3	.600
Donovan	O	24	8	12	.500
O'Brien	Mc	2	0	1	.500
D. Clark	F	49	15	23	.470
Brooks	O	11	2	5	.452
D. Duhamel	Mg	26	3	11	.423
H. Duhamel	Mg	42	9	17	.405
Day	Mu	36	4	14	.389
Ashworth	O	37	15	14	.379
Jones	Z	40	13	15	.375
Herbert	Mg	27	7	10	.371
Johnston	Mc	11	3	4	.364
F. Leonard	Mg	11	1	4	.364
Dufries	F	14	3	5	.357
Boutillier	F	17	6	6	.352
Melia	Mg	26	5	9	.346
Barnes	Mu	42	10	14	.333
Veau	Z	21	10	7	.333
Caron	Mc	18	4	6	.333
Hartley	Mc	15	5	5	.333
Malmgren	Z	9	2	3	.333
Tancrell	Mg	6	1	2	.333
Farley	O	3	1	1	.333
Burchard	Mu	3	1	1	.333
Carpenter	Mc	3	1	1	.333
Driscoll	Mc	28	4	9	.321
F. McGuire	Mg	28	4	9	.321
Steele	F	28	3	9	.321
Burns	Z	13	5	4	.308
Walsh	O	13	3	4	.308
Morrow	Mur	13	3	4	.307
St. Andre	Mg	23	8	7	.304
Simmons	Mg	23	3	7	.304
C. McGuire	F	33	8	10	.303
Finney	Mu	10	2	3	.300
Keeler	Mc	37	7	11	.298
Fowler	Z	17	5	5	.294
W. Murray	Z	21	4	6	.286
Anderson	F	21	3	6	.286
Kearnan	Mc	11	5	3	.273
H. Crawford	Mc	11	0	3	.273
Blair	O	15	2	4	.287
Adams	Mc	19	4	5	.262
T. Martin	Z	23	5	6	.261
Smith	Mc	35	5	9	.257
Farrell	Mu	40	12	10	.250
Bazner	Mg	24	7	6	.250
Morrison	Mu	8	2	2	.250
Laplante	Mg	4	1	1	.250
Duggan	Mg	4	1	1	.250
Vincent	Mc	4	0	1	.250
Lash	F	4	0	1	.250
Riley	Mu	4	0	1	.250
J. Murray	Mg	37	7	9	.243
McGowan	O	33	5	8	.242
Herves	F	29	9	7	.241
O'Neil	F	29	5	7	.241
Frieswyk	Mc	46	7	11	.239
Benner	Mu	21	8	5	.237
McCarthy	O	17	3	4	.235
Kane	F	30	9	7	.233
D. C. Clark	Z	31	4	7	.226
Skiller	Mu	9	2	2	.222
White	Mu	9	0	2	.222
Orrell	Mu	28	7	6	.214
W. Crawford	Mc	28	4	6	.214
Connors	O	39	7	8	.205
Peck	O	10	2	2	.200
Rollins	F	10	1	2	.200
O. Martin	O	41	8	8	.195
Denoncourt	Z	27	8	5	.185
Shugrue	Z	27	5	5	.185
S. White	Z	28	5	5	.179
Magill	Mc	6	2	1	.167
Marshall	Mu	28	7	4	.143
Hamilton	Mg	7	1	1	.143
Jos. Burns	Z	17	3	2	.118
Hanson	Mu	10	2	1	.100
Bradford	Mc	10	1	1	.100
Wilcox	Mc	2	0	0	.000
B. Hall	Mc	2	0	0	.000
Jackman	Mc	2	0	0	.000
Batchelor	O	3	0	0	.000
Brown	Mc	3	0	0	.000
Koorstra	Mu	3	0	0	.000
Burke	O	3	0	0	.000
Plante	Mu	4	0	0	.000
McGooey	Z	5	0	0	.000
Carrick	Mg	5	1	0	.000
Dalton	Mc	6	0	0	.000
Lasell	Mc	6	0	0	.000
Fournier	Mu	6	0	0	.000
Benoit	O	8	0	0	.000
Feen	O	14	0	0	.000

	Moguls	Ziras	Omars	Fatimas	Murads	Meccas	Total Won
Moguls won from	-	1	2	1	1	3	8
Ziras " "	2	-	1	1	2	1	7
Omars " "	0	1	-	2	2	2	7
Fatimas " "	1	2	1	-	1	2	7
Murads " "	1	1	1	1	-	3	7
Meccas " "	0	0	0	0	0	-	0
Games lost	4	5	5	5	6	11	-

Fanning the Air

Connie Mack must have borrowed his style from Lees.

Will they train umpires in the apprentice school?

McCarthy to Barnes, who has just hit a home run: "I let you hit that one."

"Yes," replies Cookie, "that's why I bunted."

The Fatimas Steele their games.

The "Knock-Out" Kid is certainly living up to expectations.

Who said Meccas?

Dempsey gets his practice now with one of our managers.

How about the baseballs buried in Sally's garden?

Someone suggested a ball team made up from the various teams. From the names we surely have the "makin's."

People are gradually coming out of their cellars, but the Meccas N E V E R.

To date the Fatimas have scored 84 runs, the Moguls and Ziras 72, Murads 71, Omars 61, and Meccas 47.

The Meccas have used 34 men, Moguls 31, Murads 30, Omars 27, Ziras 21, and the Fatimas 19.

The Moguls have a complete "board of strategy," which will give one a lot of inside dope if petitioned carefully and respectfully.

For those who have lost their schedules, the teams are named as follows:

Fatimas—East Wing, Shop 1

Omars—West Wing, Shop 1

Murads—Shop 2

Meccas—Office, Drafting Room, Production Department, Sundries

Moguls—Shop 3 and Yard

Ziras—Foundry and Pattern Loft

Jack Leonard lifted the ball into the top of the tree which grows alongside of the foul line out in right field of the New Village grounds. It was the huskiest clout yet produced, seconded only by one off Keeler's bat several games previous.

Jack, despite his stiff ankle, made a clean home run, with Tom Driscoll nearly out of sight fielding the ball in.

Credit should be given to our brave umpires, who have withstood the battle fray of the fans with the highest courage. Offhand we can name some of the heroes of the pop-bottle and gas warfare: Patrick McGuinness, Louis Veau, Frank McGowan, George Hanna, Philip Farrell, Patrick Duggan, Tom Driscoll, Robert Britton, Donald Simmons, Thomas Melia, James Murray, David Clark, and others.

It looks like a casualty list, but they are all doing well at this writing.

Have you noticed that Dave Clark clips grass with his hits between short and third?

Bob Keeler stole third once, which is worthy of mention.

As impartial judges, Bill Morrison, Harry Scott, and Arthur Richardson can settle any dispute or protest over the whys and wherefores in A-1 shape.

The league, as we go to press, has played three nights a week for thirteen weeks, except for two postponed games. That looks as if it was healthy; and if anyone questions the rivalry among the players, just start an argument to reflect on any one team.

Also, there are five teams within a game or so of taking the lead away from any one of the others.

The Meccas are game clear through. They play what they have and make the other fellow work to get what is passed out. Watch them closely; they may upset a leader yet.

The question is, if both teams play in the dark, which side has the advantage?

When the league first started, the hunt for players was a problem. At a game recently, certain players were on the sideline, reminding the manager, so he could hear out in left field, that he was some ball player to leave them on the bench.

When the runners-up blanked the leaders 10 to 0, it looked as if the dope was upset.

Catcher McCarthy, of the Omars, missed several games welcoming a new arrival at his home.

Members of the Safety Committee of The Whitin Machine Works

W. O. Aldrich, chairman
W. O. Halpin — Robert Deane
Hosea Boliver — T. W. Clouth
M. F. Carpenter

Accidents Decreased 30% Last Six Months Safety Com. Reports

The Safety Committee reports 30% less accidents for the first six months of the year 1919 over the similar period for 1918. Here are the figures:

	No.	Out two weeks or more	Out less than two weeks
1918	300	68	233
1919	228	36	192

Mr. Aldrich believes this can be cut down even more, especially serious cuts of the hands and infections of the eyes. He suggests that every man wear the goggles furnished; or if there aren't any on the job, ask the foreman and he will see that some are right handy. The reason the committee is so particular about the wearing of goggles is shown by a glance at the report on the Hospital page. Notice that there were 148 eye cases treated at the Hospital during the first four weeks of the Hospital's existence and that there were 329 cases of injured hands. Enough said.

Twenty-three eye cases during the first six months were of a very serious nature, one man becoming almost totally blind. There was no excuse for any of these cases ever getting started, and less excuse for the evident neglect after the foreign body was first detected.

The first week after the opening of the Hospital three cases of eye infection and three cases of hand infection came wandering in. Miss Glidden had not previously treated these cases, and it is almost a certainty that no infection would have occurred had the men reported to their foremen as instructed. Since then we have had no discouraging reports and trust that all minor injuries will be treated at once.

Fire Dept. Battles Hot Shavings

The Fire Department responded to a call just before daybreak recently on Britton's job. At least, the fire was originally there; but by the time the Fire Department arrived Watchman Tim Regan had taken things into his own hands. Tim wheeled the cart of oil shavings, which had burst into flames, out of doors down by Halpin's job and dumped the fire on the ground. The Fire Department made quick work of the flames and suggested that a small steel shed be built just outside of Britton's job, in which to store oil-shaving carts overnight.

Reading left to right: Robert Deane, Charles Britton, Brendon Benner, John Spencer, Adelard Blanchett Arthur Bryant, John Spence, Lucian Barnes, W. O. Aldrich, Chief, Hosea Boliver, David Anderson

Neal Acquires Tenants

Some industrious workers mistook Wood's Office for the Employment Department while looking for a chance to enter the Shop. All windows were closed up tight, and "No Admittance" needed no printing to adorn the walls of that office.

The honey bees, for such they were, swarmed outside in the square made by Dean's job, the Payroll Department, Blair's job, and No. 2 Office. Neil Currie cautiously placed a box near the homeseekers, and, taking the free rental offered, the bees soon settled down, which fact helped to place the jobs affected back to average production.

Robert Neal, of the Drafting Room, acting as deputy and Whitinsville official, brought a tenement down to the works and transferred the bees into the tenement with dexterity and art accomplished only by expert bee handlers. We are looking for a few pounds of that honey soon, Bob.

Hose Company Has New Equipment

The Ford-Acme hose truck of the Whitinsville Fire Department has been promoted into the Locomobile-Acme class. This feat was accomplished by substituting the chassis from Josiah Lasell's Locomobile for the Ford chassis. Along with the new coat of red paint, the outfit is in a class now with our big city competitors. The personnel of the hose company is listed below:

Chief of Fire Department,
W. O. Aldrich

HOSE COMPANY

Foreman,	Robert Deane
Asst. Foreman,	Hosea Boliver
Chemical Hose,	Lucian T. Barnes
" "	John Spencer
" "	Joseph Brooks
Water Hose,	Adelard Blanchard
" "	David Anderson
Ladder Man,	Arthur Bryant
" "	Fred Clough
Line Man,	Chas. A. Britton
" "	Brendon L. Benner
Hydrant,	James Spence

EQUIPMENT

600 feet 2½" rubber-lined hose
One 1⅛" nozzle
One ⅞" nozzle
Two hose spanners
One hose patch
Two straps for carrying hose up ladders
Two hydrant gates
Two hydrant wrenches
Two pieces ½" rope 50' long
One piece ¾" rope 30' long
Four water pails
Two hose couplings for standard hydrants and Whitin hose .83
Two hose couplings for Whi .583 .583 hydrants and standard hose. .538 .000

Welcome Home Day

The story of our Welcome Home Day is rather old now, and yet it seems as if we shall never forget the grand day we had in spite of the disagreeable weather of the morning. To recall that great celebration briefly, here are some pictures which are of interest to all. One of our most impressive scenes occurred when medals were pinned upon the mothers of those brave heroes who died in the terrible struggle. It was a sad moment, and many of the mothers and their friends were visibly affected. Notice how keenly interested the G. A. R. veterans are. Mr. W. O. Halpin, Mr. Charles Ward, and Mrs. Sidney Mason distributed the medals.

We were honored by the presence of Brig.-Gen. Charles Cole, who fought with the 26th Division, A. E. F. Gen. Cole can be seen in two of

the pictures addressing the crowd, which is seated on the slope of the Linwood Avenue baseball field.

The determined step of the soldiers on their way to lunch gives an idea of how great an incentive is a man's appetite. One of these doughboys ate nine lobsters.

The Orangemen of Whitinsville produced this newly patented armored tank on the morning of July 19, 1919. It was in perfect condition and was a remarkable copy of the overseas Hun fighters, except for one minor fault. The tank was left out in the rain overnight, perfectly oiled, and in good running condition; but upon its prospective maiden trip in the morning its wheels refused to move, due to the swelling of wood. Outside of that it was a perfectly good tank, as one may observe from the cut.

"No boats and no boat houses." Evidently the writer of that phrase M knew as much about the lake as he Ma peared to know about the town.

Harry Restores Damsel to Terra Firma

Harry Kearnan had a real romance. At least, that is what we heard, although it has been said that Harry doesn't think it amounts to much and doesn't want to play the hero.

Up in Lake Rippley, between Farnumsville and Rockdale, Harry was taking a swim when cries were heard for help. A fair young damsel was seen blowing bubbles, which meant heroes were wanted. The young lady evidently meant to make it worth while to be saved; and after dragging one fellow down several times, our "Dauntless Harry" succeeded in substituting successfully.

Lunch

An Impressive Ceremony

A Captured Tank

Did she throw her arms around him, and did they rush off to the minister's to be married?

"Not on your life," said Harry. "She thanked me and then came back later and took my photo."

"What's her name?" one fellow asked.

"I don't know," says Harry, "but maybe she'll send me her picture."

Regardless of the lack of appreciation, Harry, you certainly come in for a bouquet from your friends.

Almost There

(Continued from page 5)

for others. The work was both surgical and medical, and the worst gas cases were treated there. During the big drive, a year ago, the hospital was quickly changed to a surgical ward, and shrapnel and machine-gun wounds were treated. Miss Glidden spent two and a half months at Treport and then went to Etretat, a town 18 miles from Le Havre, and on the Amiens sector. Her service there was in the British General Hospital No. 1, the first of its kind in France. This hospital was closed about the middle of December, and the American nurses were ordered into the A. E. F. Miss Glidden left on January 25 for this country.

Miss Anderson, who was formerly in charge of the Whitinsville Hospital, went to Camp Devens during the influenza epidemic and then to Camp Mills, New York. Men were sent there from the aviation field and from overseas. After the necessary care had been given, the soldiers were sent to points nearer home. Miss Anderson served in the empyema ward, where those affected by gas attacks were treated.

Around the Office

Miss Bessie Aldrich was greatly excited over renewing old acquaintances at Hampden Beach recently.

Harry Bullock, George Broadhurst, and Bill Greenwood are surely the champion blueberry pickers of this town. One Sunday, despite the heat, they managed to get 45 quarts. (We mean 45 quarts of berries.)

A certain young man in No. 2 Office has decided to reform and has gone so far as to promise Al Brown that he would be at church oftener after September 1. We wonder why?

Catherine Munt spent a week-end with a friend in Leominster.

Herbert Ball, of the Efficiency Department, spent a week-end at his home in Northampton.

Friends of Jimmie Clark will be glad to know that he has recovered from his attack of malaria.

Miss Ruth Burnap had a birthday a short while ago and celebrated by having a "bacon bat" on the shores of the Meadow Pond.

Mr. James McQuilkin's wife is recovering from an operation at the Whitinsville Hospital.

Perhaps you have noticed that the Pay Roll Department have been wearing worried looks for the past month. That is because two of their members, Ed. Meek and Roy Rollins, have been on the sick list. Here's hoping they will soon recover.

Harold Johnston, of the Main Office, spent his two weeks' vacation at Summit, N. J. Some of the supposed favorite ones received post cards, but Jerry Bruso had a letter. How about it, Jerry?

George B. Hamblin has enjoyed the golfing at Mr. Vernon, N. H., for the past week.

Comments on the cover are hardly necessary. We are proud of the dignity of the design produced by Jack Horner, of the Drafting Room. We claim the best designed cover of any of the house organs who have us on their mailing list, and would be glad to hear their criticisms not only of the paper, but of the cover.

On Lake and Pond

Elmer Holt and Joe Brooks took advantage of the few birch flies that came around this summer and used them for perch with good success.

Bill Greenwood and George Broadhurst snapped several good pickerel out of the lake. Bill was engineer of the outfit, and George coaxed the beauties out with the little green frogs, which surely act lively when George skips them over the surface.

John Minchell in his camouflaged canoe (a regular floating lily bed) has the patience and stuff to pull them out. John's family likes fish, and he got away with so good a start this spring that he is working overtime living up to his rep. Besides, if he doesn't bring home the fish, how does she know he's been fishing?

Speaking of fishing, have you ever heard the argument over the subject, "The Advantage of Live Bait over Imitation Bait"? Get the opinion of Sally Jones and John Minchell, before you select your choice.

George Gill still holds that the bridge under which the Burt Pond water comes into Meadow Pond shelters the best fish.

JUST a reminder of our vacation number. Send in your photos and write-ups.

So far the "Whitin Spindle" is the best title that has been offered. Credit is due Mr. Norton for his suggestion. You see its application on the editorial page. The "W. S." is the Shop paper; and if anyone doesn't like the name, kindly send in your preference.

Jones and Morrow Compete in a Fishing Tournament

"Sally" Jones lays claim to the "champeen fisherman around these parts." We can't dispute he has all the fish grabbing his luring bait from a big bass to a baby hornpout. We wondered how he did it, and took it up with Bill Morrow in Wood's Office.

"What's the use," said our Beau Brummel. "He took me out for an all-night trip up on Carpenter's Pond last Fourth of July. Next he picked out a hornpout hole about three feet square, then pushed my end of the canoe up on the shore. After baiting my line and playing around among the driftwood I did succeed in getting about three fish during the evening. We both caught about one hundred and thirty."

Jones says, "Some fisherman, that Morrow! I would have had more, only I had to take the hornpouts off the line every time he yanked one out; and between keeping him from snoring and consoling him about the wild men that squawked like blue heron, the fish would die on my hook."

Which all goes to prove that Sally is some fisherman.

A Twelve-Pounder

Harley Keeler, Harry Brown, and Doc. Schofield have a fish story with weight to it. Length doesn't seem to figure in at all. Up in Maine this one was hatched out. It goes like this: "On our vacation at Lake Moon, of the Rangeleys, we pulled out during that week one twelve-pounder and two six-pound salmon." When asked what kind of bait they used, the reply was: "Regular bait, fly and spinner."

That's as definite as we could get it, but they stick to the pounds exactly as given. The picture of the fish was too hazy for print, according to Keeler's account. Trout were so numerous that they didn't even weigh or count them, merely kept them coming off the hook and sinkers.

On the way back they drove over the White Mountain Trail, not even stopping to fish old Echo Lake for mackerel. All three voted the party a real time.

Sixty Years of Service

Our oldest employee in length of service has worked for the Whitin Machine Works for sixty years. His name is Thomas Prest. Born in Massachusetts in the year 1845, he came to Whitinsville in 1853 and started work that same year at the age of 7 in the old Whitin Cotton Mill. Upon reaching 14 years of age, or on June 9 of 1859, he commenced work in the Foundry of the Whitin Machine Works as core boy, the one and only core boy at that time.

The next year Mr. Prest started in as an apprentice moulder, worked three years, then became a full-fledged moulder, at which work he has excelled up to quite recently, when a less vigorous task was taken over by him in the Core Room.

Mr. Prest remembers the first two years of his work here very clearly and can entertain for many hours anyone who is interested in Whitinsville and its industries. Among the interesting facts brought out, he stated that when he began here there were only about 300 men employed in this Shop, of which 30 were in the Foundry. The Foundry melted down about 4½ tons a day in its single stack, and the biggest heat, which was a record at that time, was 5 tons of iron. Today the Foundry melts down 93 tons per day with four stacks.

The Shop was composed of the part of No. 1 Shop that includes from the farther end of Blair's job to the farther end of Sweet's job. This space also contained the Foundry. The Blacksmith's Shop lay north of the Foundry a little way, and about where Wilmot's Office is now there were three water wheels which furnished power for the Shop and for a small building in which the milling machines were run. He remembers plainly the time before the Machine Works and the Cotton Mills became a separate organization and when all the office work was carried on in what is now Dudley's store. After the separation the Machine Works Office took up quarters in the Paint Shop by the water wheels until that part now No. 2 Office and Wood's Office was built for administration.

Mr. Prest expects to put in many years yet in the employment of the Works, thus holding his claim to the title of the oldest employee against all challengers.

Circus Entertains the Safety Committee

The Safety Committee went to the circus in Worcester recently, bent undoubtedly on seeking further means of cutting down our accidents. There is nothing like seeing the recklessness of the acrobats, the crêpe paper hoop-jumpers and the tight-rope girls to make a committee feel that working on Whitin machinery is like eating cereal compared to eating fish or ground glass.

Whether there were less accidents at the big tent that night, due to the presence of our efficient committee, has never been published, although it is generally known that the sword swallower suffered no infection after the extraction of the sword.

The committee were out in style, even to the bag of peanuts between them. After the business meeting of the afternoon they were seen driving up to the tents of amusement in the luxurious touring car owned by Chairman Aldrich, of the Safety Committee.

Here is the rest of the story as we overheard the alibis, the next morning. "We drove up to the auto checking stand, and an innocent young fellow walked smartly up, pointed out a good parking place, and issued out the check just like a regular official. On being asked if the car was perfectly safe, he said, 'Certainly, I am going to watch it personally for you.'" He did. The Safety Committee rode the owl car back to Whitinsville and exercised freely on the hang straps and around the jaws. Minus coats, minus auto, minus patience, minus safety thoughts, they turned into detectives, and Watson-like found the car the next day ditched out in the country about thirty miles out of Worcester. The auto checker evidently had a date; and as he couldn't very well collect the parking fee, he made it all right with the committee by merely appropriating a perfectly good tire.

New Apprenticeship Course Under Way

The Whitin Machine Works has opened a new apprentice course, carefully and fully planned, to help boys interested to learn the various trades connected with the shop. There will be courses for machinists, moulders, pattern-makers, draughtsmen, plumbers, carpenters, and electricians.

An explanation of the machinists' course will give an idea of just what the boys are going to get. Shop mathematics, blueprint reading, and mechanical drawing will be taught throughout the three-year course in the classroom provided for that purpose. The apprentice will spend a four months' period each on drills, milling, simple lathes, grinding, planing, gears, more advanced lathes, bench work, and tool work.

This is a very popular move and will fill a great want. It is hoped that our boys will look into it; and if they appreciate its value, they will not hesitate about getting in their applications before outsiders are considered. The present apprentices are already being rushed in their studies to catch up to the program mapped out for them. A prospectus explaining the courses in detail may be secured at the Employment Department Office any time after August 20.

George Hanna, Tom Driscoll, and party were seen to start off for the Detroit-Boston double header in George's limousine just as we go to press. George had a cigar strutting higher than old Joe Cannon ever dreamed of.

Jessie DeBoer is welcomed back on the ring job. Jessie left several months ago for the West, but figures that Whitinsville and the Works can't be duplicated out that way.

Which reminds us that 291 out of 691 hired during the past four months have been returning employees, or about 42% of those hired in the Shop during that period. Who says they never come back?

Whitin Machinery Equips Chinese Mill

We show here a picture of the first "Whitin" equipped cotton mill in China. It was formerly an old silk mill built by the Germans in 1909 with French and Italian silk machinery. It proved a failure after a few years' running and was sold to the Hua Shing Spinning & Weaving Company by the Germans just before the outbreak of the war. Negotiations were made later with English cotton mill machinery manufacturers for cotton mill machinery, but war conditions affected these plans. Before the war the mill was in excellent condition, and, though not running, a few men remained at the plant to keep the machinery oiled and cleaned. They expected to sell the outfit as soon as cotton mill machines could be secured.

In 1914, when the Japanese made their attack on Tsingtao, this mill was the center of the firing line and was completely peppered with holes. You will note from the picture that the smokestack has several shell-holes.

After Japan captured Tsingtao, this mill was turned into barracks for the Japanese soldiers.

The mill is located 16 miles from the city proper, and the only convenient communication is by motor car.

One other mill is located here, a Japanese 10,000-spindle cotton mill, equipped with Platt machinery.

Tsingtao has about 60 miles of good roads built by the Germans. It is unlike any other town in China. It has modern buildings (built on the German plan with no two alike), public highways, and paved streets. The location has made it a great summer resort, frequented by the foreigners living in China.

The island shown in the first small cut is the main part of the town of Tsingtao, China.

Double Wedding

A double wedding took place at the Congregational parsonage on June 23, 1919.

Clinton W. Babson, of the ring job, and Hedrig Olson promised each other to throw into the background all other affiliations but their own. Arthur Marshall, of the Carpenter Shop, not to be outdone, promised in turn to be a loving and faithful husband to Gunilla Olson.

Mrs. Clinton Babson and Mrs. Arthur Marshall were, before their marriage, a vital part of the Blue Eagle establishment. Mrs. Babson was the head waitress, and during her many years' service there has made friends such as those who efficiently feed the hungry spirit are apt to make.

Mrs. Arthur Marshall's departure from the roll of pastry cook was followed by a bombardment of heavy artillery in the pastry line at the Blue Eagle. Where! oh, where! have those light-crusted pies gone and those feather-weight biscuits of the past years? For several weeks afterwards the doughnuts rattled on the plates, and the biscuits glued the jaws together so that the oncoming stroke of the fork clanked against the teeth. You're lucky, Arthur.

The two couples left amid showers of congratulations and material things for a few weeks' trip to New York State, Canada, and Vermont. A very pretty reception was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall shortly after their return.

Mr. and Mrs. Babson are at home at East Douglas, Mass., and Mr. and Mrs. Marshall welcome their friends at their home on Forest Street.

We wish them both a happy future.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Whittaker, Representatives in the Orient for Whitin Machinery

The WHITIN Spindle

Whitinsville From the Air

SEPTEMBER

VOL. I No 2

L. H. HORNER

OUR FOREMEN—THREE YEARS AGO

By request

The Outing at Rocky Point, August 12, 1916

The WHITIN Spindle

VOLUME 1 WHITINSVILLE, MASS., SEPTEMBER, 1919 NUMBER 2

Foremen Gambol at Crescent Park

As many of our hungry-eyed foremen and starving office men as possible took a trip down the river to Crescent Park, Saturday, August 23, to enjoy a shore dinner the like of which has never been prepared before. The trip was made by auto, and all along the road one could see some of the party ahead and behind. To make things lively right at the outset, there were punctures and blow-outs on the way. "Ike" Hanny refused to ride with the crew that "Billy" Norton had doled out to him, preferring a Packard machine. But he had the pleasure of seeing those whom he turned down ride past him on the way. Steve Durell conceived a clever idea for saving gasoline, so he told his Maine friends in the car behind him to fasten their bumper to his rear guard and have one car pull both loads. This did not prove practical; and Steve was forced to a nearby curbing, where the disconnection followed.

Various routes were taken, but far-sighed Jim Ferry wisely provided himself with a blueprint of the shortest road. Somehow or other he got twisted, and after crossing the Red Bridge for the third time realized that something was wrong. He stopped the car, pulled out his blueprint, looked at it several times and tore it to pieces. Then he came hustling along to arrive just in the nick of time. Although Stuart Brown arrived first, his side-kick, Charlie Burlin, was the last to enter the dining hall. He would have been looking for it yet, if Jim Ferry, with blue-print No. 2 in hand, had not been sent on a search for him. However, Charlie lost no time in catching up with the best performers at the table. The wharf seemed to attract most of the men as they awaited the signal to go over the top. It was a poor move for the chefs, for Harris and Parks took deep, appetizing breaths and the salt air invigorated the few remaining members who may have had need for a tonic to stimulate a lagging hunger.

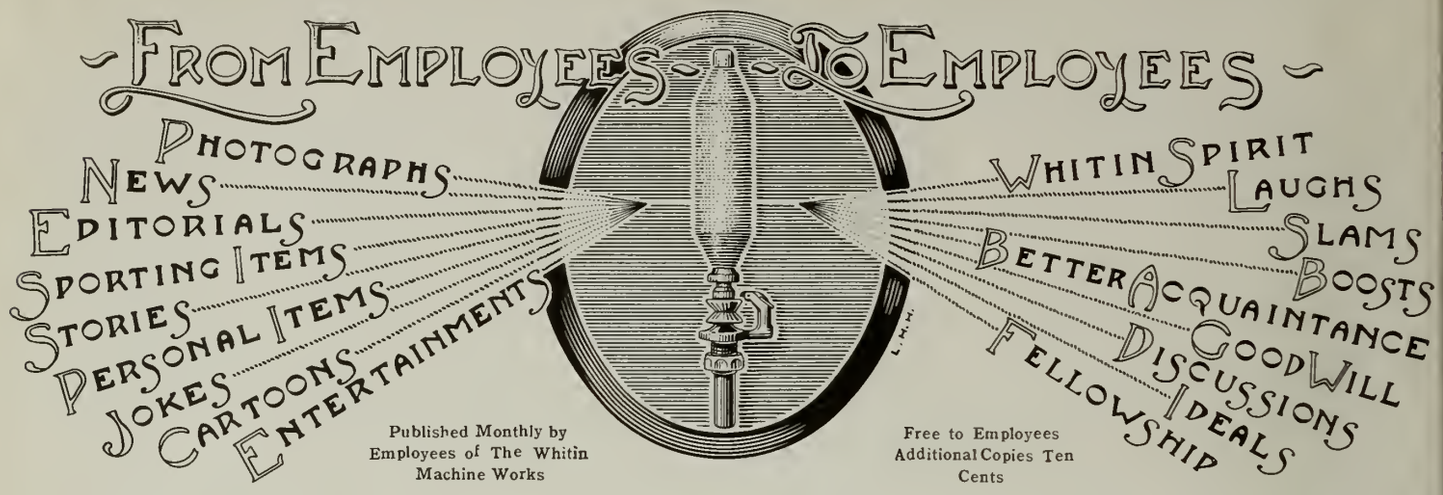
Somehow, quite instinctively, the party found itself seated at the tables in the big dining salon. Al. Fletcher swayed the baton over the hall as he announced his choice of the "Star-Spangled Banner" for the opening number of the concert he had provided for the eaters. Soup was allowed to cool while all stood and showed their patriotism. After one verse Fletcher sat down and ate half his gumbo before he gave the signal to attack, keeping Pat Duggan in suspense; but when Pat saw the two Marshalls, Dave and Jimmie, going to it, he followed suit. It was not strange to see those who came down in Packards eating faster than any one else. They passed everybody on the road and everybody at the dinner. The newly formed Engineers Club sat at one table, the honored guests of the feast.

The boys, forgetful of what was coming, called for seconds and thirds on soup. Friends on all sides were admonishing with a tip—"Leave room for the clams"—without avail. Foster tuned up with a pitch pipe that sounded like a Tin Lizzie coming up Linwood Avenue, and we were invited to join the choir in singing "It's a Long, Long Trail"; and truly it looked like it as the clam necks went down.

Messrs. Dale and Birchall, at this time, relieved the intense onslaught and the steadily tightening belts with that famous song, "It's Better to Eat It Than Let It Spoil." Dolliver's throat was getting parched by the hot pace he had been going, and his voice could be heard, squeaking like a Studebaker transmission, his favorite ditty, "How Dry I've Been Since July First." He impersonated Mayor Fitzgerald in his encore with "Sweet Adeline."

Most of the boys were so fed up at this time that they could not

(Continued on page 10)



EDITORS
Martin F. Carpenter William D. Morrison
PHOTOGRAPHERS
Robert Metcalf Homer Bruillette
CARTOONISTS
James H. Jones Adelbert Ramsey

Editorial

We would like to draw the attention of everybody to the remarkable showing made by the men in Mr. Sweet's department in length of service. The average period of all men employed is over 12 years of continuous service. This seems to us to be a record that will stand comparison with any other in this shop. We would welcome the news from other shops, if they can show an equal record.

With a showing like this in view, one cannot help but think of the labor unrest of the day and wonder if some of those discontented groups are not drifting into that class known as "floaters." An article such as the following seems to stand the test when analyzed with Sweet's record.

Reflecting over the labor unrest that takes so prominent a place in the news items of the day—those news items from which we are compelled to obtain our vision of the world in its struggle to readjust itself after the crisis—we cannot but wonder why labor takes the present means toward an end.

We are all well acquainted with that class of labor called "floaters." They work to-day, to-morrow they become restless, the day after they pass on to the next job. We see them come to the shop every day. They tell us that they worked here 15 years ago. Ask them what they did, and nine chances out of ten they aren't fit, physically or otherwise, for the same position. What does this all mean? Isn't it an example of the rolling stone in human form?

Our fathers of the past generation worked night and day to place this nation on the same footing with other lands. They created possibilities which we enjoy to-day; possibilities they gave their lives to bring about. How did they do it? By walk-outs, strikes, demands for impossibilities which threaten the very life blood of a nation? We cannot tell what they would have done, were they organized as labor is in this period; but by plugging consistently onward, by each man sticking to his task and producing his capacity, they placed us where we are; a nation, economically and politically, that we can be proud of; a nation that exists to create the best possible opportunities for all. To such a country we owe much.

It is folly to radically change the very means that have builded us as a nation on so firm a foundation. The past points to maximum production by the farmer, the mechanic, the professional man. In no country have men had equal chances to rise to that mode of living spoken of to-day as a "standard of living." But what we have, has been gained by WORK, the best man taking the step upward.

Labor to-day should look to the past, trust in its Government where it has representation, and not drift into the class of "floaters," For then, as a nation, we would stagnate and cease to progress. The happy smile is seldom seen in the eye of the "floater." Happiness comes to him who works.

Distribution

We would like to take the opportunity here to thank the following men who made easy the task of distributing the copies to the men in the shop:

Charles Brennan	Reuben Watton
John Steele	Wm. Finney
Samuel McKee	Thomas Crawford
Hugh Madigian	Allan McCrea
Allen Wilcox	Sefrienes Hooyenja
James Orrell	Chas. Stone
Chas. Mateer	Patrick Connors
John Horan	Edward Birchall
Albert Halvosa	Francis Spratt
Clarence Livingstone	Wm. H. Smith
Harry Hall	Arthur St. Andre
A. Seagraves	A. Bryant
W. F. Hewes	Peter Roy
Jos. Quintal	John Hickey

Notices

The first edition of the "Whitin Spindle" arrived at three o'clock, Friday, August 15, 3,200 copies strong. Extra copies were ordered for those who might desire to purchase some for their friends who do not work in the shop. These extra copies may be secured at the Employment Department hereafter, on the day following the day of issue.

Sir Walter Scott used to say that though his friend were poor mathematicians they were good bookkeepers, and Charlie Stuart has a similar complaint. A copy of the American Machinist's Handbook has been missing for some time. Doubtless the possessor will appreciate this notice and return the book to its owner.

Our Long Service Series

James Ward

James Ward, on the bolster job, holds the second best record of time employed in the Whitin Machine Works. He started to work back in October, 1860, and will complete his fifty-ninth year of employment this fall.

Mr. Ward is by no means a "has been." He works today on piece work; and if anyone would like to inquire about the extra bonus he made last month, the Production Department would be glad to show them a few figures worthy of comment. In other words, he can produce more today than the average young man, which is a good recommendation for this Shop and its effect on a man after fifty-nine years of steady work.

"Those were the days before Forest Street was built," said Mr. Ward, speaking of the early sixties, "and before Frank Cross came to town, too. Let me see, there were two buildings below where the Blue Eagle is now, and one house, known as the Arcade House, about where the foot of Maple Street is. All of what is now the New Village was woods, and most of the space where the Shop buildings now are was water and a few dwelling houses."

To Her Taste

She—I like a man of few words and many actions.

He—You want my brother; he has St. Vitus dance.—*Tiger.*

Going to Japan

By the time this article comes off the press, Eddie Whittaker will have made definite sailing plans for the Japanese Islands and the industrial centers of China. Eddie has been back with us several months after two years absence from the U. S. and the Whitin Machine Works; but, although we hate to have to part company, we are going to keep in constant touch with him by wire and mail.

Mr. Whittaker joined the Whitin Machine Works forces about ten years ago, coming from the Boston Duck Company, where he served as an expert spinner. His first job here was under Elwin Rooney, who is responsible for inducing Eddie to give up spinning. For eight years Eddie worked in the experimental room, and those who know him best have much to say about his ambition, his overtime work on correspondence courses and studies, and his aptness at his daily task.

When the Japanese and Chinese trade began to look prosperous, Mr. Whittaker was chosen to represent the Shop in this field. One doesn't have to look far to discover the results of Eddie's work. Even the Employment Department, crowded as it is for space, has had to be held up on its plans for a new office, due to the need of floor space to facilitate the shipment of Chinese goods. There are very few in the Shop who have not worked daily in the past few months on the Chinese order which goes to the new mill at Tsingtao.

Last year Eddie received full credit for setting up all the machinery in the Toyoda Spinning & Weaving Company, at Nagoya, Japan. This was accomplished with Japanese mechanics and a few English fitters. But in Eddie's estimation one of the important features of his accomplishments over there was the meeting with a foreign missionary, who converted him away from paths of bachelorhood. Mrs. Whittaker hails from Michigan (whether from down on the farm we do not know), but, at any rate, after a liberal education she sailed from America under the American Foreign Missionary Board for the Orient. As a business woman Mrs. Whittaker has already proven her ability here; and it is expected that she will not only be an asset to her husband's business, but will also find time to carry on in the missionary field.

Our congratulations go out to this couple, and from promises exacted from them, the "Spindle" will look forward to articles concerning industries and working conditions in the Far East.

Between Jobs

Dave Smith, until recently of the Foundry, has left our employ after 26 years of faithful service. Here's wishing Dave good luck in his new field.

Frank Bates and Bill Deane spent the month of August at Prince Edward Island. It is great fishing there, and it is suggested that "S. J.," of the Pattern Loft, had better get in touch with them to add to his string of A-1 stories.

For the first time in many years the big motor on Sweet's job broke down, giving the boys a half holiday. Harry Haselden doctored the big power wheel.

Whisperings Among the Fair Sex

Miss Hazel Graves is spending her vacation visiting relatives in Dedham.

Miss Annie Buma is enjoying a month's vacation at Bethlehem, N. H.

Mr. and Mrs. John Minshull returned last week from Martha's Vineyard, where they spent their vacation.

Mrs. Minshull, who was formerly Maria Skillen, claims the distinction of being the only girl who has worked nine consecutive years on the roll and brush job. She entered the employ of the Whitin Machine Works August 22, 1910.

Miss Alice Walker, who recently left us, is to be married on September 10 to William McKee. After their honeymoon trip they will live on Brook Street.

Miss Jennie Scott has a pet diversion. It is canoeing, and she says its "Bliss."

The Elevator Gives More Trouble

Ah say, Sambo, dis yer Whitain Masheen Shop am de greatest place ah evah see. Dey has a elevatah dat dey say am as easy as youh A B. C's. Dat may all be so foh de white gentl'm'n, but not foh no niggah.

Ah press a button and de light in de glass sign come on an' dis sign say dat de elevatah am a comin. Pret' soon it come all right an' de doh slides open. Ah politely steps back to let de passengers out an dat doh done close again with me a standin' in de hallway where all the people in de Main Office could perceive mah consternashun. One ob de young ladies tol' me to press dat button again and when de doh came open ah got in jus' as fas' as ah could. An den dat doh closed an' ah was locked in.

Ah sure was nervous, Sambo, case dat contraption done stay where she was stuck at. They was sum buttons on de wall neah de doh. Ah looked at dem wonderin' which one to touch. Ah was skeered dat elevatoh would go so fas' I couldn't stop it, an' ah sure didn't want to lose mah life; but if ah didn't do somepin ah might have to stay dar like a monkey in a cage at Bronx Pahk. At las' ah touched a button kinder slow an' de lights went out. Mah conscience, ah didn't want to die in de dahk an' I pushed it back pretty quick, let me tell you.

De odder buttons say B, 1, 2, and 3, so ah tried B an ah started to go down. Ah went kinder slow, so ah was not so very skeered. Den ah thinks I understans dat elevatah; dey must be three speeds an' ah would try de fust, but when dat cage stopped an' de doh opened ah was just whar ah stahted at. Den ah pushed 2 an' ah went up to de nex flo' an ah punch de 3 an' ah still kep' agoin' so ah know now dat de numbers am de flo's an' not de speeds.

Dat suah am som' elevatah, but I'd like to see de niggah in de basement what mak' de thing go wen any one punch de buttons.

Blueberrying Dangerous Game

Charles Stuart and Percy Houghton have lately been studying the lay of the land around these parts. "Topography is a great study," says Charlie, "and very useful."

After thinking this over, a little bee buzzed the news that the old sport of blueberrying has its hazards. Mrs. Houghton and Mrs. Stuart were on the verge of organizing a reconoissance party when the H. C. L. reducers reappeared apparently unharmed after straying for several weary hours.

On being interviewed the next day, Charlie stated that blueberries were better for the stomach than for the back. We are not from Missouri, Charlie, in this case.

Lost, Strayed or Stolen

Jim Boyd may have a dog, and he may not, but we are willing to wager that, if he did, the dog would never desert him.

Real healthy clams haven't a bark or any legs, which is a misfortune. Jim thinks some "Burbank" on sea food ought to look into it. Now if Jim's clams had only spoken gently to him, or had run up and scratched loose a couple of threads in his pant legs, they never would have continued on that trip towards Worcester on the Blackstone Valley Division. Who knows but the conductor turned them over to the police for not having a ticket beyond Whitins?

We are still diving for more vacation items and pictures.

Movies of Shop Make Great Hit

As a movie manager and director all hats come off to Jack Maginnis, of No. 1 Office. Those who were fortunate enough to be in the limelight had the wish of "Bobbie" Burns fulfilled when he wrote those famous lines on seeing one's self as others see us.

John McQuilken said, while viewing the action, "If I could only drop the mail off as I sit here and watch the jobs go by, it would be my idea of a fine day's work."

The whole get-up of the film was well planned and carried out. There were no dull moments and plenty of action. Comments were heard inquiring why more jobs and more individuals were not included, which is a good sign that the audience wanted more and was well pleased.

Manager McGinnis announces that the film will be shown as an advertising medium in foreign countries as well as among the mills in the Northern and Southern textile centers. A copy of the film and a machine will be on hand in the Main Office.

"Engineers Club Loses its Charter"

An enthusiastic contributor sprung this, and we pass it on.

About the first of August there appeared written in bold, black letters high upon the walls of the second floor corridor, Administration Building, this sign, "The Engineers Club."

Inquiries failed to reveal the author of the legend, but apparently the road men and others, in living up to their high-flown titles won as moving-picture idols, had organized at some secret meeting, for mutual support and uplift. For a time the club appeared to flourish; but as the novelty wore off, dues went unpaid, interest lagged, and the inevitable happened—the club lost its charter and the sign came down.

The club now is but a mournful memory of blighted hopes.

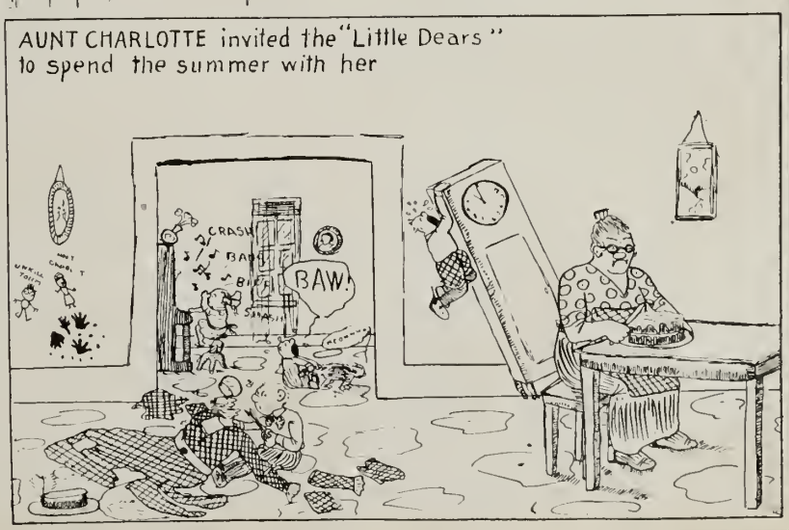
PA wanted to go to the mountains, MA wanted to go to the shore. They are going to the shore

MA spends the day sleeping

FREDDY went to the mountains and found there was not a pretty girl there

MISS FASHION visits the farm

AUNT CHARLOTTE invited the "Little Dears" to spend the summer with her



Rockdale Wins the First Game

The first of the three-game series for the Blackstone Valley championship between Rockdale and Whitinsville was won by the former on their grounds by the score of 6 to 3. The game was a great pitchers' battle, with Murray having a slight advantage. This availed him little because of the loose fielding behind him. With more time to get together the Whitinsville boys will develop teamwork and make a stronger showing in the remaining games.

Rockdale drew first blood in the third when McLeod was walked, advanced to second on an error of De Orsey's grounder, and scored on Contois' lusty single. Kiernan tied the score in the next frame on a hit by Clarke after Contois had slipped upon his hot liner. Our opponents were not to be denied and immediately tacked up two more counts on a single and two errors. An earned run produced by two two-baggers increased this lead to 4 to 1.

The lucky seventh opened up with two runs for our boys when Clarke singled, Duhamel walked, and Murray pasted out a fine double. The Rockdale crew added a run in the seventh and eighth, leaving the final count 6 to 3. Clarke with four hits in four times up featured. It looks from here like a good series and a victory for our boys.

THE SCORE

ROCKDALE	a. b.	r.	h.	p. o.	a.	e.
De Orsey, c.f.	5	0	0	1	0	0
Contois, s.s.	3	1	1	1	1	1
Doaust, 3b.	3	0	0	0	1	0
McManus, 1b.	4	0	1	10	0	0
Hart, c.	4	1	2	15	0	0
Mayhew, 2b.	4	2	1	0	4	0
Dionne, l.f.	4	1	1	0	0	0
Cormier, r.f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
McLeod, p.	3	1	0	0	0	0
Total	34	6	6	27	6	1
WHITINS						
F. Leonard, r.f.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Ashworth, l.f.	3	0	0	1	0	1
Kearnan, c.f.	4	1	1	2	0	0
J. Leonard, 1b.	4	0	0	4	0	0
Donavon, s.s.	4	0	0	1	0	2
Clarke, 2b.	4	1	4	6	0	0
Duhamel, 3b.	3	1	0	1	0	2
McCarthy, c.	4	0	0	8	3	0
Murray, p.	4	0	1	1	3	2
*Jones	1	0	0	–	–	–
Total	35	3	7	24	6	7

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Rockdale	0	0	1	2	0	1	1	1	–	6
Whitinsville	0	0	0	1	0	0	2	0	0	3

Sacrifice hit, Ashworth; two-base hits, Mayhew, Dionne, Clarke, Murray; bases on balls, off Murray 3, off McLeod 1; struck out, by McLeod 14, by Murray 8. Attendance, 800. Umpire, McGinnis.

*Batted for Duhamel.

Whitinsville Relay Team Trails B. A. A.

A relay team represented Whitinsville at the Scotch Picnic of the Boston Caledonian Club, at Caledonian Grove, West Roxbury.

The team, composed of F. R. Phipps, Clarence Livingstone, H. B. Carpenter, and Arthur Ashworth, entered the mile relay against the crack B. A. A. and West End House teams. Against runners of the caliber of J. W. Driscoll, New England champion quarter-miler, W. H. Meanix, noted half-miler, C. J. O'Leary, captain of New Hampshire State track team and mile record holder, and Jim Connolly, who hasn't been passed this season in the mile and is picked to lower the flag of Joie Ray, it isn't to be wondered at that the boys gave away 60 yards in the mile distance. Ashworth pushed O'Leary and only conceded 10 yards to this runner. Livingstone, Carpenter, and Phipps were unable to catch the leaders, but ran a finished race.

Soccer football is knocking at the door of Whitinsville's sport arena. The Whitinsville Association Football Club has reorganized and is out to sign up with a big league for some warm games this fall. It is expected that a complete schedule will soon appear that should be of interest to everybody who likes competition in the good old sport. We are hoping in the next issue to welcome the accounts of a real live season already started.

The Sunset League

The end of the Sunset League is in sight, but no one can predict the winner. Until the middle of August any one of the first five teams had a chance to win the bunting, and it looked as if five teams might be in a tie at the finish. The race was close and rivalry keen. Great interest was aroused, and a lot of fans were out rooting strongly for their favorites at every game. A glance at the figures given in this issue shows us that every one of the first five teams has registered a victory over each rival in the league. The Omars and Ziras have a game to play, and the winner will tie the Moguls. There is sure to be a tie, and the play-off will be a hummer.

There have been a large number of changes in the batting averages. J. Leonard, Donovan, and Dave Clarke, the real Babe Ruths of our league, are fiercely struggling for first honors. A lot of good pitching talent has been discovered, and everybody is looking forward eagerly to the opening of the next baseball season.

League Standing

Team	Won	Lost	P. C.
Moguls	10	5	.667
Omars	9	5	.643
Fatimas	9	6	.600
Ziras	7	5	.583
Murads	7	8	.467
Meccas	0	13	.000

Swinging Like a Gate

The baseball season is still with us as we go to press, with a tight finish in the Sunset League to be played off; and the Red Sox, All Stars, and Whitin Specials are still going strong.

Dave Clarke and Manager Bazner are anxious to stage a three-game match as soon as the champs are crowned in the big league.

Catcher McCarthy was the peppy boy that put the apparent leaders of the league in the doubtful class. The hardest game to lose this season, according to most fans, was the uphill fight staged by the Fatimas against the Moguls. The tying score lost at home plate actually put the Fatimas out of the running.

Tip O'Neil played a star game at second for the Fatimas and ran the bases with the best of them. His fielding around first base during the hot fight between the Fatimas and Moguls was "all class."

Bill Feen pulled out of a hole by handling a hot liner for a double play. It stopped what looked like a championship play for the Moguls.

George Hanna and staff were at the battle. Some one suggested that it would have been the time to have purchased George's bus for a song after that last inning.

Jimmie Murray handled himself in big-league style in left field.

Manager Bazner was conspicuous by his silence, while Hanna's smile spoke more than chatter.

Warning is issued to all pitchers when they have two strikes on Frank Leonard to keep the ball out of the groove.

That was a great crowd which turned out to see "Some Sundays" and his aggregation make Rockdale hustle. We can't figure out why the Whitins team had the short end of the score at the close of the game.

Dave Clarke poled out four of the seven hits given by the Rockdale slabman.

Scores to Sept. 1

Ziras	9	Moguls	6
Murads	7	Meccas	3
Omars	6	Fatimas	2
Moguls	10	Meccas	7
Ziras	11	Fatimas	8
Omars	4	Murads	3
Moguls	4	Omars	3
Fatimas	12	Meccas	2
Ziras	5	Murads	4
Fatimas	7	Moguls	1
Moguls	7	Murads	1
Ziras	7	Omars	2
Omars	10	Meccas	9
Fatimas	9	Murads	2
Ziras	7	Meccas	5
Moguls	1	Ziras	0
Murads	13	Meccas	4
Omars	6	Fatimas	2
Moguls	11	Meccas	4
Fatimas	9	Ziras	6
Ziras	13	Murads	4
Omars	10	Murads	3
Fatimas	8	Meccas	4
Omars	6	Meccas	5
Murads	8	Fatimas	6
Moguls	7	Fatimas	3
Omars	6	Ziras	4
Murads	5	Moguls	3
Ziras	6	Moguls	3
Murads	9	Meccas	1
Fatimas	10	Omars	0
Moguls	13	Meccas	3
Murads	9	Omars	7
Fatimas	8	Ziras	2
Moguls	6	Omars	1
Murads	3	Ziras	2
Fatimas	13	Meccas	5
Moguls	3	Fatimas	2
Moguls	6	Murads	2
Fatimas	3	Murads	2
Omars	3	Moguls	0
Omars	9	Meccas (forfeit)	0

	Moguls	Omars	Fatimas	Ziras	Murads	Meccas	Total
Moguls won from	–	2	2	1	2	3	10
Omars " "	1	–	2	1	2	3	9
Fatimas " "	1	1	–	2	2	3	9
Ziras " "	2	1	1	–	2	1	7
Murads " "	1	1	1	1	–	3	7
Meccas " "	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Games lost	5	5	6	5	8	13	–

BATTING AVERAGES

Player	Team	ab.	r.	h.	P. C.
J. Leonard	Z	17	4	11	.649
Renault	F	5	2	3	.600
Donovan	O	25	8	12	.480
Brooks	O	11	2	5	.452
D. Clarke	F	61	17	27	.443
D. Duhamel	Mg	30	3	13	.433
Ashworth	O	43	19	18	.419
H. Duhamel	Mg	56	12	21	.375
F. Leonard	Mg	16	3	6	.375
Johnston	Mc	11	3	4	.364
Jones	Z	47	14	17	.362
Boutillier	F	17	6	6	.352
Day	Mu	40	4	14	.350
McCarthy	O	20	4	7	.350
Melia	Mg	32	6	11	.344
Herbert	Mg	35	8	12	.343
Dufries	F	33	8	11	.333
Veau	Z	21	10	7	.333
Corron	Mc	18	4	6	.333
Hartley	Mc	15	5	5	.333
White	Mu	12	0	4	.333
Tancrell	Mg	6	1	2	.333
Farley	O	3	1	1	.333
Bouchard	Mu	3	1	1	.333
Carpenter	Mc	3	1	1	.333
O'Brien	Mc	3	0	1	.333
Keeler	Mc	48	10	15	.315
Barnes	Mu	48	11	15	.315
Driscoll	Mc	32	5	10	.315
Walsh	O	16	3	5	.315
Malmgren	Z	13	2	4	.307
Morrow	Mu	13	3	4	.307
St. Andre	Mg	30	9	9	.300
Finney	Mu	10	2	3	.300
Anderson	F	38	5	11	.290
O'Neil	F	52	16	15	.289
Kearnan	Mc	14	6	4	.285
E. Brennan	Mg	42	11	12	.285
F. McGuire	Mg	35	5	10	.285
Benner	Mu	25	8	7	.280
Steele	F	40	4	11	.275
H. Crawford	Mc	11	0	3	.273
Blair	O	15	2	4	.267
C. Brennan	F	19	4	5	.263
Burns	Z	19	7	5	.263
Adams	Mc	19	4	5	.263
T. Martin	Z	23	5	6	.261
C. McGuire	F	50	10	13	.260
Frieswyck	Mc	50	8	13	.260
Farrell	Mu	40	12	10	.250
Hughes	F	36	12	9	.250
W. Murray	Z	28	4	7	.250
Bazner	Mg	24	7	6	.250
Laplante	Mg	4	1	1	.250
Duggan	Mg	4	1	1	.250
Lash	F	4	0	1	.250
Riley	Mu	4	0	1	.250
Fowler	Z	25	8	6	.240
J. Murray	Mg	42	7	10	.238
McGowan	O	34	5	8	.235
Simmons	Mg	33	7	7	.233
Smith	Mu	43	5	10	.232
Morrison	Mu	13	3	3	.231
W. Crawford	Mc	35	4	8	.228
Orrell	Mu	31	7	7	.226
Connors	O	40	7	9	.225
Kane	F	46	12	10	.217
Peck	O	10	2	2	.200
Rollins	F	10	1	2	.200
D. C. Clarke	Z	41	5	8	.195
O. Martin	O	43	8	8	.186
Denoncourt	Z	27	8	5	.185
Shugrue	Z	28	5	5	.179
S. White	Z	28	5	5	.179
Magill	Mc	6	2	1	.167
Jos. Burns	Z	20	3	3	.150
Marshall	Mu	34	8	5	.147
Hamilton	Mg	7	1	1	.143
Hanson	Mu	10	2	1	.100
Bradford	Mc	10	1	1	.100
Wilcox	Mc	2	0	0	.000
B. Hall	Mc	2	0	0	.000
Jackman	Mc	2	0	0	.000
Guertin	Mu	2	0	0	.000
Kelliher	Mc	2	0	0	.000
Mulligan	Mu	2	0	0	.000
Batchelor	O	3	0	0	.000
Brown	Mc	3	0	0	.000
Kooistra	Mu	3	0	0	.000
Burke	O	3	0	0	.000
Plante	Mu	4	0	0	.000
McGoey	Z	5	0	0	.000
Carrick	Mg	5	1	0	.000
Dalton	Mc	6	0	0	.000
Fournier	Mu	6	0	0	.000
Benoit	O	8	0	0	.000
Lasell	Mc	9	0	0	.000
Feen	O	16	0	0	.000

"Mac"

"Butch"

Jack Leonard

Frank

McGinnis

Foremen Gambol at Crescent Park

(Continued from page 3)

have sung if they wanted to, but Fletcher called out seventy-one. It was not a song, but the official score of seven lobsters to one accomplished by no less a personage than our rotund master of ceremonies—Harley Keeler. The count of seven is vouched for by four reliable foremen.

Birchall, the only one with a bass voice, at this stage sang "Old Black Joe." His ability to throw his voice into his shoe tops without upsetting the clams was indeed a credit. "Red" Morrison gave a cabaret impersonation and kept the diners worried all the way through for fear that his jokes would hit them. Ed. Driscoll played a valuable rôle by holding Wilmot and Billy Kearnan at the door for a full half hour. These freight handlers, you know, possess wonderful ability for packing away lobsters and clams. We thank you, Ed.

The men kept together long enough to give the official photographer a chance to cop a bunch of smiles. Bob Metcalf engaged a few peaches to pass just as he got ready to snap the boys, and hence these signs of good nature that you see. Those who did not behold the beauties as they passed smiled to themselves as they thought of that wonderful feed.

The Shooting Gallery, the diving girls, the girls selling chances for teddy bears, blankets, pillows, and the like, the Roller Coaster, Venetian Waters, and the Chinese Horrors were very attractive to the party. Neil Currie, however, hied himself to an automobile, there to sleep until time to return home.

Hewes and Wood played the raffle games hard and fast, but they were S. O. L. until the young lady sympathetically presented each of them with a half pound of tea.

The Shoot the Chutes were the real attraction. John Regan, Jim Ferry, and Levi Rasco got into a boat, and, of course, it stuck half way up the incline. Cries of "Take Johnnie out" and "They ate too many clams" could be heard from all sides. Four husky attendants put their shoulders to the boat, and eventually the heavyweights reached the top. "Bob" snapped them, as you see, just as they hit the water. It was left to Allen, however, to put the Chutes out of business.

Bullock may some day be presented with the honored wreath of apple blossoms for tripping a fox-trot so adeptly. Percy Houghton won a handsome five-cent cane. Richardson brought back a box of chocolates for his trophy case, and George Gill tucked a yellow sofa pillow under his arm. There were, in fact, a lot of fond wives made happy over the winnings.

Toward the end of the adventurous afternoon the homeward trip was started. It was full of pep, in fact so much so that Officer of the Law Pat Carmody stopped Ferguson and his happy crew to congratulate the driver for getting so much speed out of his Buick, even if he was on the main thoroughfare of Uxbridge. Jack Welch was so anxious to keep up at the front that he reached Woonsocket before he noticed that his emergency brake was on. Be careful, men! a certain police station on the way displays the sign, "Welcome Home to the Boys." No one knows who arrived first, but seven young office buds came into town just as the bells rang 12. That was the closing feature of a grand, good time, and the committee that engineered the details to make the event a success deserve great credit. Profuse praises were given, and but one complaint was heard: another item should have been added to the menu—a package of Carter's Little Liver Pills.

The Little Things in Life

One of the underlying principles of good relations to one's fellow men is the use of common politeness or courtesy.

Mr. Norton cannot help but feel that he has made a staunch friend in one of the recent applicants for a job at the Employment Department, who upon finding it inconvenient to assume the offered position writes as follows:

Mr. W. T. Norton,
Dear Sir:-

I Beg To Inform You, that Under the Distressing Situation To Procure Rooms & Board in Your Town, I am Compelled to give up the Job that I was with good intentions to assume June 16th, 1919. Your Gentmanly and Diplomatic Principal as an Executive in your line is fully Appreciated by the Writer.

Truly yours,
Ivan Orfulitch.

Fire Menace at Blue Eagle

The fire menace created by careless occupants of the Blue Eagle Inn is a subject all of us should frown upon. We should make it personally our duty to watch out for all offenders. The cigarette carelessly tossed aside, out the window or into the waste-paper basket, is one way of burning somebody alive who has a right to live, even if the offender hasn't.

In the last three or four months there have been three fires of a serious nature. If they had not been detected at once, or if they had been caused after others had retired for the night, we should not have cared to witness the result.

The first of the series of the three fires burned off a part of the roof on the front porch, due to a cigarette tossed out of the window. The second fire burned up some clothes and the woodwork around the bureau in room 63, due to a carelessly scratched match; and, as a wind-up recently, somebody discovered late in the evening that a waste-paper basket was burning merrily in the hall of the front section.

Steve Durrell had his audience with him when he told the people at the following meal what he thought of the offender.

Kelliher Visits the Mermaid

Jack Kelliher, boss polisher, completed one polishing job that didn't last the day out. It was Sunday morning, and Jack was shined up for all formalities. With the glad rags came stimulating thoughts of beauty, and what could be more natural than that Jack should dream of flowers, the best of flowers, the white water lily?

Thought means action to Jack; big game and sport appeal to Bill Crawford, so down to the old pond they wandered, boarded Bill's canoe, and paddled for the farther end of Meadow Pond. After Jack had lighted his best pal rammed full of good old twist, they decided to take the canoe over the road. Bill jumped out and very accommodatingly meant to make it easier for Jack, so he pulled the canoe up a ways onto the shore. He helped out great.

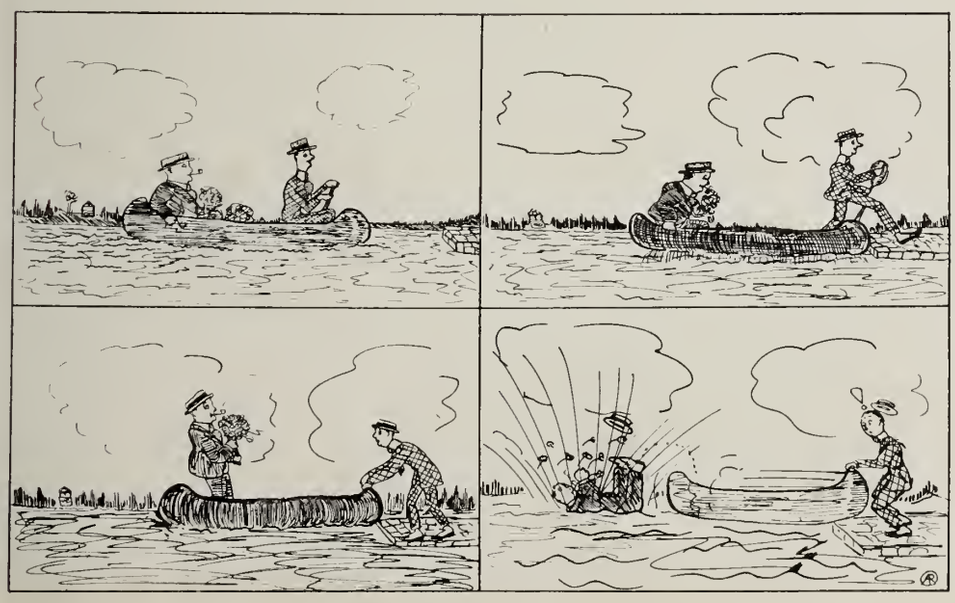
Jack had stood up preparatory to debarking. It was a good preparation; with the jerk of the canoe, Jack, pipe, and all made the diving girls envious with a back flop. His working clothes were a dress suit compared to the togs he dragged to the surface, but the old pipe stuck loyally between the teeth, staying right there until Jack, spirits undampened, gained his feet and good-naturedly took the pipe out of his mouth in order to give expression to a smile.

On Lake and Pond

H. Nelson, of the Drafting Room, lost a perfectly good plug while toying with a scrappy bass. Nelson claims that it is better to lose a plug than to be towed overboard.

We are expecting to hear snappy reports of the target men with their 22's around the pond this fall; Horner has a new rifle that will be hard to compete against.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Veau weathered the lightning and doggy climate at the Ki Yi Club House without serious results.



Safety First and Always

We are glad to report that the chairman of our Safety Committee believes in safety first, last, and always, and that he has the courage of his convictions.

Recently, when driving home from Worcester, he was compelled to stop just at the turnout in Farnumsville because of the brilliant headlights of an approaching automobile. As the car came nearer, the driver of it suddenly turned on a spot light of such blinding force that no one could face it. Mr. Aldrich called to him as he went by to dim his lights, and the man responded with a jeer. Being a man of action, our safety engineer turned his machine around before many seconds elapsed and gave chase to the offender. He caught him at the top of Farnumsville hill, put him in a pocket so that he had to stop, and then proceeded to tell him a few plain facts. He found that the man came from New York State, and after telling him the penalties for running with glaring headlights and also mentioning the danger of a spotlight in another driver's eyes he let him depart.

If more drivers would do likewise, perhaps one of the chief dangers of night driving would be eliminated.

Spindle Department

To go into the ancient history of the Spindle Department is much like going into the attic on a rainy day to delve among the relics of one's ancestors.

In 1868 we find H. F. Woodmancy in charge. Most of the equipment for spindle making at this time was brought from the old Holyoke shops. Two grinding machines did all the work of spindle grinding, one being operated by Thomas Lunt, the other by James Curran, who now lives on Main Street. Tommy was a little, short Englishman who had learned the trade across the water and who was prone to think the English way was the only good one. He worked for the present foreman up to the time of his death. Jim Curran was a very rugged man, built like a prize fighter, and a returned soldier just back from the Civil War. Jim was inclined in his younger days to get in a state of unusual joyfulness. At one time he brought his prize bulldog into the shop to show the boys. Later on, Jim had to appear before the "Old Man" (as Gustavus E. Taft was called by the boys), who talked to him like a father.

The Spindle Department in 1868 employed from nine to twelve men and turned out about 5,000 spindles per month. At this time there stood at the right of the bridge crossing the river to the Carpenter Shop a small stone building on the ground floor of which the foundry work was done, and in the attic of which the lumber was dried by the use of long stove-pipes connected to the stove below. The blacksmith shop was a wooden building standing where the bolt job is now located.

Spindles made at this time were known as the common taper top and were a double rail spindle, as were all spindles for twisting, spinning, and spooling. A few years later the Sawyer spindle superseded to a large extent the heavy common, but yet remained a double rail spindle. A good increase in speed was gained without excessive increase in horse-power.

Henry Woodmancy, the first foreman of the spindle job, came from Scituate, R. I. He learned the spindle trade from Mr. Wescott, the founder of the spindle business at Spindleville, a suburb of Hopedale. Mr. Woodmancy was a man who talked but very little; in fact, his usual expression when asked a question was, "Eh, guess so!" It was said of him that at one time, when on a hunting trip in the Maine woods with C. V. Dudley, Eugene Johnson, and some other friends he shot a moose and tried to give a yell, but his voice failed him and he could not utter a sound.

Mr. Woodmancy was the father of a number of inventions and valuable improvements. About 1880 he conceived the idea of the gravity spindle, and in December of 1883 they became the most important spindle made at the Whitin Shops, remaining at the present time practically the same in principle. As a proof that this spindle was a good one, we now find running in some mills, spindles made within a few years of this time. A few years later the Woodmancy doffer guard came out, which was another valuable feature and is now put on nearly all spinning bolster cases.

The Spindle Department became a job of forty men, with grinders and machines in proportion. It occupied a space from where the time clock is now to a point a little better than half way to its present limit. Beyond this was the bolt job, with John Snelling in charge. At the corner of the bolt job was a door where one could step out into the connection going to the Carpenter Shop and then across into the Cast Iron Room. Opposite the corner of the shop where the speeder spin job is, was another door; here one crossed the same connection into the Blacksmith Shop.

Where the first two or three spindle grinders are now, there was a squaring up and centering machine. This was operated by James Johnston, the father of William Johnston who is foreman of the drawing frame job. All studs, shafts, etc., were squared up and centered here for the shop. Going on from the time clock and a little to the rear, was a roll punch and drilling machine used for work on spinning rolls. Near where the rear row of the grinders now stands, there were three or four large engine lathes for turning very heavy work such as pulleys and shafting.

When the gravity spindle became perfected, Mr. Woodmancy and Mr. Gustavus Taft went abroad, where business arrangements were made in regard to it. Soon after Mr. Woodmancy's return, he had a very severe illness. This affected his health during the 10 years which were left to him. In the fall of 1888, B. R. Sweet was put in charge of the spindle

department, under Mr. Woodmancy's direction. From this time to the time of his death, in 1895, Mr. Woodmancy did not take an active part in the detail or routine of the work, his interests being more taken up with improvements he was contemplating.

Mr. Sweet was given complete charge in 1899; and a little later the job was increased, taking over the space occupied by the bolt job and considerable space in the rear. The job has now a force of eighty-five to ninety men, and with the twenty-five spindle grinders as many spindles per week are being turned out as were made in three months in 1868. Moreover, hundreds of varieties are now made, adapting the Whitin gravity spindle to every condition and form used from Japan to California, from Canada to Mexico; and it is expected that South America will be the next field.

Process of Spindle Making

After the Blacksmith Shop completes the forging, the spindles go through the following processes before inspection is reached:

Rough pointing
Rough straightening
Blocking bearings
Finishing pointing from bearings on wheel
Finishing pointing
Finishing taps
Hardening steps
First pointing on wheel
Blocking steps
Polishing butts
Straightening butts
Driving deflectors
Making whorls on automatics
Reaming and pressing on whorls
Turning necks
Smooth turning whorls
Polishing tops and whorls
Rounding over
Finish pointing on wheel
Finish grinding steps
Polishing steps
Finish straightening
Testing and looking over last time
Counting and trucking to freight house.

B. R. Sweet

Length of Service of Men on Spindle Job

	Years		Years
G. E. Barnes	42	Lucian Rollins	12
W. H. Searles	38	R. D. Creamer	12
David Lemoine	37	Jos. Boulay	12
Wm. Norberry	35	Axel Carlson	12
B. R. Sweet	31	A. G. Clark	12
W. A. Austin	30	W. A. Creamer	12
Ludwig Roy	28	A. Hall	12
Michael Kennedy	29	A. Tariscincz	12
Patrick Murphy	27	Benj. Hall	11
Geo. Boutilier	27	Martin Maguire	11
T. J. Fitzpatrick	26	L. D. Donovan	9
Jos. McKinnon	25	E. R. Abbott	9
Arthur Randals	25	W. J. Allen	8
J. A. Johnston	21	Chas. Williams	8
A. Laflour	21	J. W. Crabtree	7
J. D. Boyce	21	Wm. Dudley	7
G. A. Creamer	21	David Longmuir	7
E. Whitney	21	R. M. Burns	7
Martin Gahan	20	W. O. Bosworth	5
Honori Houde	20	Arthur Fowler	4
C. E. Johnson	20	William Fowler	4
Dexter Wood	20	John E. Hey	4
Ulric Roy	19	Napoleon Lavoie	3
M. Van Der Akker	18	Chas. Brennan	3
R. M. Ferguson	15	John McDonald	3
Chas. Wright	15½	Jerome Sheldon	3
A. Gamelin	14	Peter Berkowicz	3

Henry Woodmancy

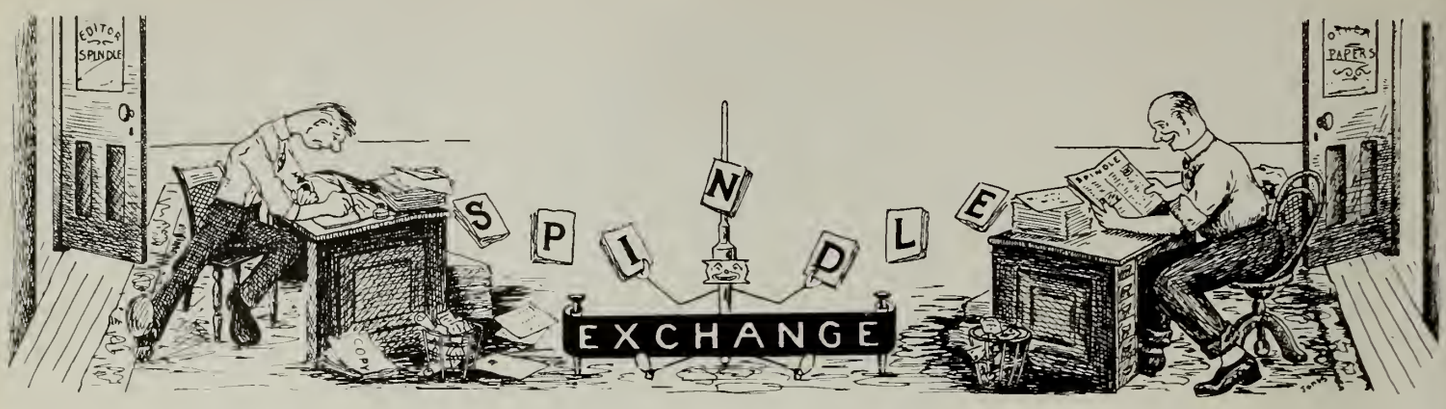
	Years		Months
M. P. Tougas	3	Hess Youngsma	10
G. J. Gadbois	2½	Wm. Johnson	10
Arad Angell	2	Geo. England	9
Henry Arvisair	1¾	Thos. Lee	8
Geo. Barrie	1¾	John Heerdt	8
P. W. Riley	1½	Wilfred Olson	6
G. W. Roy	1½	Eugene Gauthier	5
G. L. Rice	1½	Lawrence Thomson	3
Geo. Peck	1½	Leon Tebo	1½
E. B. Farley	1	Leroy Allard	1½
Jasper Travaille	1		

It is the intention of the editors to have this series continue until every department has been photographed, its history related, and its work described. Each one has its own accomplishments and traditions which are interesting to our readers.

Here he is, right on the job, and ready for whatever comes his way. This snapshot captured John in a very characteristic attitude. It is this glance that keeps the boys on the run or back from the base lines. John is very good natured but does not let any one get the better of him.

Time and a Half

R. L. Metcalf, Albin Nelson, Amos Whipple, E. S. Alden, and families have been spending the last two weeks at Wo-He-La-Camp. The outdoor life seems to agree with them, for their stay has already been extended beyond original plans.



Advertisements

(From any old paper)

Lost—Stout cane at Vendome Hotel, by old man, with solid ivory head.

Wanted—Cook, able to wash and iron, man and wife only.

Lost—One overshoe. Will buy or sell.

Wanted—Second-hand piano and performer. Both must be upright.

Wanted—Clothes manglers who will not injure garments.

Lost—Purse containing $2 by widow woman, with red leather lining and gold initials on back.

Easy

Smart Alec, at the butcher's—"Can you give me a yard of pork?"

The smarter butcher—"Certainly, here are three pig's feet."

Force of Habit

Sergeant—" 'Ey there! Where are you going?"

The absent-minded beggar (who had climbed out of the trench): " 'Oly Jiminy! When that bloomin' shell whistled over'ead Hi thot it was twelve o'clock."

Feminine Charitableness

Edith—"Jack told me I was so interesting and so beautiful."

Marie—"And yet you will trust yourself for life with a man who begins deceiving you so early."

Mother—"Joe, why do you suppose that old hen persists in laying in the coal bin?"

Joe—"Why, mother, I think she has seen the sign, 'Now is the time to lay in your coal.' "

When you hear the "knocker" hand it out to his town, shop, church, lodge, club, or friends, just calmly quote the following:

YOUR TOWN

W. T. DENNISTON

If you want to live in the kind of a town
  Like the kind of a town you like,
You needn't slip your clothes in a grip
  And start on a long, long hike.

You'll find elsewhere what you left behind,
  For there's nothing that's really new,
It's a knock at yourself when you knock your town
  For it isn't your town—IT'S YOU.

Real towns are not made by men afraid
  Lest somebody else gets ahead;
When every one works and nobody shirks,
  You can raise a town from the dead.

And if while you make your personal stake
  Your neighbor can make his, too,
Your town will be what you want it to be
  For it isn't your town—IT'S YOU.

—*Exchange.*

The Proper Revenge

Ellingham—an enthusiastic golfer—was complaining bitterly to Carlson about the bad manners of some of the golfers.

"Look at Hunt, for instance!" he said. "He actually crossed my tee just as I was going to drive. What would you have done if you had been in my place?"

"Well," said Carlson, "seeing that he crossed your tee, I would have dotted his eye."—*Heald Herald.*

An Irishman in the trenches received a letter from home with four blank sheets of paper, and when asked for explanation told his comrades that Nora and he were not on speaking terms.

Three Prize Fish-stories Related in Rhyme

Noah an' Jonah an' Cap'n John Smith,
Mariners, travelers, magazines of myth,
Settin' up in Heaven, chewin' and a-chawin'
Eatin' their terbaccy, talkin' and a-jawin';
Settin' by a crick, spittin' in the worter,
Talkin' tall an' tactless, as saints hadn't orter,
Lollin' in the shade, baitin' hooks and anglin'
Occasionally friendly, occasionally wrangling'.
—Noah took his halo from his old bald head
An' swatted of a hopper-grass an' knocked it dead,
an' he baited of his hook, an' he spoke an' said:
"When I was the Skipper of the tight leetle Ark
I useter fish fer porpus, uster fish fer shark,
Often I have ketched in a single hour on Monday
Sharks enough to feed the fambly till Sunday—
To feed all the sarpints, the tigers an' donkeys,
To feed all the zebras, the insects an' monkeys,
To feed all the varmints, bears an' gorillars,
To feed all the camels, cats an' armadillers.
To give all the pelicans stews for their gizzards,
To feed all the owls an' catamounts an' lizards,
To feed all the humans, their babies an' their nusses,
To feed all the houn' dawgs an' hippopotamusses,
To feed all the oxens, feed all the asses,
Feed all the bison an' leetle hopper-grasses—
Always I ketched, in half a hour on Monday
All that the fambly could gormandize till Sunday!"
—Jonah took his harp, to strum and to string her,
An' Cap'n John Smith teched his nose with his finger.
Cap'n John Smith, he hemmed some an' hawed some.
An' he bit off a chaw, an' he chewed some and chawed some;—
"When I was to China, when I was to Guinea,
When I was to Java, an' also in Verginney,

I teached all the natives how to be ambitious,
I learned 'em my trick of ketchin' devil-fishes.
I've fitten tigers, I've fitten bears,
I have fitten sarpints an' wolves in their lairs,
I have fit with wild men an' hippopotamusses,
But the periloustest varmints is the bloody octopusses!
I'd rub my forehead with phosphorescent light
An' plunge into the ocean an' seek 'em out at night!
I ketched 'em in grottoes, I ketched 'em in caves,
I used fer to strangle 'em underneath the waves!
When they seen the bright light blazin' on my forehead
They used fer to rush at me, screamin' something horrid!
Tentacles wavin', teeth white an' gnashin',
Hollerin' an' bellerin', wallerin' an' splashin'!
I useter grab 'em, as they rushed from their grots,
Ketch all their legs an' tie 'em into knots!"
—Noah looked at Jonah, an' said not a word,
But if winks made noises, a wink had been heard.
Jonah took the hook from a mudcat's middle
An' strummed on the strings of his hallalujah fiddle;
Jonah give his whiskers a backhand wipe
An' cut some plug terbaccer an' crammed it in his pipe!
—(Noah an' Jonah an' Cap'n John Smith,
Fishermen an' travellers, narreratin' myth,
Settin' up in Heaven all eternity,
Fishin' in the shade, contended as could be!
Spittin' their terbaccer in the little shaded creek,
Stoppin' of their yarns fer ter hear the ripples speak!
I hope for Heaven, when I think of this—
You folks bound hellward, a lot of fun you'll miss!)
Jonah, he decapitates that mudcat's head,
An' gets his pipe ter drawin'; an' this is what he said:
"Excuse me ef your stories don't excite me much!
Excuse me ef I seldom agitate fer such!
You think yer fishermen! I won't argue none!
I won't even tell yer the half o' what I done!
You has careers dangerous an' checkered!
All as I will say is: Go and read my record!
You think yer fishermen! You think yer great!
All I asks is this: Has one of ye been bait?
Cap'n Noah, Cap'n John, I heerd when ye hollered;
What I asks is this: Has one of ye been swallered?
It's mighty purty fishin' with little rods an' reels,
It's mighty easy fishin' with little rods an' creels,
It's mighty pleasant ketchin mudcats fer yer dinners,
But this here is my challenge for saints an fer sinners,
Which one of ye has vyaged in a varmint's inners?
When I seen a big fish, tough as Methooslum,
I used for to dive into his oozly-goozlum!
When I seen the strong fish, wallopin' like a lummicks,
I useter foller 'em, dive into their stummicks!
I could v'yage an' steer 'em, I could understand 'em,
I useter navigate 'em, I useter land 'em!
Don't you pester me with any more narration!
Go git famous! Git a reputation!"
—Cap'n John he grinned, his hat brim beneath,
Clicked his tongue of silver on his golden teeth;
Noah an' Jonah an' Cap'n John Smith,
Strummin' golden harps, narreratin' myth!
Settin' by the shallows forever an' forever,
Swappin' yarns an' fishin' in a little river!

—*Literary Digest.*

An Anatomical Query

By Peter Jazz Hickey

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee?
Or a key to a lock of his hair?
Can his eyes be called an academy
Because there are pupils there?
In the crown of his head what jewels are found?
Who travels the bridge of his nose?
Can he use when shingling the roof of his mouth
The nails on the ends of his toes?
Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail?
If so, what did he do?
How does he sharpen his shoulder blades?
I'm sure I don't know, do you?
Can he sit in the shade of the palm of his hand?
Can he beat the drum of his ear?
Can the calf of his leg eat corn on his toes?
Then why not grow corn on the ear?

—*The Fore River Log.*

Farm vs. City Life

A boy who left the farm to go to the city wrote a letter to his brother, telling of the joys of city life, in which he said:

"Thursday we auto'd out to the country club, where we golfed until dark. Then we motored to the beach and Fridayed there."

The brother on the farm wrote back:

"Yesterday we buggied to town and baseballed all afternoon. Then we went to Med's and pokered till morning. To-day we muled out to the cornfield and gee-hawed until sundown. Then we suppered, and then we piped for a while. After that we staircased up to our room and bedsteaded until the clock fived."—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

Levi Rasco

Don't think that Mr. Rasco is reading Mark Twain or any thing else as light as our exchange columns. This is one of those serious books that he is wont to study in his leisure time. However, we know that he will read every joke on these pages and enjoy them for "a little nonsense now and then is relished even by the wisest men."

More Fish

Bob Britton, Jack Spencer, and Jack Horner took in the bounding deep at Scituate, Mass. They specialized on deep-sea fishing; at least Bob did the specializing. Horner, who is no mean fisherman, claims that Bob had them hypnotized. Jack had his line within three feet of Bob's, yet the blamed fish wouldn't nibble, while Bob kept them relaying over the rail. None of the three was seasick. Worse luck for the "Spindle."

Around the Office

Word has been received that Dorothy Wheeler has signed up for the baseball team in Maine. Isn't it about time for you to make a "Home Run," Dot?

Miss Catherine Munt, of the Main Office, is having a wonderful time visiting a college chum in Stylesville, New Brunswick.

Miss Amy K. Leaf, of Boston, has been substituting in the Main Office for the past three weeks. Miss Leaf was formerly doing Government work in the Quartermaster's Department in Boston.

W. O. Aldrich, John Heyes, and William Halpin have all returned from Hampton Beach, where they spent their vacations. We heard that when John started his piano he had the very waves jazzing.

Neil Currie and Jake Johnson, chicken experts, paid a visit to Mr. Charles Burlin last week at his farm at Northbridge Hill. Both men declared it was a real treat to go over the farm and see Mr. Burlin's splendid chickens.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Larkin are being congratulated on the birth of a daughter on August 21. Mr. Larkin is a member of the Production Department.

Sis Brown has apparently just returned from a visit to the South African diamond mines. She is pretty mum about the concern who shipped the goods; at least that is what some of our friends who are seeking similar chances for acquiring property seem to think.

Henry Crawford has the distinction of being the only vacationist so far this season who was recalled because of important duties that required his attention here in the shop. Good luck, Henry, when you make up the lost time.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Rollins spent several weeks in Savannah, New Brunswick. Roy says he is fit to raise every man's pay in the shop with one hand.

Miss Helena Roche, of the Main Office, is spending her vacation at Newport, R. I.

Things have been rather quiet around the Main Office since Chaz Noble took his vacation. Chaz has gone back to Quonochontaug, R. I., where before his marriage he spent many happy hours among the summer girls.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bullock have just returned from a very interesting trip to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

Miss Ruth Burnap and Miss Helen Cotter are enjoying a water trip to Savannah, Ga.

We are all glad to welcome Henry Bouvier back to his place in the Stock Room.

Tom Hamilton and David Marshall are back again after a very enjoyable trip to Niagara Falls and the Thousand Islands.

Bob Britton is enjoying his vacation at his cottage in Scituate; Miss Mary Britton has just returned after spending two weeks there and has acquired a tan nearly as good as the one Bessie Aldrich brought back.

George Broadhurst and Chaz Noble offered to supply the office with fish, but no one has seen any signs of the fish. We presume they couldn't send it on account of the shortage of ice.

Three young ladies of the Main Office, the Misses Jennie Scott, Jane Currie, and Alice Magill, decided to reform, so they spent their vacation at Northfield. But has any one noticed a change? We are wondering if it can be done?

Baseball Throwing

Has any one noticed the baseball girl in this town, aged about ten, who can throw better than the average boy? She was seen lately half way up the flagpole near the West End School, and it would be of interest to know just how far she could toss that old baseball which seems to substitute well for the customary doll.

Mr. and Mrs Robert Hargraves, Miss Elaine Brown, and Mr. and Mrs. John Minshall enjoyed their vacation at Oak Bluffs.

The WHITIN Spinple

THE WHITIN MACHINE WORKS · ESTD 1831

THE LAKE

OCTOBER

VOL. I No 3

Constructing the Reservoir

The WHITIN Spindle

VOLUME 1 WHITINSVILLE, MASS., OCTOBER, 1919 NUMBER 3

The Cylinder Job

In the cellar of the No. 2 Shop you will find the cylinder job. The heavy turning of card cylinders, card doffers, shafting for cards and looms, pulleys for cards, spinning, looms, drawing and speeders, sliver and ribbon lap drums, condenser rolls, heavy picker work, in fact, all the heavy work is done here. Away back in 1859 Al. Bly was in charge. The old-timers will no doubt remember him. We find working with him Samuel Marble, R. Henderson, Geo. Wood, P. Minnahan, A. McFarlin, and L. M. Pierce. In those days they made 36″ x 36″ card cylinders, and these men turned out hundreds of small cards, some of which can be seen running in the Whitinsville Cotton Mill today.

Our old-time books, which, by the way, have been carefully preserved, say that Mr. Bly left the shop in 1870. His place was taken by Samuel Marble, who kept the boys good natured until 1873. He left in November, 1873, and I. H. Lowe took charge. In the time book are the names George Plympton, William Newall, William Riley, F. Carr, Andrew Keech, Dennis Mack, Thomas Ward, Aleck Patterson, Elmer Davis, and Lawson Tailor. It was in Mr. Lowe's time that we gradually left the 36″ x 36″ card and built what was called the Welman card. Not many of these were made, for in 1894 we started on the Whitin revolving flat card. In making this card a special machine is used for squaring up and boring out the 40″ x 50″ cylinders. This machine was made on the tool job under Mr. A. H. Whipple. Most of the work was done by Enoch Ridley.

H. E. Keeler

The turning lathes were bought by Mr. Cyrus Taft in Manchester, England.

The first boring mill was put up in the cellar and placed where Philip Podvin's two pulley lathes now stand. The first radial drill was also bought at the same time for drilling and tapping cylinders, and John H. Blunt and Thomas Roach were the first operators of these machines. The boring mill stayed in the cellar about one year and was then moved to where it now stands on Blair's job. Old familiar faces on the job at this time were William Riley, who milled the bow of thousands of crankshafts; Dave Montgomery, Perry Stevens, who turned card pulleys; and Tom Handley, who polished them. Mr. Lowe's job extended from the east side of the shop to the elevator on the other side. The west end was used by Robert Foster's large planer job.

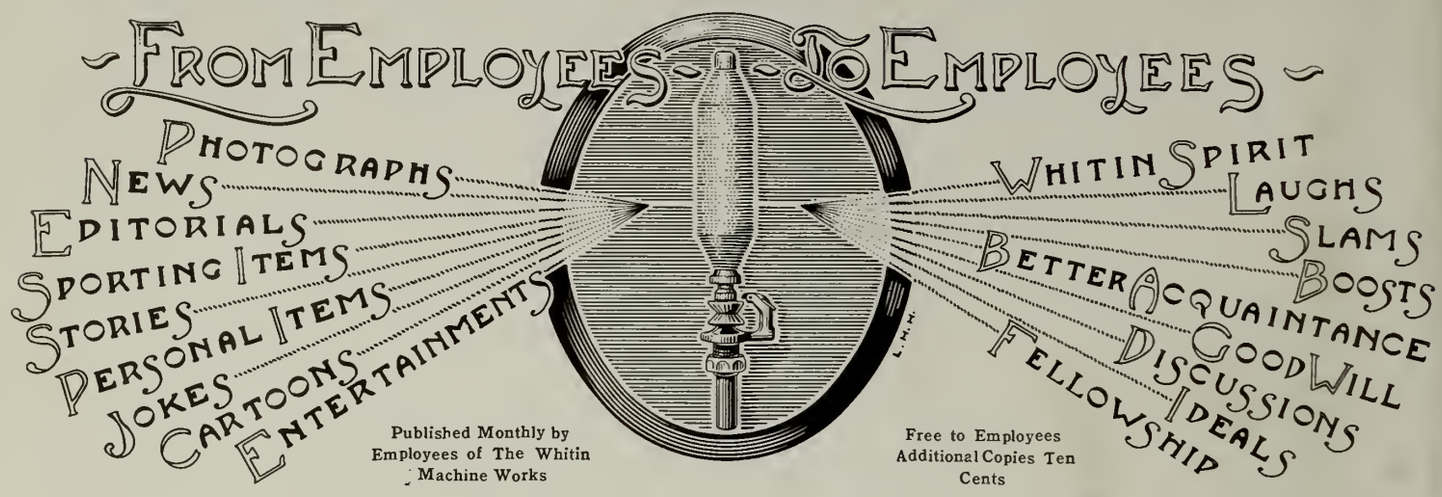
Mr. Lowe was interested in politics. He was chairman of the Republican Town Committee in 1894 and represented this district in the House of Representatives at Boston in 1895. He stayed in the harness until his death in May, 1898. Then Mr. J. H. Blunt had charge from 1898 until his death in April, 1907, when H. E. Keeler became foreman. Since then several changes have been made. In 1910 Robert Ferguson's large planer job was moved to where it now stands, and the doffers on S. White's job were brought down to the cellar. In 1913 Edward Hall's tool dressing forge was moved to the Blacksmith Shop, and the cylinder job now has the whole basement.

The following men are today in the cellar doing their bit to make the Whitin Machine Works what it is—the largest cotton machinery manufacturing plant in this country:

	Years		Years
Jerry Connors	48	William DeYong	7
Philip Podvin	31	George Ladue	5
Chris Anderson	30	John F. Callanan	5
John Hayes	30	Orrie M. Jacobs	4
James Hayes, Jr.	30	Jacob Youngsma	4
H. E. Keeler	28	Arthur Kroll	4
Al. F. Hewett	26	Isaac Killian	4
Napoleon Roberts	24	Krine Dingamans	3
Yursen Heslinger	24		Month
William Harkema	24	Fred Haley	1
Yede Heinstra	19		Weeks
Wybe Kortekamp	17	Eldred I. Phillips	2
John Armstrong	17	Axel Peterson	2
Patrick Herlihy	17	George Cochrane	1
Gerret Vonk	14	Victor Johnson	1

The average per man of over 14 years is our best showing so far.

It is not necessary for us to say that this paper is issued for each and every worker in the Shop. There are departments about which little has been said. It is not our intention to allow our write-ups to narrow down to a few departments or persons. If no effort is made to say something about each department each month, there is apt to be a lack of interest. While we are all loyal to the Shop as a whole, it is in our particular department that we are interested and in which we have pride. In time, each department will be written up, but in the meantime very little may be written of interest concerning it.



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Editorial

There is a way in which we can learn more about one another and get better acquainted, and that is to know each other's hobby. Salesmen on the road make a business of knowing whether a man is interested in baseball, fishing, or golfing before attempting to introduce business matters.

We find it easy to talk to a man about the things that interest him most. He is at work all day, and we cannot blame him, when away, if such words as lathes or gears annoy him. Approach him about his garden or his poultry, and you are buttonholed.

A vigorous old man beyond eighty, when asked to account for his rare good health and vigor, said, "Follow Abraham Lincoln's advice, don't worry, eat three square meals a day, and say your prayers. In addition have a hobby. It makes no difference what kind of a hobby, but *get* one of some kind and *ride* it."

People are realizing more and more the need of something to get them out of the daily routine. All work and no play lets Jack get into a rut.

If you have a hobby, tell us. If your friends have one, tell us. Do you know anyone who is interested in raising pansies, sweet peas, vegetables of any kind, Rhode Island Reds, or Plymouth Rocks, anyone who knows how many home runs Babe Ruth has made this year, anyone who thought the Cincinnati Reds could show class, anyone who has a canoe or an automobile, anyone who goes ducking? Let us in on it.

Tell us about your friends, and we may be able to bring together the dog fanciers, hunters, walkers, or fishermen in mutual exchange of ideas.

Suppose your side partner is interested in music; there are others, too, and the common interests may develop into something worth while—see our article on Heys' Orchestra for your incentive. If your pal is a debater, it would not be far amiss to form a society of debaters.

Now it is beyond us to name all the hobbies; but it would be a grand thing to know more about one another, and this is a good way to get better acquainted.

The Shop extends its deepest sympathy to John F. McGinniss on the death of his sister, Mrs. Lawrence Prendergast, of Bridgeton, R. I.

NO ACCIDENTS TO-DAY

How much better it would be to pay a doctor to keep you well rather than pay him to make you better. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. So it is with the work of our Safety Committee. They are very forehanded and are anxious to prevent accidents, even if we do have a very efficient hospital corps to cure the cases that do come along.

A little thought on your part about safety devices may give you some good ideas, and the committee realizes that too much cannot be done to prevent injuries. Tell them how you would avoid accidents, and thus you will be helpful to the committee, yourself, and in particular to your fellow men. If you see possible danger, point it out and let us devise a way to eliminate it.

A survey of the wounds in this factory and in others has shown that carelessness, thoughtlessness, and ignorance are the principal reasons underlying them. Every move that will reduce our lack of consideration for our own and our fellow's welfare should be encouraged.

Our Safety Committee has devised a plan that will certainly meet with your approval and enthusiastic participation. Every foreman and every workman will have his attention focused on accident prevention. They will choose a certain day from time to time when "No Accidents Today" signs will be posted in every department of the Shop. Everybody is asked to take particular care to avoid accidents on that day, for his own sake and in behalf of others. The idea of prevention must be uppermost in every mind. We may not have a perfect record the first time—if we don't, we'll try until we do—if we do, we'll keep on trying it until it becomes a habit. All together, now! It's a splendid move, *look* for the signs, and LOOK OUT!

W. E. Balmer

Mr. Balmer has worked for us through a period of forty-nine years and four months. He is not the third man in point of service; but when you consider that for the ten years immediately preceding his connections with our works he was connected with Whitin Bros., he has put in fifty-nine years and ten months of service.

Mr. Balmer came into the Foundry to serve as an apprentice, and at the present time he has charge of all beginners and is inspector of castings. He was very modest when our board of inquirers beseeched him for a little light on his life. He reasoned quite logically, "Well, I guess I've been here long enough so that everybody knows me." Mr. Balmer certainly is well enough known and does not need the notoriety that this article attempts to give him.

He has three sons. Dr. W. Edward Balmer is probably the best known, because of his active part in town affairs generally. Robert Balmer is in charge of one of Swift & Co.'s depots. Curiously enough Mr. Balmer probably inspects many a casting that wends its way to the Merchants Manufacturing Co., in Fall River, Mass., to help his son John, who is superintendent there, to produce better cotton cloth than his competitors.

Interesting Anniversaries, October 15 to November 15

The period of one month immediately following the distribution of this issue contains the anniversaries of events that follow:

Oct. 18, 1905—Father O'Reilly, Catholic priest in town for years, died.
Oct. 19, 1911—New Methodist Church was dedicated.
Oct. 20, 1916—Rev. John R. Thurston, pastor of the Village Congregational Church, died.
Oct. 21, 1896—William Cole, Foundry foreman, died.
Oct. 26, 1913—Dr. Gregg preached his last sermon in the Congregational Church.
Oct. 26, 1918—Clocks set back to winter time.
Oct. 27, 1911—Shop was running 45 hours a week.
Oct. 27, 1893—Short time in shop, 5 days of 7 hours.
Oct. 30, 1896—Power House chimney, 120 feet high and 5 feet in diameter, was finished. Later it was taken down.
Nov. 1, 1917—Time clocks put in shop.
Nov. 2, 1913—Rev. Walter H. Commons, Congregational minister, starts pastorate.
Nov. 3, 1897—Floor space is now 13½ acres.
Nov. 3, 1915—Shop starts selling loom feeler motions.
Nov. 4, 1890—Dr. Harriman beats Loammi Carr for representative at Boston.
Nov. 4, 1916—Whole shop works Saturday afternoons.
Nov. 5, 1892—First snowstorm.
Nov. 5, 1894—First snowstorm.
Nov. 5, 1895—Overhead trolley system in Foundry.
Nov. 6, 1896—McKinley's election celebrated.
Nov. 7, 1918—Fake German surrender was celebrated.
Nov. 11, 1904—Start making card licker-in wire.
Nov. 11, 1918—Shop closes two days for the armistice. Big peace procession in evening.
Nov. 13, 1907—Start nickel plating in Shop.

If you have other facts in your diaries, bring them out. This ought to be an interesting feature to all.

Presented to Harry Haselden by the Men in His Department

Harry Haselden

Smiling Harry Haselden is now in Sunny Florida, near Tampa. After twenty-three years of faithful service he has purchased twenty acres of land on which he plans to raise oranges, grape fruit, strawberries, and watermelons. You can bet we are unanimous in our good wishes for Harry, and we are looking for carloads of oranges and baskets of strawberries, those big juicy ones, and who said "Watermelons"?

Harry got acquainted with the Whitin Machine Works while he was in business for himself in Worcester. He installed everything electrical that the firm needed. He was building the Blackstone Valley Street Railway, when a row started and he accepted the offer to work here in 1896. He had carried the line from Millbury to Saundersville.

Harry has the distinction of having set up in this Shop the first electric freight locomotive built in the United States.

Now don't buy your fancy fruits until we hear from Harry!

To assure each job that some note or write-up is written in each issue with special interest to it and general interest to all, it seems well to look for a representative in every department. The call comes for volunteers. News is what is wanted; every item is of interest, and unless we lack space in our issue, the notes will see their way to the Shop. See to it that someone on your job collects the news; then send it in.

Rockdale Wins Championship

The three-game series for the championship of the Blackstone Valley, between Rockdale and Whitinsville, created considerable interest and indicates what success our boys would meet with, if a league in this vicinity were organized next year. The first game was lost through a lack of teamwork, 6 to 3, and the second was won by a splendid showing in all departments of the game, 1 to 0. The deciding game went to Rockdale, 4 to 1, after a hard contest. One conclusion can be drawn; and that is, our boys have the goods.

WHITINS, 1; ROCKDALE, 0

The second and what proved to be the best game of the series was a corker. Both pitchers were in good form, Murray striking out five and allowing five hits, while McLeod struck out fourteen and allowed three hits. Only three hits—but they were lulus, especially Frank Leonard's emulation of Babe Ruth. Ashworth's fielding was remarkably good; he gathered in everything, covering a great deal of territory. Donovan took ten chances without an error in the field, and that started the old-time stories of his grand playing. Hartnett caught a superb game and ought to go up into higher circles soon. He will shine in scholastic and college athletics. The only attempt to purloin second was made by McLeod with third occupied.

Manager Geo. Hanna

Omars—Our Champions

Hartnett slipped the ball down to Donovan so fast that McLeod was nipped flat footed, before Hart on third could realize what was going on. Two fast double plays dashed whatever hopes Rockdale may have entertained. Frank Leonard began the game for Whitins with his homer, and Murray finished it with three strike-outs.

THE SCORE

WHITINSVILLE	a.b.	r.	h.	p.o.	a.	e.
Leonard, F., r.f.	4	1	1	1	3	0
Ashworth, l.f.	4	0	1	3	0	0
Donovan, 2b.	4	0	0	4	6	0
Leonard, J., 1b.	3	0	0	11	0	1
Burke, cf.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Clarke, s.s.	3	0	0	0	5	0
Hartnett, c.	3	0	0	5	1	0
McGuire, 3b.	3	0	1	0	1	0
Murray, p.	3	0	0	0	1	0
Total	30	1	3	27	14	1
ROCKDALE						
DeOrsey, c.f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Couillard, s.s.	3	0	0	1	4	1
Lucier, r.f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
McManus, 1b.	4	0	3	12	1	1
Mayhew, 2b.	4	0	1	1	5	0
Doaust, 3b.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Cormier, l.f.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Hart, c.	1	0	0	9	2	0
McLeod, p.	2	0	0	0	0	0
Total	29	0	5	24	12	2

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Rockdale	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Whitinsville	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	–	1

Two-base hits, McManus; home run, F. Leonard; stolen bases, Ashworth, J. Leonard, Hart; sacrifice hit, Couillard; double plays, Clarke to Donovan to J. Leonard, Donovan to J. Leonard; left on bases, Rockdale 7, Whitinsville 5; first base on balls, by Murray, Doaust, Hart 2, McLeod; struck out, by McLeod 14, by Murray 5; passed ball, Hartnett; wild pitch, Murray. Umpire, Melia.

ROCKDALE, 4; WHITINSVILLE, 1

The third and deciding game of the series was played in Rockdale before a large gathering of fans. Rockdale presented McLeod, their imported talent, in the box again, and their good judgment of his ability was attested to. He held our boys to three hits and one run again, and this was just good enough to win. Murray pitched very well, but his wildness was his undoing. He passed DeOrsey and Hart and hit McManus in the first inning. This, with an error at third, opened the run column. DeOrsey scored again on another pass, his second steal of second, and Contois's double. Two hits and slow fielding resulted in the last two runs of the game in the fifth inning. DeOrsey was the star for Rockdale.

(Box score on page 7, column 3)

The Sunset League

If an effort had been made to fix the schedule of our league for an exciting finish, it could not have been better. Truth is stranger than fiction. The Omars, booked for third place, made an eleventh-hour spurt and with Bill Feen at his best trimmed the Moguls in a game that would have settled all things, had the Moguls won. They beat the Ziras in a game that decided who would tie the Moguls for first place, then they walloped the Moguls in the play-off for the championship.

The Omars deserve a lot of praise, and, in fact, the general good sportsmanship and good feeling shown by all were very creditable. Such exciting finishes are not always conducive to calmness. Not only must we give the players their just desserts, but the umpires who handled the games so effectively and willingly were very helpful adjuncts to a most successful season. There is only one question now in the minds of everyone—When is next spring going to get here?

Captain McGowan

Swinging Like a Gate

McLeod struck out thirty-seven in the three games; Murray struck out twenty-two.

Only three games in the thirty-six were forfeited, and the Meccas monopolized this feature.

Three teams submitted to a coat of whitewash, the Ziras 1-0 from the Moguls, the Omars 10-0 from the Fatimas, and the Moguls 3-0 from the Omars.

The lowest number of runs was scored in a game when the Moguls trimmed the Ziras 1-0. Nineteen runs were scored in two games; Ziras 11, Fatimas 8; and Omars 10, Meccas 9.

The most one-sided game was the shut-out: Fatimas 10, Omars 0.

Four hundred eighty-nine runs and five hundred ninety-eight hits were recorded. No account was taken of the number of errors or disputes.

You have got to hand it to George P. M. Hanna. P. M. does not stand for afternoon, or past master, but Present Master or Pat Moran.

The Red Sox lost a wonderful eighteen-inning game in Putnam against the Manhassetts, 4-3. The Putnam write-up on the game says that the Red Sox is the strongest team that has visited there this year and is composed of game players. Steele, the pitcher, is only 17 years old and played like a big leaguer, striking out twenty men.

The score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	
Red Sox	1	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0-3
Manhassett	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1-4

"Butch" Melia's dad is "some" umpire. When a man can stage such a come-back as he did in the second Rockdale game and not make a flaw, he shows us that in his prime there must have been very few who could surpass him.

Arrangements for a series with the Milford A. A. fell through when the Milford management proposed to decide who was to pitch for our boys.

League Standing

Team	Won	Lost	P. C.
Omars	11	5	.685
Moguls	10	6	.625
Ziras	9	6	.600
Fatimas	9	6	.600
Murads	7	8	.467
Meccas	0	15	.000

	O	Mg	Z	F	Mu	Mc	Total
Omars scored against—		14	13	12	21	25	85
Moguls " "	13	—	10	11	16	34	84
Ziras " "	12	15	—	19	20	25	91
Fatimas " "	14	12	25	—	18	33	102
Murads " "	15	8	11	12	—	29	75
Meccas " "	14	14	5	11	8	—	52
Total against	68	63	64	65	83	146	489

	O	Mg	Z	F	Mu	Mc	Total
Omars won from	–	2	2	2	2	3	11
Moguls " "	2	–	1	2	2	3	10
Ziras " "	1	2	–	1	2	3	9
Fatimas " "	1	1	2	–	2	3	9
Murads " "	1	1	1	1	–	3	7
Meccas " "	0	0	0	0	0	–	–
Total	5	6	6	6	8	15	–

Complete Scores

Ziras	9	Moguls	6
Murads	7	Meccas	3
Omars	6	Fatimas	2
Moguls	10	Meccas	7
Ziras	11	Fatimas	8
Omars	4	Murads	3
Moguls	4	Omars	3
Fatimas	12	Meccas	2
Ziras	5	Murads	4
Fatimas	7	Moguls	1
Moguls	7	Murads	1
Ziras	7	Omars	2
Omars	10	Meccas	9
Fatimas	9	Murads	2
Ziras	7	Meccas	5
Moguls	1	Ziras	0
Murads	13	Meccas	4
Omars	6	Fatimas	2
Moguls	11	Meccas	4
Fatimas	9	Ziras	6
Ziras	13	Murads	4
Omars	10	Murads	3
Fatimas	8	Meccas	4
Omars	6	Meccas	5
Murads	8	Fatimas	6
Moguls	7	Fatimas	3
Omars	6	Ziras	4
Murads	5	Moguls	3
Ziras	6	Moguls	3
Murads	9	Meccas	1
Fatimas	10	Omars	0
Moguls	13	Meccas	3
Murads	9	Omars	7
Fatimas	8	Ziras	2
Moguls	6	Omars	1
Murads	3	Ziras	2
Fatimas	13	Meccas	5
Moguls	3	Fatimas	2
Moguls	6	Murads	2
Fatimas	3	Murads	2
Omars	3	Moguls	2*
Omars	9	Meccas	0
Ziras	9	Meccas	0*
Omars	5	Ziras	1
Ziras	9	Meccas	0*
Omars	7	Moguls	3

*Forfeit.

The Red Sox and the Draper team from Hopedale played a game of baseball on the New Village grounds for the benefit of the catcher, Frieswyk, who had broken his finger in one of their games. Hopedale won, 2 to 0, and the general feeling was that the better team had won. One thing is sure—Hopedale did win our good will. They would not accept a cent for expenses, and Frieswyk gathered in $125.

Batting Averages

Players	Team	ab.	r.	h.	P. C.
J. Leonard	Z	19	4	12	.631
Renault	F	5	2	3	.600
Donovan	O	31	10	15	.482
Brooks	O	13	2	6	.461
D. Clarke	F	61	17	27	.443
Ashworth	O	47	22	20	.426
F. Leonard	Mg	19	4	8	.420
D. Duhamel	Mg	32	4	13	.406
H. Duhamel	Mg	59	12	22	.373
Johnston	Mc	11	3	4	.364
Melia	Mg	34	6	12	.353
Boutilier	F	17	6	6	.352
Day	Mu	40	4	14	.350
Jones	Z	49	14	17	.347
Herbert	Mg	38	9	13	.342
Dufries	F	33	8	11	.333
Vean	Z	21	10	7	.333
Corron	Mc	18	4	6	.333
Hartley	Mc	15	5	5	.333
White	Mu	12	0	4	.333
Tancrell	Mg	6	1	2	.333
Farley	O	3	1	1	.333
Bouchard	Mu	3	1	1	.333
Carpenter	Mc	3	1	1	.333
O'Brien	Mc	3	1	1	.333
Walsh	O	19	3	6	.316
Barnes	Mu	48	11	15	.315
Driscoll	Mc	32	5	10	.315
Malmgren	Z	15	2	4	.307
Morrow	Mu	13	3	4	.307
Keeler	Mc	50	10	15	.300
Finney	Mu	10	2	3	.300
E. Brennan	Mg	44	11	13	.296
Anderson	F	38	5	11	.290
O'Neil	F	52	16	15	.289
Connors	O	46	10	13	.283
Kearnan	Mc	14	6	4	.285
Benner	Mu	25	8	7	.280
Steele	F	40	4	11	.275
H. Crawford	Mc	11	0	3	.273
F. McGuire	Mg	37	5	10	.270
Blair	O	15	2	4	.267
C. Brennan	F	19	4	5	.263
Adams	Mc	19	4	5	.263
T. Martin	Z	23	5	6	.261
C. McGuire	F	50	10	13	.260
Freiswyck	Mc	50	8	13	.260
Farrel	Mu	40	12	10	.250
Hughes	F	36	12	9	.250
W. Murray	Z	28	4	7	.250
McGowan	O	36	6	9	.250
Bazner	Mg	24	7	6	.250
Laplante	Mu	4	1	1	.250
Duggan	Mg	4	1	1	.250
Lash	F	4	0	1	.250
Riley	Mu	4	0	1	.250
J. Murray	Mo	45	7	11	.244
Smith	Mu	43	5	10	.232
Morrison	Mu	13	3	3	.232
W. Crawford	Mc	35	4	8	.228
Simmons	Mg	35	7	8	.228
Orrell	Mu	31	7	7	.226
Fowler	Z	27	8	6	.222
Kane	F	46	12	10	.217
Peck	O	10	2	2	.200
Rollins	Mu	10	1	2	.200
D. C. Clarke	Z	41	5	8	.195
O. Martin	O	49	9	10	.204
Shugrue	Z	28	5	5	.179
S. White	Z	28	5	5	.179
Denoncourt	Z	29	8	5	.172
Magill	Mc	6	2	1	.167
Marshall	Mu	34	8	5	.147
Hamilton	Mg	7	1	1	.143
Jos. Burns	Z	22	3	3	.136
Hanson	Mu	10	2	1	.100
Bradford	Mc	10	1	1	.100
Feen	O	21	1	1	.048

The Score

ROCKDALE	a.b.	r.	h.	p.o.	a.	e.
DeOrsey, c.f.	3	2	1	4	0	0
Contois, s.s.	4	0	1	0	1	0
Hart, c.	2	0	0	12	1	1
McManus, 1b.	3	1	2	8	0	0
Dionne, l.f.	3	1	0	1	0	0
Doaust, 3b.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Mayhew, 2b.	4	0	0	1	3	0
Lucier, r.f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
McLeod, p.	4	0	0	0	1	1
Total	31	4	5	27	8	1

WHITINSVILLE						
F. Leonard, 1b.	3	0	0	6	0	0
Ashworth, l.f.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Jones, r.f.	4	1	1	1	0	2
Donovan, 2b.	3	0	0	1	2	0
Clarke, s.s.	4	0	0	1	1	1
McGuire, 3b.	4	0	1	0	2	1
Topp, c.	3	0	0	9	0	0
Burke, c.f.	3	0	0	4	0	0
Murray, p.	3	0	1	0	1	0
Total	31	1	3	24	6	4

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Rockdale	1	0	0	1	2	0	0	0	–	4
Whitinsville	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1

Two-base hit, Contois; stolen bases, DeOrsey 2, Mayhew, Topp, Burke; sacrifice hits, Dionne and Leonard; bases on balls, by Murray, 5; hit by pitcher, McManus, struck out, by McLeod 13, by Murray 9.

See America First

It is rumored that a certain member of the Employment Department drove his car to Springville, Iowa, a distance of 1,515 miles, in 4½ days. Coming back, the trip took a much longer time, for there were two in the car now. Four thousand miles were covered in the four weeks' absence. That's going some, we'll tell the world.

Our Lochinvar

Lochinvar, of ancient fame,
Came from out the West;
And his horse that had no name
Surely was the best.
Now OUR modern love-lorn knight
Drives an Oakland car;
Travels West by day and night,
Going fast and far.

People ask him on the way,
While he takes brief rest,
What's your hurry, stop a day,
Then continue West.
But he answers, I am late,
Do not tempt me, pray,
Heaven lies in that far state
Known as Iowa.

So he travels with the sun
Ever farther West,
Till at last the race is won,
He has gained his quest.
He forgets his frenzied ride,
Looking in her eyes;
Cares not then what may betide,
He's in Paradise.

Eastward comes young Lochinvar,
With him is his bride;
Driving in the Oakland car,
Sitting side by side.
All the way from Iowa
Clear to Whitinsville;
Heaven is moving right away
Up to Northbridge Hill.

Five of the Seven Airedale Pups Belonging to J. M. Lasell

Victory Pickle

Grown by Charles A. Allen in his Whitin Machine Works war garden at Shaw's Corner. This pickle is in prime condition, being still firm and green.

Over-all length, 13⅜ inches; circumference, 11 inches; weight, 3 pounds.

Spanish Athletics

The school teacher had been up late nights, studying pyschology and pedagogy. She read very carefully the emphasis placed on daily application. It is much easier for the farmer to weed a little daily than to do it all in one day. It is better for the pupil to study a little every day than to try to cram it all in on the night before an examination. The athlete, said one author, who could pick a calf up from the floor daily, would be able eventually to lift a cow. That appealed to her.

Into class she went, determined to make her pupils work harder. She gave the class numerous examples of the advantages of a little work daily over a lot once in a while.

"Now, for instance," said she, "take the boy who wishes to grow strong. He finds he can lift a young calf off the barn floor. Suppose he goes in every day and repeats the performance. You realize that the calf is growing and the boy has a bigger task each day to perform. But if he continues lifting the calf each day, why, in the course of time he will be able to—"

Right here she was distracted by an inattentive boy, but little Johnnie, the hero of so many stories, finished it for her with—"throw the bull."

Jim Ferry was invited to attend a reception and smoker by the Odd Fellows in Millbury. He was very much surprised and taken back when they presented him with a dandy fountain pen. Jim has been deputy for the Millbury Lodge eleven years.

A Baseball Sequel

Four Fatima and five Mogul supporters journeyed to Boston to see the Cincinnati Reds trim the Braves. It was better weather for hockey. You see, the Omars are going to have a harder time of it next year. The poor Moguls looked so suspicious that a soldier on guard ordered them out of town. The Fatimas, disappointed over calling the games off, buried their sorrow under resolutions to stay over to see the double-header on the next day.

Wearied by moving pictures, vaudeville, and more moving pictures, they turned in at the Quincy House for needed slumber. Fire bells at 2 A. M. aroused them all. Harold Hughes rushed to the fire escape. He saw the fire engine six stories below him. He became frantic, rushed back and forth, looking for an opening to get down. A young lady from a nearby window screamed, "Oh, Clarisse!" By this time Hughes had been captured by his companions and put back in bed. Steele laughed so much that he came home the next day with his face so badly swollen that it took five days to get back to its normal size.

Thomas Driscoll may soon be seen around town with rings on his fingers, a big gold chain, a knobby cane, and a gold wrist watch, all presents from the Worcester *Gazette*. You're what I call lucky, Tom. We are all mighty glad to see you do so well, and you can bet we would have been just as well pleased as you if you had won the automobile. We like autoing, you see.

Twenty of our young ladies on the brush work gave Ruth Mateer a surprise shower September 30. Ruth was the happy recipient of a handsome tea set and a beautiful cathedral dome electric lamp.

Captured After July First

It's Tough to be Popular —A Novelette—One Ac

Personnel	Acto
A distinguished gentleman in a nearby city	Mayor P. G. Holme
Telephone operator (frequently imposed upon)	Miss Never Flurrie
A business executive	Mr. Geo. B. Hamblin

Curtain rises with the telephone operator sitting behind a big desk in a large office. Telephone rings. Operator answers.

"Whitin Machine Works."

"This is Mayor Holmes, of Worcester, talking."

"Who?"

"Mayor Holmes, of Worcester."

"I can't understand you."

"This—is—Mayor—Pehr—G.—Holmes, of Worcester."

"Oh, is that so?"

"Yes."

"How long have you been mayor, Harold?"

"This is not Harold, but Mayor Holmes."

"Say, I'm rather busy this morning, so quit your kidding."

"I am not trying to jolly you; I am really Mayor of Worcester, Mr. Holmes."

"Well, all right, Harold; I'll give you Mr. Hamblin, but—well, if you are jollying, I'll surely fix you."

"All right, connect me up, and Mr. Hamblin will assure you of my identity."

"Now, don't you dare leave the line."

"No, I'll stay on."

"Well, remember now, if Mr. Hamblin tells me you are not really and truly Mayor Holmes of Worcester, you'll wish you were."

Here telephone operator connects lines and utters an anxious sigh.

From the office door a voice could be heard saying, "Yes, Mr. Holmes, I believe we could dispose of one hundred cans of bacon."

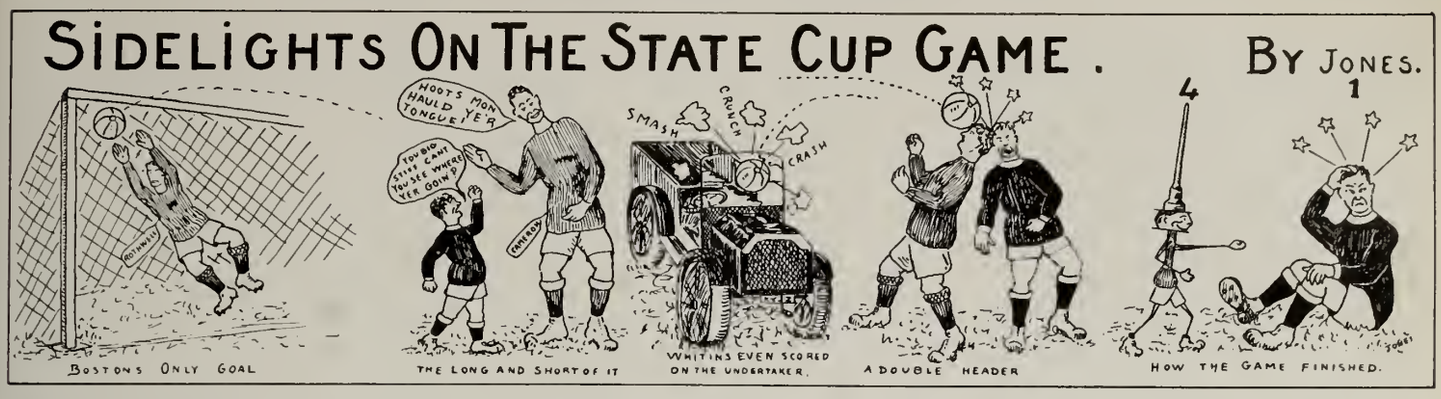
All the T. D's are not clay pipes. One T. D., for instance, wants to buy a second-hand range on or before October 29. It is taking this range and this T. D. a long time to get acquainted. But here's wishing him the best of luck.

The League Opening

The Whitin Machine Works Football Club opened their league season on Linwood Avenue grounds, September 28. The game started at 3.30. Whitins won the toss and chose to defend the Linwood Avenue goal. Bowes, for Pawtucket, kicked off, and Whitins was hard pressed. Pawtucket kept the ball in the home team's territory continuously; but they were unable to break through Marsden, Maddox, and Rothwell, who did great defensive work. The Whitin players then began to show the fans that they could take the offensive, but too much individual play and slowness in recovery kept the ball near the center of the field. After a half hour's play, Nuttall got the ball, tricked past the opposing halfback, and by fast footwork eluded the fullback to an open shot at the goal, and scored. Neither side was able to score again before the half-time whistle blew.

The second half proved to be more interesting than the first, and the fans were brought to their feet more than once. The Whitins goal was threatened many times, and some fine stops by Rothwell saved the day. Lightbown succeeded in breaking through, drove hastily, the ball struck the goal keeper's hands, bounded out, and Haynes put the ball into the net for Whitin's second goal. Jackson placed a nice center to Lightbown, who tried hard to score; but the Pawtucket goal keeper stopped it, and, not handling the ball clean, caused a mix-up in front of the goal. Lightbown recovered and scored.

Although they were three goals to the bad, our opponents were game.



Some nice headwork soon had the ball at the Whitins goal. Barlow passed the ball to Bowes, who completed the play with a nice shot into the net for Pawtucket's score. Marsden fouled the ball in the penalty area, and Pawtucket was awarded a free try at the Whitin goal; but Bowes put the ball over the bar. The Whitin forwards carried the ball the length of the field, and Jackson scored, making the total four. Both teams played fast up to the end with Whitin Machine Works, 4; J. & P. Coats, 1.

THE SCORE

WHITIN MACHINE WORKS	J. & P. COATS
Rothwell, g.	g., B. McFarland
Marsden, r.b.,	r.b., Gordon
Maddox, l.b.	l.b., Howard
Hoyle, r.h.b.	r.h.b., Barlow
Wilson, c.h.b.	c.h.b., W. McFarland
Cameron, l.h.b.	l.h.b., Ferguson
Haynes, o.r.	o.r., Burns
Nuttall, i.r.	i.r., Dumas
Lightbown, c.	c., Bowes
Fowler, i.l.	i.l. Minchall
Jackson, o.l.	o.l., Noddings

Referee, James Wyllie. Linesman, R. Robertson, T. Colthart. Goals for Whitins, Nuttall, Haynes, Lightbown, Jackson; for J. & P. Coats, Bowes. Attendance, 450.

Our Soccer Record

It is pleasant to recall those good old association football games back in 1908 to 1914, when Whitinsville held a big place on the soccer map. Our old-timers will now get busy telling of the many victories, exciting and well earned. Does the average fan realize just what happened? It is only a few years ago; but if you do not know, you'll surely be surprised, for from 1908 to 1915 the Whitinsville representatives lost but three games. They won the championship of the Worcester County League in 1910 and 1911 and followed this great start with an application to enter the Central Massachusetts League. Mr. Vernon Wiley, of South Barre, offered a handsome cup for the winners, and our boys immediately monopolized it, winning in 1912, 1913, 1914, and 1915. For six successive years Whitins led all her opponents. One of her three defeats came at the hands of the Farrar Alpaca team, of Holyoke, in the semi-finals of Cup Tie competition for the state trophy.

Such success is well attributed to the players and their immediate backers. Winning championships was never the easiest thing in the world, and we are often too forgetful of those whose efforts bring all this credit to us. John Orr was the successful trainer and coach. Thomas Colthart was untiring in his efforts, working continuously for the team and its interests. Walter Graham, William Smith, Nat. Smith, Andrew Baird, Joseph Allender, and David Blakely, who are again on the job, were instrumental in turning out pennant winners; and we are indeed fortunate in having their invaluable services to make the 1919-20 season a big success.

The boys make a very neat appearance in their new uniforms with a purple W M W jersey and white trunks. From the start that the boys have made, they look as good to us as those uniforms.

Football Committee

The Soccer Football Committee that is looking after our interests in the sport is: President, Martin F. Carpenter; vice-president, Joseph Hetherington; treasurer, Martin Wheeler; financial secretary, Nat. Smith; recording secretary, Frank Lightbown.

The players are trained by Joseph Hague; Joseph Hinchcliffe, Thomas Colthart, Walter Graham, William Smith, David Blakely, and James Connors, who know the game from beginning to end, form the advisory board. They have jurisdiction over the players and matters pertaining to the actual playing of the game. This committee is alert enough to look into the needs of the future, and plans are on foot to encourage the younger men of the town to play; and it will not be far amiss to predict preliminary games between Shop departments. The opportunity to build for the future is particularly bright just now. Careful coaching and training, such as are now plentiful, assure us that it would be a matter of only a few years before the Whitin Machine Works soccer football team brought home the honors in the National Cup Tie.

John Heys

This is the season of parties, dances, and social events, so thoughts naturally run to music. We have no "Shop Orchestra," but we do have an orchestra most of whose members all work in the Shop. We present to our readers this month a picture of Heys Orchestra, of Whitinsville, Mass.

This orchestra started in 1908. The original members were Ardon J. Jeffers, John J. Pichette, Arthur Blanchette, and the manager and director, John Heys. There have been several changes in the personnel of the orchestra, and it has steadily improved until today it is rated as one of the best dance orchestras in this section of the country. People *who know* tell us that there is no orchestra in Worcester or Providence, or anywhere between, that can give the satisfaction that Heys gives. One name for the orchestra is the "Band with the Pep." All the Jazzy artists and spielers in these towns swear by Heys Orchestra. For several years this orchestra has averaged over one hundred engagements per season and has played in Millbury, Grafton, Fisherville, Upton, Mendon, Nipmuc Park, Farnumsville, Northbridge, Linwood, Whitinsville, East Douglas, Uxbridge, Old Douglas, Harrisville (R. I.), Putnam (Ct.), Dayville (Ct.), Millbury, Blackstone, and Sutton.

The present members of the orchestra, who appear in the picture, are: seated, left to right, Frank Merwin Brown, violinist; John Heys, pianist and director; John J. Pichette, drums, traps, bells, and xylophones; standing, Tom Clarke Brown, Jr., flute and piccolo; Lewis S. Ford, trombone; William H. Ashton, second cornet; George Hetherington, first cornet; Emery Labossiere, clarinet.

Tom Clarke Brown, Jr., the flutist, will be remembered by all the navy boys who were stationed at Newport during the war, as the conductor of the Second Naval District Band. This band of eighty pieces was rated as second only to the one conducted by John Philip Sousa at the Great Lakes Training Station. Mr. Brown is also conductor of the American Legion Band, of Providence.

Lewis S. Ford, who plays the trombone, is a former member of Reeves American Band, of Providence. He is a good all-around man and surely is there with the "jazz." This is Mr. Ford's third season with us.

Wm. H. Ashton, second cornetist, is the leader of the Whitinsville Brass Band and as such is known all through this section. Billy's most famous stunt was, when he took out the Dutch Band, to teach them how to march. Billy stubbed his toe, and what happened to his instrument is a shame to tell.

George Hetherington, the first cornetist, has been playing with the orchestra since 1913. George is very popular with the ladies; and although he always plays "a good job," some say he plays much better when there are some nice lookers around. George is good either on concert or "Jazz."

Emery Lebossiere, clarinetist, has been a member for about ten years. He is a former member of the Providence Symphony Orchestra and

played for several years at the Woonsocket Opera House before the moving picture era.

Frank Merwin Brown, violinist, has only been with this organization since February of this year. "Brownie" is full of pep; and when he gets jazzing around on the seat, there is something doing. Generally about this time, pop goes the E string. He likes that? By the way, does anyone of our readers know where there is an E string that will last a whole evening? If so, let him report to Brownie, and he will buy a gross.

John J. Pichette, the drummer, has been with Heys since the orchestra started in 1908. Starting in green, he studied under Harry Gilmore, formerly of this town, and then with Harry Osgood, of Worcester. He improved steadily until today he is one of the best trap drummers in this section. He plays all the traps and bells, and he is some artist on the xylophones. Johnny, as he is familiarly called, says he is going to include scenery in his outfit next year, as this is about the only thing he doesn't carry. Johnny has a nice bird whistle. On a recent job in Dayville, this whistle sounded sweeter than usual. The other members of the orchestra wondered why it sounded this way; and they finally found out that Johnny could not get any water, so he had to fill it with orangeade.

John Heys, the pianist and director, is the last, but not least, to be mentioned. "Jack," as he is familiarly called, gave us some information about his men; but he modestly refused to give any data concerning himself, so we asked John Pichette how long Heys had been playing a piano. Johnny said he had been playing with Heys since 1908, and Jack was an old hand at the dance business then. We called over Tommy Driscoll and asked him. Tommy said, "Ask somebody older than I. One thing I do know, he always could play for dancing, and he always had the most exact tempo of any pianist I ever danced to."

Charlie Snow happened to come into the office about this time, and we asked Charlie who used to play the piano over in Prentice Hall, Saturday nights, in the days when he, George Ferguson, Geo. Hanna, and Ernest Booth were "some sports" around here. Charlie said, "Jack Heys, of course." This was in 1899. We found that John came to Whitinsville, October 1, 1899, and came from Moseley, England, so we went over to see Sam Moss. "How long has Jack Heys been playing a piano?" we asked Sam. "Gee, I dunno. I remember him when he was a kid in Moseley, and he was playing then." So we concluded that Jack was born playing a piano. He got his first orchestra experience playing with Harry Gilmore's Orchestra in this town. This orchestra disbanded in 1906, when Harry Gilmore went to Waltham.

John has played for the dancing teachers in this vicinity. He does considerable work for dancing schools and private parties and is rated as the best man in this section at this kind of work.

All of us who have watched this orchestra play cannot help but notice the enjoyment the boys get out of it. They surely have a whole lot of friends in these parts. We are proud of Heys Orchestra. They are a part of our organization, and music is their "hobby." We believe that everyone should have a hobby. It takes the mind away from the "old grind" and makes them happier, more contented, and better workmen.

The following from a Putnam paper shows what others think:

"Heys Orchestra, of Whitinsville, furnished the music. They are worthy of more than passing mention, as their playing was really music played by musicians. It was not a noisy jazz band, but a real orchestra of players who apparently put forth their best efforts to please. However, they are not lacking in that pep that makes the one step and fox trot a pleasure, and played the more classical numbers for the waltz. The concert was a treat, and the applause denoted that the hundreds gathered in the hall liked this organization which was making its initial appearance in this city."

Mr. Courtney stopped in on September 30 for a short visit. He was on leave from duty. He is serving in the State Guard at Boston. It would be a sorry day for the chap that ran into our husky brand-new foreman.

Looking Ahead

It is the little things that count. Let us prepare for a BABY NUMBER. Everybody likes to look at baby pictures. The innocent expressions are very fascinating. Send in your pictures and we assure you that they will feature an early issue.

Bring in your photos before we accuse you of infantile paralysis.

Records of Service

Mr. James Ferry has been very industrious of late, poring over page after page of names and the length of service of all employees. The results that have been compiled to date are as follows:

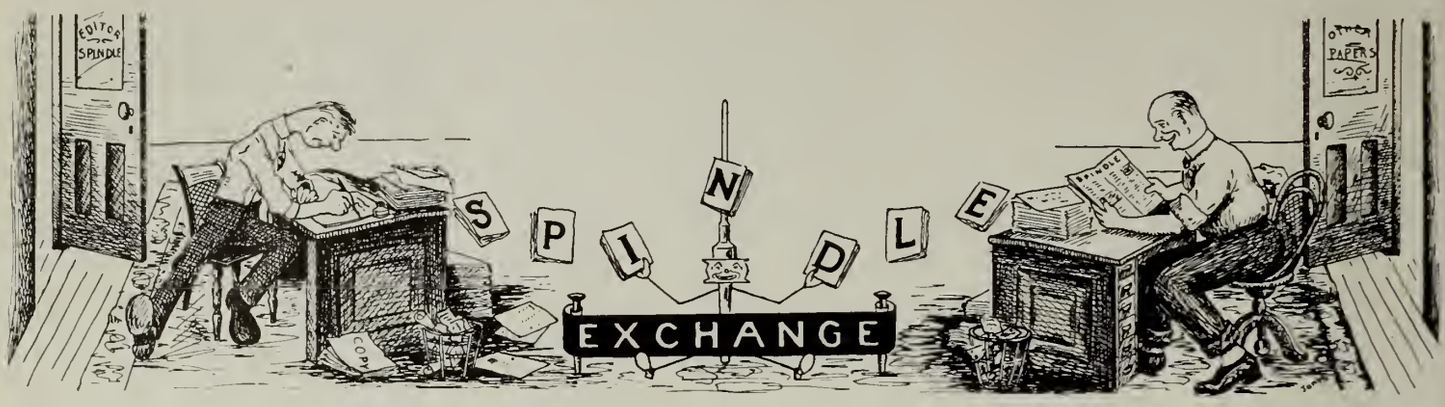
	Years
Thomas Prest	60
James Ward	59
William Leonard	57
Richard Donovan	56
R. K. Brown	54
Frank Cross	53
Edward Hall	52
James Rankin	51
William Balmer	50
Robert Houston	50
Patrick Minnahan	50

Doings In and Around "Wood's Office"

Frank Mateer, an employee in the Electrical Supply Room, has purchased a lot at Oakland Beach. Frank is busy Sundays looking over Sears & Roebuck bargains in furnishings. He has engaged the services of Jack Shaw as architect and contemplates building this fall.

Tom Hamilton said he enjoyed a very pleasant vacation. The only thing that puzzles Mr. Dolliver is how Tom lost his night apparel.

Bart Connors says he has a steady job as chauffeur for Irving Dalton.



A Tough Proposition

"Getting out a newspaper is no picnic. If we print jokes folks say we are silly—if we don't they say we are too serious. If we publish original matter they say we lack variety—if we publish things from other papers they say we are too lazy to write. If we don't go to church we are heathens—if we do go we are hypocrites. If we stay in the office we ought to be out rustling for news—if we rustle for news we are not attending to business at the office. If we wear old clothes we are slovens—if we wear new clothes they are not paid for. What in thunderation is a poor editor to do anyhow? Like as not some one will say we swiped this from an exchange. So we did!"—*Berkshire Sentinel.*

Religious Scruples

"No, sir, I couldn't come to church last Sunday," said young Clark to the minister when he commented on his absence. "I got a job that netted me six dollars."

"But that was breaking the Sabbath, wasn't it?" suggested the parson.

"Yes," said Clark. "But it was simply a question of which one of us would go broke, sir, the Sabbath or me."

Some Nerve!

Wilkins was near the exploding point when his neighbor met him on the street. "That man Tomkins," he burst out, "has more nerve than anyone I ever met."

"Why?" asked his neighbor curiously.

"He came over to my house last evening and borrowed my gun to kill a dog that kept him awake at nights."

"Well, what of that?"

"Why," shouted Wilkins, "it was my dog he killed!"

A Mistake

The other night
I went to the theater
With a lowbrow friend
And the orchestra played
Little Brown Jug
And he thought it was the National Anthem
And stood up,
And I did too,
Darn him.

Arkansas Gazette.

And Some Were too Modest

A clergyman in a New England town, just before the service, was called to the vestibule to meet a couple who wanted to be married. He explained that there wasn't time for the ceremony.

"But," said he, "if you will be seated I will give you an opportunity at the end of the service to come forward, and I will then perform the ceremony."

The couple agreed, and at the proper moment the clergyman said:

"Will those who wish to be united in the holy bond of matrimony please come forward?"

Thereupon thirteen women and one man proceeded to the altar.

Mother's Boy

'Twas on a Summer's evening,
A mother old and gray
Was thinking of her darling boy
To while the time away.
The hours dragged by slowly,
Tears dimmed the mother's sight
As she sat waiting for her boy
To come back home that night.

The story of that mother's boy
Is simple to relate:
He was a well-known umpire,
Who missed one at the plate.
His mistake was very costly,
The home team lost the game;
Mother'll see him by and by,
But he'll never look the same.

Brockton. OTTIE E. COLBURN.

His Tuneful Message

Included among the passengers on board a ship crossing the Atlantic recently was a man who stuttered. One day he went up to the captain of the ship to speak to him.

"S-s-s-s-s-s," stuttered the man.

"Oh, I can't be bothered," said the captain, angrily; "go to somebody else."

The man tried to speak to everybody on board the ship, but none could wait to hear what he had to say. At last he came to the captain again.

"Look here," said the captain, "I can tell you what to do when you, want to say anything; you should sing it."

Then suddenly, in a tragic voice, the man commenced to sing:

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot
and never brought to mind?
The blooming cook's fell overboard
and is twenty miles behind."

Not Comforting

A detachment of soldiers, covered with mud, and weary with their sojourn in the first-line trenches, were about to be relieved.

The relief party came marching gayly along singing "Here we are again."

Then one of the weary ones cried: "Are you downhearted?"

At once there came a yell of "No!" from the relief party.

With grim humor the trench-tried soldiers promptly replied: "Then you blamed soon will be!"

Didn't See Them

Small girl at a football match scans the scene with eagerness, then in disappointed tones, "Mother, I don't see any cripples!"

"Of course not, yet, my dear; the game is young. What did you expect?"

"Well, where are the quarterbacks and halfbacks who were to play?"

Service à la Mode

Fussy Woman (as car slows down): "Oh, which end do I get out, my man?"

Conductor: "It don't matter, lady. It stops at both ends."

"I want a perfectly noiseless lawnmower."

"Considerate of the neighbors, eh?"

"It isn't that. If I can't get up early and cut grass without the neighbors hearing me, I'll have to lend that lawnmower seven times before I get to use it again myself."—*Boston Transcript.*

Teething Times

"You look sleepy, Jones. You must have been up with the sun this morning."

"Yes; I was up with him all night."

A soldier was being examined by a surgeon for a compound depressed fracture of the skull. The doctor placed his finger in the healed depression and while doing so asked the man numerous questions. Finally he asked: "Are you married?"

"No, sir," was the reply. "I was kicked there by a mule."

A Big Job

"What makes that hen of yours cackle so loudly?" inquired Jenkins of his neighbor.

"Why, they've just laid a cornerstone for the new workingmen's club across the road, and she's trying to make the neighbors think she did it."

Better Still

"Now, Tommy, how many times have I told you not to ask Mrs. Brown for chocolates?"

"I didn't ask her. I don't have to. I know where she keeps them!"

Proof Enough

Timid Lady (about to buy a ticket for Liverpool): "And is the boat that sails on Thursday perfectly safe?"

Agent: "Madam, I can assure you that in all the time this ship has been in service, and that is now a number of years, not once has she gone to the bottom."

Timid Lady: "Oh, then, it must be all right. What cabins have you vacant?"

On the Hotel Veranda

"Did I ever tell," said the schoolmarm, "of the note I received from a boy's mother? Well, he had been out regularly Mondays, so I sat down on that and demanded a reason, and soon there came this excuse: 'Please excuse Johnny, as he had to stay home to help wash his mother Mrs. Smith.' "

"Yes, a boy brought in an excuse one day that read, 'Please excuse Albert at three as I want him to go on an errand, and meet me in Penobscot.' "

"Oh, yes; and there was the man who lost the umbrella belonging to a man with a crooked handle and a broken rib."

A boy wrote home from school, saying, "I have been sick, which you might be glad to know about. It was my appendix that made all the trouble and you will find it on page 79 in the fizzieology between the stummick and the liver. Part of it is on page 78 and part of it is on page 79, and the liver starts on page 79 and runs over onto page 80. The stummick covers three pages and stops where the appendix begins."—

Saturday Evening Post.

Do Figures Lie?

Jones had an Irish slater who thought that he was working too many hours. So Jones suggested that they figure it out, and here is the way they figured: 365 days in the year; 8 hours work, 8 hours sleep, 8 hours rest per day. Sleep amounts to 122 days; taken from 365 leaves 243. Rest amounts to 122 days; taken from 243 leaves 121. Fifty-two Sundays taken from 121 leaves 69. Saturday afternoons off with full pay makes 26 days; taken from 69 leaves 43. Fifteen legal holidays taken from 43 leaves 28. Fourteen days' vacation, with full pay, taken from 28 leaves 14. One hour for dinner each day makes 13 days; taken from 14 leaves one, which is St. Patrick's Day, and the Irishman refused to work on that day.

They say figures don't lie. How about it? In answering, kindly omit figures that walk.

W. Koopekamp, on Keeler's job, found eleven snake eggs in a hill of potatoes. One egg had broken and a live snake was in it. Mr. Koopekamp brought one to us. It was as large as a bantam's egg, over an inch in length and about three inches around.

A Corner on Civics

Man has his choice of living in a community or as a hermit, and it looks from here as if the lonesome idea was mighty unpopular. Two things are essential to community life—a group of people and a locality. Originally men lived in family groups. Families became clans, clans became tribes, tribes became nations. When once the group is formed, it is impossible to side-step the common interests that arise.

If two men agreed to divide an island upon which they lived into equal parts and live independently, it would not be very long before one would wish to cross the island and, to gain a right of way, would agree to allow the other to cross his land.

A group of people living in any locality will soon have common interests and common laws. Everybody works, and each one spends most of his time on the kind of work he likes best. The farmer exchanges his vegetables for a suit of clothes, the carpenter builds a house and receives food for labor. Thus man becomes dependent on man, and the community idea becomes linked to his life. No one can do any act that affects himself alone. Man's right to consider his interests greater than those of the community is denied.

Community life has come naturally and so smoothly that we have taken it as a matter of course. Police protection, fire protection, freedom to travel, educational systems, health boards, and lighted streets go with the community. So well satisfied is man with community life that he organizes clubs, societies, and churches to further the application of the idea.

Many groups of people came to this land for one reason or another and were welded into one nation—the greatest community on earth—the United States of America.

Doubtless none of us need to be reminded that the privilege of living in such a nation is one that should be appreciated. It does not seem possible that one can reflect on all the good derived from this great nation without asking, "What am I giving in exchange?" Every one should be willing to do his bit in return for what the country does for him.

There is no objection to any man earning a living, becoming wealthy, getting a liberal education, using public libraries, getting police and fire protection, protection against disease, etc.; but how about coming across, going 50-50? Just one act will count, and that is to become a citizen—in other words, a supporter of the Star-Spangled Banner—an American.

The New Reservoir

The new reservoir, or reservoir No. 7, is situated on a hill in Sutton about 3 miles from the shop and ¼ mile south of reservoir No. 4, commonly known as Breakneck Reservoir. It is to be a square concrete bowl, 118 feet 6 inches square inside and 19 feet deep. It will have a concrete roof and floor and be covered over with 2 feet of soil on the top, sloping away on the four sides. Access will be had by five iron manholes in the roof, 2 feet in diameter.

It required about 6,000 cubic yards of excavation, which took 30 days, using a steam shovel. The soil was so hard that it was necessary to dynamite it to make better progress. It is connected to the village service through a 24-inch cast-iron pipe from the old main just below reservoir No. 4.

The pipe ditch was excavated and the pipe laid and covered by the steam shovel, which had to climb a steep grade of 100 in 1,000 while doing the work.

This reservoir will contain about 2,100 cubic yards of concrete, requiring about 850 yards of sand, 1,700 yards of stone, and 12,000 bags of cement.

A railroad was constructed similar to the industrial railway at the Works, using two of the dump cars and one flat car, which connects the foot of the hill at the highway and the reservoir. This railroad is operated by a ½-inch cable on a hoisting engine at the top of the hill. Over this road all of the building material forms and concrete are hauled. The stone is procured by using the stone walls nearby in a stone-crushing plant.

The reservoir was designed by Metcalf & Eddy, constructing engineers, of Boston, Mass., and is being constructed under the supervision of Mr. Charles W. Sherman, of that firm.

The reservoir is being built by T. F. McGovern Construction Co., of Southbridge, with Mr. R. L. McVicar, superintendent. It is to be noticed that all the equipment brought to the job by the McGovern Construction Co. is stenciled in very prominent letters T. F. McGOVERN, all except the Henry Ford furnished for the use of the superintendent. It may be that the name was on it when it started from Southbridge, but Mr. McVicar, driving from Sutton to South Sutton with a flivver without a rear shoe, would shake the name from almost anything.

This reservoir when completed will hold 1,500,000 gallons of water, a three days' supply for the village at the present rate of consumption. It is about 250 feet above the level of the Shop pond and will give a pressure of about 110 pounds at that level.

The loss of time caused by rainy weather has delayed the construction considerably, but the superintendent expects to have the concrete work done before the cold weather sets in.

From the top of the concrete distributing tower a fine view of the village can be had, showing Johnny's Island, Meadow Pond, New Village, Taylor Hill, and Northbridge Center.

The WHITIN Spindle

Whitinsville from the Air—View No. 2

NOVEMBER

VOL. I No 4

Entrance to the Residence of E. Kent Swift

Wood-Carving by Joseph Hetherington

The WHITIN Spindle

VOLUME 1 WHITINSVILLE, MASS., NOVEMBER, 1919 NUMBER 4

The Office Halloween at Grafton

ALL the gloomy pencil pushers, parlored "Dear Sirs," aisle traffic obstructors, and human office decorations were out on Halloween night rollicking with the witches, jinxes, and ghosts. Where? At the second annual Halloween party of the Whitin Machine Works held in Grafton Town Hall. Seventy-five couples autoed out to enjoy the best get-together party and dance that has been produced since grandfather's ghost rattled his first chain.

The General Committee (composed of Misses Florence Currie and Ruth Burnap and Messrs. William Greenwood, Amos Whipple, William Morrison, Robert Gibson, Irwin Hanny, William Brewer, and George Bliss) took matters into their hands early in the month and sent out invitations to all members of the Office forces. Those who could not attend were excusable because of grandmothers' funerals, church suppers, undelivered suits at the tailors, overworked barbers and manicurists, and unbearable separation from loved ones en route.

Those who managed to surmount the above named obstacles answered the call of the klaxon and were whirled to the hall of Grafton Town on two to twelve cylinders.

Heys Orchestra, six strong, lived up to its reputation proclaimed in the last issue of the "Spindle" and introduced the refrains for terpsichorean delight. After the first whirl our friend and general landlord of the Whitin Machine Works, together with Bob, of the Repair Department, were introduced to Mr. Let 'er Fly, of the famous Fly family. Jim swears that Ike Let 'er Fly graduated from a finishing school.

Halloween Committee

Two unfortunate attempts were made to obtain a picture of the gay crowd. Bob, our photographer, entertained the hall with his pretty fireworks and night flare direct from the front. We all regret that the flashes were not up to the mark and that a permanent record of the beautifully and appropriately decorated hall with its congenial company could not be had and published herewith.

Works Manager Hoch filed away a dime for future reference, but soon convinced the party that no amount of head shaking would prove that he knew where he had placed the article. Unfortunately, Miss Scott was at the other end of the hall, and the usual bell was not handy.

Bill Morrison and Bill Brewer presided over the announcements and, considering the excitement at all times, were well heard, and directed with 99 44-100% efficiency.

Bill Greenwood doctored the water, and it is understood that Druggist Buffum is now hounding him to help increase his trade at the soda fountain.

Refreshments were served of the cooling nature and were followed by the body and head warming Virginia reel. Here the old-timers and the "first nighters" joined in the joyous swinging and gliding reel. With a gray beard, Jim Clark would have convinced us that they instructed directors in reeling when he was a lad.

And thus the party continued, one grand act of a good time, until after the strains of "Home, Sweet Home" and the last waltz, when everybody declared the evening a whooping success, re-echoed by the roar of warming engines.

THE COMMITTEES

GENERAL COMMITTEE

William Morrison — Florence Currie
Amos Whipple — Ruth Burnap
William Greenwood — George Bliss
Irwin Hanny — William Brewer
Robert Gibson

DECORATING COMMITTEE

George Bliss — Henry Crawford
Harold Johnston — Robert Keeler
Herbert Ball — Hazel Anderson
Jennie Currie — Ruth Burnap
Jessie Aldrich — Jennie Scott
Helen Cotter — Florence Currie

ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE

William Brewer — Irwin Hanny
Ruth Burnap — William Morrison

REFRESHMENT COMMITTEE

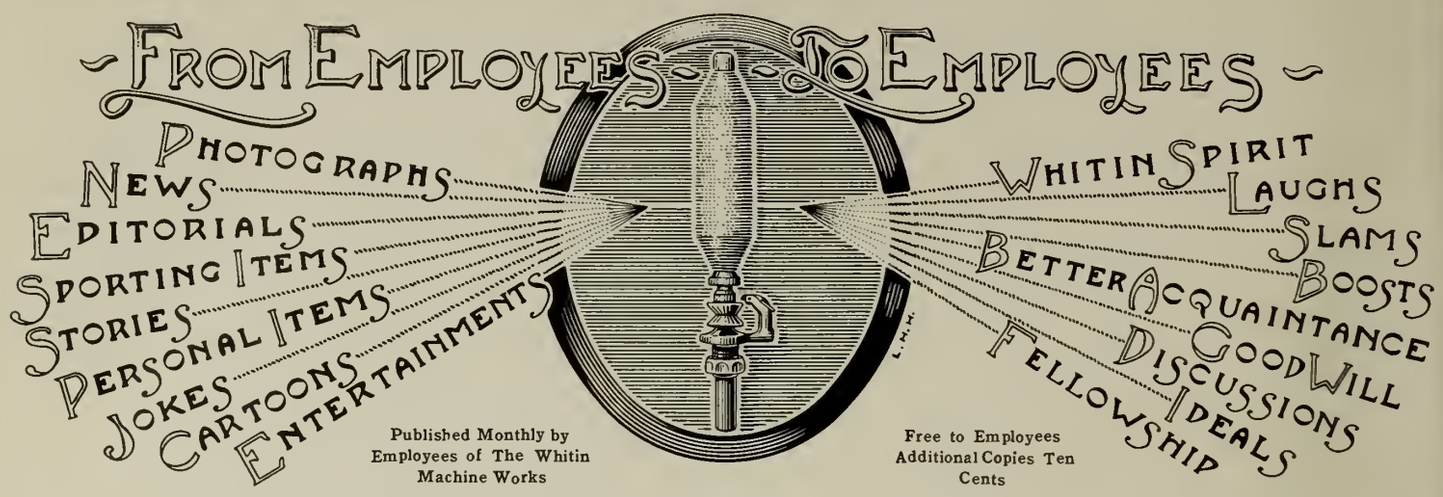
Amos Whipple — William Greenwood

TRANSPORTATION COMMITTEE

Harold Johnston — Florence Currie

Naughty Boys!

It is rumored that one of the numerous automobiles chartered for the big Halloween party couldn't drop out of third speed while passing Grafton Hall. After many futile attempts to slow up the speedy car, it was finally brought to a stop in front of Worcester's gayest burlesque shows. All members of the party were exceedingly unnerved, and it was deemed wise to rest up a while before attempting to retrace the trail back to Grafton. Of course, the high-backed cushioned seats down front afforded the greatest ease, and nothing was spared to return the boys back to normal. Eye witnesses of their arrival at the party reported the unfortunate ones none the worse off because of their experience.



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Contentment

Whitinsville enjoys the reputation of being an industrial community where both the employers and the employees—workmen, foremen, superintendents, and managers—have been able to work together in harmony. For nearly one hundred years there has been no interruption in manufacturing. Differences may have at times arisen, as they do in every well organized family; but we all have been able to get together and settle them without outside interference and without any bitterness of feeling. Conditions in Whitinsville, we believe, are as pleasant as anywhere in the wide, wide world.

It is the duty and obligation of every man to work, to produce something to justify his existence. Without work, civilization would disappear; and man would sink to the level of the ignorant savage, who simply exists.

The organization of society divides the work which each man shall do. To some it is given to direct; to others, to perform. The responsibility is heavy upon those who direct to not only safeguard the interests of those directed and also to see that their direction is along lines which are wise and which will accomplish the best results. In their hands lies the success of the enterprise. Those who work under direction are as important to the operation of a plant as management, in that they actually produce and create the work which is planned.

The relationship between those who plan and those who produce must be a harmonious one. We must all get on well together. In every shop there must be discipline, as in every community there must be law and order; but if all our interests are united—not divided—we can make Whitinsville what it ought to be—a pleasant place to live in, the Whitin Machine Works a good place to work in, and the business in which we are all associated a successful one.

We believe that we, living in Whitinsville, knowing each other, having come in more or less personal contact over a long period of years, will get along better in the future if we deal directly with each other, as we have in the past, than by taking in outside agencies, which have no knowledge of Whitinsville conditions and which are foreign to this town.

Contentment in our work is one of the greatest assets we have. Man is never entirely content or entirely happy and never will be, as it is but natural to desire something new or something different than what he possesses at present. It would, however, be well for each one of us to consider seriously whether we wish to see foreign organizations attempt to come into the industrial life of Whitinsville. We believe that the attempt to introduce them would tend to destroy the present feeling of confidence and contentment which now exists. Promises are easy to make but difficult to fulfill, and industrial peace and contentment are rare. Let us hold what we have.

Accident Reflections

There were sixty-four time-lost accidents during the month of October, compared with forty-one for September and forty for August. This represents more than 50 per cent increase. The machinery has not been changed, and the production and number of men have not changed enough to count. This means that there has been undue carelessness lately. It is up to every one of us to be more careful and report at once all injuries to your foreman, no matter how slight they may be.

There seems to be a decided feeling that small injuries are not to be noticed by strong men; but that is a grave error, for dirt contains many germs that are live wires and which increase faster than the proverbial rabbit family. The prevention against blood poisoning, which a treatment at the hospital almost guarantees, is merely a little effort that insures us against pain, lost time, and that unpleasant feeling that it should not have happened.

If we are working where our hands are apt to be cut, we should be especially careful. We should wear goggles while grinding. We should watch our step when passing any object. We should be less familiar with hot iron, we should be sure and lift with our legs and not entirely with our back, and hold on firmly to what we are carrying. Be sure and step over the object ahead; pile a thing where it will stay and not fall back onto your foot or hand. In other words, let us start tomorrow—*Be Careful.*

Our Long Service Series

Richard Donovan

Richard Donovan holds the distinction of being the third oldest employee in the Whitin Machine Works, and incidentally he is the youngest in spirit on the job where he daily takes up his work. He has worked with us 56 years.

Mr. Donovan came to Whitinsville direct from Ireland in the fall of 1863, stopping off for a short while at Norwood, Mass. He was then sixteen years of age and out to conquer the world. He wasn't afraid of work or the hard times that the Civil War, then going on, had produced. The Foundry appealed to him, and he commenced his apprenticeship there almost upon the day he entered the shop, at the rate of sixty-two cents a day, twelve hours a day. Out of that amount he had to board and clothe himself, but he admits that it was the extra jobs after work that enabled him to get along more comfortably and to feel like a prospective America financier while learning the trade of moulder.

For fifty years Mr. Donovan has been a moulder in the Whitin Machine Works. Hard work and plenty of it have had no ill effect on him, and to-day he can make cores alongside of any of the younger men.

When interviewed, Mr. Donovan was tamping the sand into his mould and passing a smile all the way down the room. Would he stand for having his picture taken just as he was? "Certainly he would, if it would help out," which is only an example of his good nature. At 70 years of age, he beat the editor up the Pattern Loft stairs and never broke a syllable of the words that followed from his lips.

We are sorry we cannot grant him his request, that was made just after his picture was taken, which was, "Don't let the ladies see it."

When asked if he would talk from his experience on the job, he said simply, "I believe a man is most contented who sticks to his job."

May we share many more years of contentment with you, Dick.

Interesting Anniversaries Nov. 15 to Dec. 15

The period of one month immediately following the distribution of this issue contains the anniversaries of events that follow:

Nov. 18, 1915	Power ash pocket finished.
Nov. 19, 1918	Started closing stairways through the Shop.
Nov. 21, 1905	Coal trestle back of electric car barn finished. (On site of present Pattern Storage Building.)
Nov. 28, 1904	Started making revolving flat cards, card flat clothing steel strips.
Dec. 3, 1893	Shop starts full time after six weeks of 40 hours a week.
Dec. 4, 1910	Sunday inspection of Shop started.
Dec. 7, 1896	Shop starts on short time, 50 hours a week.
Dec. 7, 1904	Brush-Making Department started.
Dec. 7, 1916	129 tons melted in Foundry. (Record melt.)
Dec. 8, 1904	First Norton grinder put in Shop.
Dec. 10, 1893	General wage cut in the Shop.
Dec. 13, 1890	Designing 90-inch reel.
Dec. 15, 1890	The first freight car was drawn by horses on the track from Whitins station to the Whitin Machine Shop yard. The number of the car was 469—Boston & Lowell Railroad.
Dec. 15, 1909	Steel work on 420′ x 135′ No. 1 Shop finished.

Community Civics Corner

Living as we do in a community, it is impossible to avoid touching elbows with many people. Every one exerts an influence, good or bad, great or small. We cannot feel blue without causing our associates to absorb a little indigo; we cannot become rich without making those around us richer; we cannot be happy without helping our friends to be happier. If we smile, our neighbors smile.

Communities coming in contact with one another exert influence; and their institutions, such as the church, school, work-shops, and governments, are agencies in helping people to live together harmoniously. We would be very far amiss if we failed to see their benefits or failings. Every good institution deserves our support and encouragement. The Government of the United States is one institution which bestows upon all who live under its countless benefits, and every one should in return pledge allegiance and become a citizen. To become a part of the greatest nation in the world is an opportunity within the grasp of all our workmen, and it should be the aim of each one of us to see to it that all our fellow workers become citizens.

To bring about a 100 per cent American body of workmen it will be necessary for some to become naturalized. To become a legal citizen of the United States one must live in this country at least five years, and in Massachusetts one year. He must declare his intention of becoming a citizen at least two years before the citizenship papers are given to him. He must be of good character and must declare his intention of observing the principles of the constitution. When this is done, one will have all the rights of native-born citizens except that he cannot hold the office of President or Vice-President.

Notice

We realize that many of our men cannot read, but we count on you who can to co-operate in this work and tell them what you have read and point out to them the methods by which they may learn to read and secure the rights of citizenship.

Hetherington's Hobby

Joe Hetherington's real hobby is soccer football, and at such he has excelled; as a promoter and coach much can be said for his enthusiasm. But Joe really makes a hobby of his business, that of wood carving and cabinet making. A hobby it is, for when a man works after hours at his trade, teaches his trade, eats, sleeps, dreams, and walks in his trade, it surely becomes a hobby with him. Mention the words "wood carving" to Joe, and he is off.

Mr. Hetherington was born in Carlisle, England. At the age of fourteen he became an apprentice in cabinet making and wood carving. He served his time for seven years. At the age of nineteen he had completed, by working nights and spare hours, the hall seat pictured in this issue. This piece of work was exhibited at the Carlisle Arts and Crafts Exhibition in Cumberland, England, in 1895, where it received first prize and the industrial work medal.

The following two years he won both first prizes on scriptural panel work, showing the Transfiguration, the Risen Lord, and the Ascension.

We regret that we are unable to show more pieces of Joe's work, because of limited space. The work certainly is most creditable, and one has only to investigate the wood carving about town, as shown in the homes of Mr. Swift, Mr. Lasall, Mr. Keeler, and Mr. Mason, to appreciate the quality which has been produced.

Mr. Hetherington has done extensive carving for many notables of England, among whom are Lord Lonsdale, of Lowther Castle; Lady Jardin, of Castle Milk; Lord Armstrong, of Bamborough Castle; and Lady Cynthia Graham, of Netherby Hall.

Joe has taught wood carving for the Cumberland Council evening schools, and would be interested to help out any one who wanted to learn. We take pleasure in printing a few notes on wood carving that Joe obligingly compiled at our request.

Brief Outline of History of Wood Carving

The long evenings being at hand and many of our readers not knowing what to do to pass the time, I would suggest that they try their hand at wood carving.

Wood carving calls for the exercise of manual skill and artistic feeling; both of these are essential to the production of any good piece of carved work.

Manual skill comes from the knowledge of the shapes and the uses of tools and by putting this knowledge into actual practice.

Artistic feeling is largely instinctive, but it can also be inculcated and developed; thus, any one with strength and eyesight can learn to carve and by careful study and instruction may be led to an advanced stage of the art.

The actual manipulation of the tools will be appreciated by the learner who may not have had the opportunity of watching an experienced wood carver at work and may serve as an introduction to an art. Wood carving has exercised a fascination for craftsmen from the earliest periods in the history of mankind.

There is little doubt, indeed, that wood was the sculptor's first material, for in the history of wood carving will be found many instances of carvings of great antiquity. To realize this theory in the history of mankind, generally, one has only to see how readily boys take to whittling pieces of wood, sometimes making a well finished article such as a boat, or sometimes cutting the wood for the pure joy of feeling the knife go slashing through it. It is also a well known fact that the savage races had their clubs and other weapons decorated with carvings. The ancient Egyptians worked in wood with great effect, and the oldest known piece of sculpture in wood in the world is the Shekh El Beled, so called from its resemblance to the ruling sheik of the village in which it was found.

There are also two figures carved in sycamore of kings of the nineteenth dynasty, in the British Museum, that testify to the skill in carving and ingenuity in constructing the woodwork for such figures.

Next in chronological order come the Chaldean and Assyrian, followed by Grecian and Roman art, and so on through the ages to the present time.

Grand Prize—Carlyle, England, Exhibition

Our readers have many opportunities of viewing the art of the present-day wood carvers in the cathedrals and churches of France, Belgium, Italy, and England, along with the many beautiful examples of the art in the buildings of the United States.

In wood carving, beginners usually ask about how many tools are required. To begin with, a learner starts work with ten or twelve carving tools, which are chisels, gouges, V tools, V veiners, one small mallet, and two small cramps with which to hold the object to be carved firmly in position.

The sizes of tools vary from $\frac{1}{16}$ inch to one inch and are both bent and straight. Much can be said about chip carving and incised work; but in the event of some of our readers wishing to take up carving as a hobby, the most suitable to beginners would be, without doubt, relief carving, for no carver is satisfied until he or she has attained some degree of success in relief work. Furthermore, no carving appeals to the eye so much or affords so much expression of thought and inventiveness as relief work.

I find the best method is to start with a simple leaf from nature and carve with as few tools as possible, and then by a multiple of two, three, or more leaves placed in some ornamental position, to gradually increase each model in difficulty, thus drawing from the beginner more inventiveness and more observation, thereby instilling that power of building something up for himself instead of becoming a mere copyist. As the student shows progress, flowers, fruits, animals, and human forms may be included in his designs, always with the object of building up that which is good, pure, and beautiful.

This plan has been successfully followed in other countries, especially in evening classes of England, where many ladies and gentlemen availed themselves of the opportunity of learning an art which is instructive as well as beautiful and interesting.

JOSEPH HETHERINGTON.

Joe came to Whitinsville to do some work for Mr. Mason, ten years ago, and consequently has been with the shop ever since. We hope he will head the list of the old-timers some of these days.

Office Notes

The Drafting Room reports a busy Cupid.

Segurd Helland and Vera Frazier were married on the twenty-ninth of September and spent their honeymoon in New York. Mr. Helland has been with the drafting department for a number of years, and Miss Frazier was head waitress of the Blue Eagle Hotel.

Paul C. Grant, Jr., of the Drafting Room, was married Saturday, November 1, 1919, to Miss Gladys O. Davis, of Hopedale, Mass.

That's a good record from one department for one issue. We would welcome more news like this and wonder if any department can smash that record.

It is reported that Mr. Charles Allen, of the Drafting Room, has been taking instructions in divorce law and proceedings. We are interested to hear that much of his vacation was spent in the perusal of knowledge.

The individual attached to the mail bag could be seen the morning after the twenty-ninth waltzing the latest style toward No. 2 Office, where his teacher in the one, two, three, one, two, three, smiled her approval.

Mr. Greenwood might give us a little information on who put the "pep" in the punch at the party.

Women have always been accused of dolling up more than men, but the tables were certainly turned at the Halloween party. The party brought a mighty good business for some barber in town.

The way we account for that fascinating smile Mr. Beaudry has been wearing lately is that he motors up to Northbridge Hill for lunch at noon.

It is rumored that some of the young ladies in the Main Office are beginning to sew. What do you think about it? Looks suspicious to us.

A certain member of the "faculty" thought he would renew some of his boyhood stunts by trying a running broad jump, with the result that he could hardly hobble into the Office the next morning.

Mr. Harry Bullock has returned safely from the "gay lights of Broadway." It's a puzzle to us how we are going to keep him down on the farm.

Ike Hanny claims that the best way to exterminate rats is to corner them in a register and then spear them with a screw driver. It's a sure death.

The Roaming Golfer

Golfers, beware. We understand that a prominent Office man might take this to heart, or might well take this to heart, according to his disposition, as he casts his eye over this page.

"Who's the stranger, Mother dear?
Look, he knows us—ain't he queer?"
"Hush, my own, don't talk so wild;
He's your father, dearest child,"
"He's my father? No such thing!
Father died away last spring."
"Father didn't die, you dub!
Father joined a golfing club,
But they've closed the club, so he
Has no place to go, you see;
No place left for him to roam—
That is why he's coming home.
Kiss him—he won't bite you, child;
All them golfing guys look wild."

Driscoll—Riley

Thomas H. Driscoll, of No. 2 Office, and Margaret Riley, of Worcester, were united in marriage at St. Stephen's Church, Worcester, at 9 o'clock, October 29, 1919. Many of Tom's friends journeyed to the big town and report a very successful wedding. It is officially reported that Tom was right onto his job and was out to forestall monkey shines that might have been planned. At the railroad station, while waiting for the train, he figured the train would carry them away together or not at all. The bride was of the same frame of mind, for there were no objections to the firmly entwined arms that Tom placed about her.

After the honeymoon Mr. and Mrs. Driscoll will reside temporarily on Pine Street, until their future home is completely built.

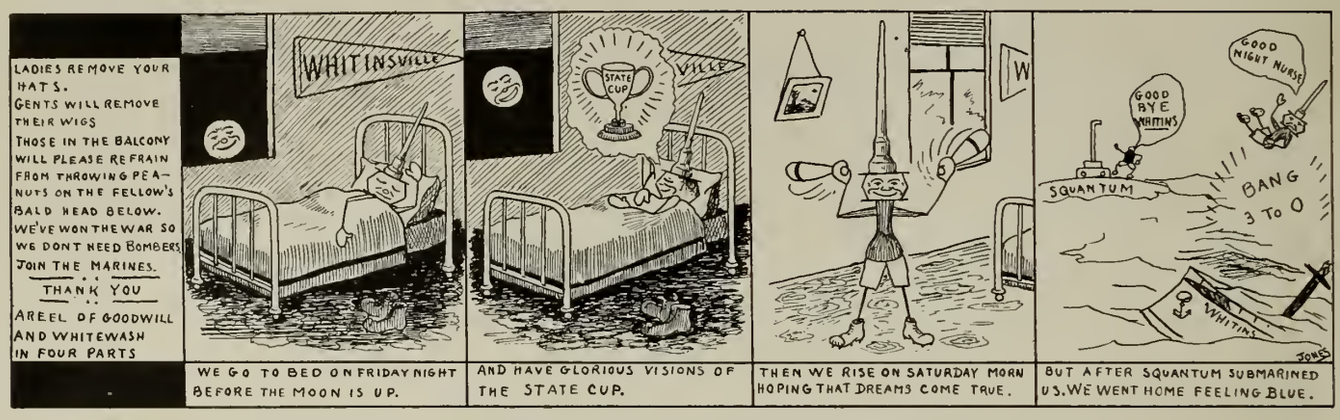
Johnny's Method

"It is the duty of every one of you to make at least one person happy during the week," said the Sunday-school teacher. "Have you?"

"I did," said Johnny promptly.

"That's nice. What did you do?"

"I went to see my aunt and she's always happy when I go home again."



SOCCER GAMES IN LEAGUE AND CUP TIE

Greystone, 4 Whitin Machine Works, 0

The Whitin soccer team went to Greystone and received its first defeat of the season on October 4. Aside from a few amusing incidents by our cartoonist, there was little of the spectacular. Greystone was too strong for our boys, but our team is improving; and when the return game comes, there is sure to be a mighty struggle.

Whitin Machine Works, 2 Emmets, 1

October 11 we entertained the Emmets, of Pawtucket, on the Linwood Avenue grounds and beat them 2 to 1. It was a well played game, although the Whitin players were inclined to keep the ball too long. It was only by a supreme effort in the last half that they won out. Rothwell made some nice stops. Rushton and Marsden played a stellar game, while the halfbacks proved a stumbling block for the visitors. Nuttall starred on the forward line. We had three new forwards, and they performed very well. Carlin, for the visitors, was the big noise. He scored their only goal.

The lineup is as follows:

Whitin Machine Works	Emmets
Rothwell, g.	g., Cassidy
Rushton, r.b.	r.b., Quinn
Marsden, l.b.	l.b., Barney
Lightbown, r.h.b.	r.h.b., Savage
Maddox, c.h.b.	c.h.b., Laderbeauch
Cameron, l.h.b.	l.h.b., Holroyd
Gunlag, r.o.	r.o., Turner
Nuttall, r.i.	r.i., Gee
Ashworth, c.	c., Carlin
Holburn, l.f.	l.f., Leech
Jackson, l.o.	l.o., Mullarky

Time, 45-minute halves. Referee, Wilie. Linesmen, Blakely (Whitins), R. Smith (Emmets). Attendance, 300.

Squantum, 3 Whitin Machine Works, 0

The second round of the Massachusetts State Cup was played on the Linwood Avenue grounds Saturday afternoon, October 18, Squantum winning 3 to 0. The forwards of the Squantum team played a nice combination game, were very quick on their feet, and the Whitin players could not hold them.

Rushton and Marsden cleared time and time again. Rothwell helped out by some nice stops, but the pace was fast and furious. The plays were first in one half the field and then the other, the Whitin section coming in for the most of it.

With any one of the number of what seemed like sure goals coming our way, the score would have been different. Squantum was the better team, but it was by no means as superior as a 3 to 0 defeat might lead one to suppose.

Individual playing spoiled many chances to break up the Squantum defence, and the Squantum players were quick to take advantage of it.

Much credit can be given to the Squantum players and their handlers in giving Whitinsville fans the opportunity of seeing one of the nicest exhibitions of football that they have seen in many moons. The Squantum team had to work hard to win, because the Whitin team put up a great fight.

The lineup follows:

Whitin Machine Works	Squantum
Rothwell, g.	g., Forsyth
Rushton, r.b.	r.b., Waters
Marsden, l.b.	l.b., Barr
Maddox, r.h.b.	r.h.b., Clark
Hoyle, c.h.b.	c.h.b., D. Meldrum
Cameron, l.h.b.	l.h.b., Fairweather
Lightbown, r.o.	r.o., Craig
Nuttall, r.i.	r.i., J. Meldrum
Haigh, c.	c., Ried
Cowburn, l.i.	l.i., Pigeon
Jackson, l.o.	l.o., Milton

Goals scored, by Squantum—Milton 2, Pigeon 1. Referee, Mr. Hulse, of Lawrence. Linesmen, Maguire (Squantum), T. Colthart (Whitins). Time, 45-minute halves.

Whitin Machine Works Seconds Beaten

The second team traveled to Harrisville, Saturday, October 25, by automobile to play the Harrisville A. F. C. on Wood's field. It was their first game, and, considering the limited experience of some of the players, they put up a good exhibition of football. The first ten minutes of play they had the ball in Harrisville territory all the time but could not score, as their judgment in shooting for the goal was poor. Of course Harrisville, being the heavier team, stood the pace and in the course of time began to wear our boys down. But we put up a better game of football than our opponents all through the game, and the Harrisville team were the better runners. The first goal that was registered was made by Harrisville. We had been pressing hard, when Bootland, of Harrisville, tackling Ashworth, succeeded in clearing the ball well down the field to Redfern, his team-mate, who took the ball well toward our goal before passing to Griffiths, who scored for Harrisville. Melia, who was playing goal, tried to stop it; but his inexperience was against him. The score remained 1 to 0 in Harrisville's favor at half time.

The seconds started with a rush in the second half and soon had the ball in Harrisville's goal. O'Neil passed the ball to Ashworth, who tricked the

Harrisville backs and with a nice shot evened the score. Our team was keeping well together after the kick-off, but Harrisville started a kick and rush game. Brown and Murray cleared well; but finally Harrisville broke through, and Wright scored their second goal. Harrisville kept right on and began to break up our defence, but Murray cleared well, only to have the ball driven down to our goal. Melia waited for the ball to come to him, and it went over the lines for Harrisville's third goal. (Gee, wasn't Tom surprised?) Then we began to show Harrisville some football; through a combination of Cowburn, Roth, Ashworth, and Fowler they soon had the ball within striking distance of Harrisville's goal, and L. Fowler with a nice 15-yard shot scored the second goal for Whitins. Melia began to get onto his position and cleared well the rest of the game.

Whitins Seconds	Harrisville A. F. C.
Melia, g.	g., Lebcon
Brown, r.b.	r.b., Renie
Murray, l.b.	l.b., Bootland
Hetherington, r.h.b.	r.h.b., Beauregard
Roth, c.h.b.	c.h.b., Roberts
Cowburn, l.h.b.	l.h.b., Magner
O'Neil, r.o.	r.o., Redfern
Armstrong, r.i.	r.i., Rerd
Ashworth, c.	c., Griffiths
L. Fowler, l.i.	l.i., Wright
A. Fowler, l.o.	l.o., Doughtry

Time, 35-minute halves. Referee, Dobbie. Goals scored, by Harrisville—Roberts, Griffiths, Wright; by Whitins—Ashworth, L. Fowler. Linesmen, J. H. Jones, (Whitins), Hinchliffe (Harrisville).

Lonsdale, 4 Whitin Machine Works, 1

The Lonsdale football eleven and its boosters came to Whitinsville, Saturday, October 25, and defeated the home boys to the tune of 4 to 1. The score does not indicate the high speed at which the players of both teams traveled from start to finish. Whitins played a fast game, but was lacking in accurate shooting. It was the superior teamwork of the Lonsdale eleven that gave that team the victory.

The game was refereed by "Ted" Hartley, an old player. He filled the place of the official referee very acceptably.

Whitin Machine Works	Lonsdale
Colthart, g.	g., Stanfield
Monks, r.b.	r.b., Dixon
Maddox, l.b.,	l.b., Maneely
Lightbown, r.h.b.	r.h.b., Welding
Hoyle, c.h.b.	c.h.b., Carr
Stanton, l.h.b.	l.h.b., J. Howsen
Gunlag, r.o.	r.o., Burke
Nuttall, r.i.	r.i., Kosewski
Hardman, c.	c., Pickersgill
Wade, l.i.	l.i., E. Howson
Jackson, l.o.	l.o., Allen

Goals scored, by Lonsdale—Burke, Allen, Welding, E. Howson; by Whitins—Nuttall. Linesmen, L. Howson (Lonsdale), W. Jackson (Whitins). Time, 45-minute halves.

Whitinsville Soccer Dates

The schedule below is liable to change on some dates on account of the cup games between the Pawtucket teams. Although Whitins is out of the State Cup, they are by no means out of the league running. Up to date they have won two and lost two. While the "Spindle" is in press, the Whitin team will be playing in Pawtucket. So the schedule follows:

Nov. 1, Whitinsville vs. Fairlawn at Pawtucket; Nov. 8, Whitins vs. Howard & Bullough at Pawtucket; Nov. 15, open; Nov. 22, Howard & Bullough at Whitinsville; Nov. 27, Greystone at Whitinsville; Dec. 2, Whitins vs. Emmets at Pawtucket; Dec. 6, British-Canadian at Whitinsville; Dec. 13, Whitinsville vs. Lonsdale at Lonsdale; Dec. 20, Fairlawn at Whitinsville, Dec. 25, Whitins vs. Q. P. Coates at Pawtucket; Dec. 27, British-Canadians at Whitinsville; Jan. 3, open; Jan. 10, Whitins vs. Lonsdale at Lonsdale; Jan. 17, Fairlawn at Whitinsville; Jan. 24, Whitins vs. J. P. Coats at Pawtucket; Jan. 31, Greystone at Whitinsville; Feb. 7, Whitins vs. Emmets at Pawtucket; Feb. 14, Howard & Bullough at Whitinsville.

The Soccer League

Jimmy Marshall, Tom Colthart, Jimmy Jones, Dave Clark, and M. F. Carpenter got together and arranged to further the cause of soccer football by forming a league. The games will be preliminaries for the big games, and double-headers will be played on days when the Shop team goes away. The following men have quit smoking and are training faithfully.

Clarke's Comers	Marshall's Manglers
R. Keeler	I. Dalton
Hoopy Frieswyck	H. Ashworth
Kane	J. McQuilken
Bill Murray	G. Vogelaar
Ben Scott	Dave Brown
D. Clarke	Bob McKee
Tip O'Neil	L. Fowler
Jim Scott	J. Murray
J. Roth	F. Cowburn
J. Connors	B. Melia
J. Steele	Jim Brown
Baines	W. D. Morrison
E. Boutilier	A. Wilcox
E. Fullerton	C. Jollymoore
D. Simmons	W. Morrow
V. Gagne	N. W. White
W.Brown	

Jones' Jostlers	Colthart's Celtics
H. Hughes	Francis Smith
T. Melia	I. Orrell
H. Kiernan	A. Ashworth
R. Gibson	E. Johnston
S. Fowler	John Scott
J. Dundas	D. Blakely
Gunliff	W. Cochrane
Alex. Clarke	C. Mateer
H. Crawford	A. Fowler
F. Kelliher	Harold Johnston
R. Fullerton	Henry Johnston
S. White	D. C. Clark
L. Burke	B. Tjaarda
D. Topp	Sally Jones

Three games have been played so far. Marshall's Manglers walked away with Clarke's Comers (they have the right name, however) 3 to 1, and the Celtics beat the Jostlers 2-1. The Manglers and Celtics played a 1-1 tie, and we are still in suspense over who will come through.

W. S. Bragg

Drawing and Railway Rolls

Back in 1853 George M. Carr was foreman of the drawing and railway roll job, which was located in the old part of No. 1 Shop with only three or four lathes and as many men. We find the names of the following men who worked for Mr. Carr in 1875-6; Frank Aldrich, now in the Tool Room; Jerry Connors, now with H. E. Keeler; Jerry Mack, yard watchman; and Alfred Carr, who died while employed on the job. The late Cyrus Taft served his first years with Mr. Carr.

Along in the early '80's the job began to increase and in 1887 was moved into No. 2 Shop on the south side of the present tool job. After a few years it was moved back into the old No. 1 Shop; and when other changes were being made, it was moved to its present location in 1904. Mr. Carr was foreman until his death, in December, 1901.

There is no positive date of Mr. Carr's taking the job over, but the old gauges and wrenches dated 1853 with his name stamped on them give him a record of nearly fifty years as foreman of the job.

In January, 1902, W. S. Bragg was made foreman. The old rolls made at the earlier date were the old style 4 boss rolls and were coupled in those days to give 5, 6, 8, 10, 12 boss rolls so many slivers to a boss. In '79 and '80 the style of rolls changed to two boss rolls coupled to give 3, 4, 5, 6 rolls so many doublings into one. In 1888 or 1889 Mr. Carr made the first set of metallic rolls, so called. This was a sample set. In 1908 we began making the metallic drawing rolls also for sliver lap, ribbon lap, and for the comber draw head.

In July, 1902, the first grinder was installed, and at the present time there are sixteen grinders on the job finishing work from all parts of the Shop.

The following men compose the personnel of the drawing and railway roll job:

Name	In Shop		On Job	
	Yrs.	Mos.	Yrs.	Mos
W. S. Bragg	39		21	
Robert Clark	25		25	
William T. Walsh	25		14	
John Thompson	24	6	2	3
Thomas Garner	24		5	
George F. Garner	21		16	
Brad. Seagraves	20		16	
Take Opperwall	15		10	6
Antonio Tolka	15		2	6
David Blakely	14		9	
Charles Barney	13		12	
William Feddema	13		10	
Albert Buma	12		2	
Akar Haroutinian	11		2	6
Forest Peck	10		2	6
Ernest Burroughs	8		5	
William T. Broulette	7		5	3
Roy Clark	7		2	
Albert Comb	7		7	
Alex. Holden	4	6	4	6
Napoleon Boufford	4		4	
Henry Gadbois	4		4	
Harold Warren	4		3	
Noel Peloquin	2	4	2	4
John Baker	2		2	
A. S. Calvey	2		2	
Geo. Dancause	2		2	
Alfred Zabaska	2		2	
Leroy Haskell	1	8	4	
Matthew Karew	1			5
James Lax		6		6
Walter Fanning		5		5
William Bisbee		4		4
Edward Durand		4		4
John Duquette		2		2

Average in Shop, 10 years.
Average on Job, 5½ years.

George M. Carr

Hunting Fatality

We sympathize with L. J. Ramsey, of the speeder production job, on the loss of his hunting dog on Saturday, November 1, 1919. Mr. Ramsey had developed the dog into a first-class hunter after two years of rigid training. The week before, two rabbits had been easily secured, and on this fatal Saturday, Hemenway, of the Electrical Department, and Ramsey had visions of several pairs of cotton tails.

The dog had been following behind and was thought to be there, when Ramsey spotted a frisky bunny moving the twigs just ahead. With a bead on his game, he "let 'em fly." Ramsey is a sure shot, and so the dog was no more.

As we have expressed it, we are sorry that a pet should go out this way, yet we can't help rubbing it in a bit along with other pals of our hunter. Will Johnston says, "Never mind, Ramsey, you can mount him on wheels and take him out on a string and get just as many rabbits." But Ramsey says he is through for this year.

Still Kicking

"What's the matter with your neighbor?"

"Why?"

"He looks dejected since he got back from the war. Can't he get his old job back?"

"Oh, yes, he's got it back."

"What's he doing?"

"Kicking about the hours and the pay."

Eggs Are Going Up

Anconia hens are flying layers. True! And they are great show birds. In fact, if they are given a chance to face the audience day after day, experience tells us that they do not care to return to the common walks of life around the backyard coop. Keeler's hens were certain that they were booked for a one-night stand at Linwood after their engagement at the New England and Brockton Fairs. Manager Keeler with his volunteer militia soon quelled the striking show birds and decided to close the season on the road after such drastic action on the part of his company.

Harris's Hobby

Walter Harris, of the needle job, has a real hobby that has stood by him since he was a boy kicking around on Northbridge Hill. Mr. Harris believes in the Rhode Island Red hen and has put in most all his spare time proving to his own satisfaction and to many who are acquainted with his hobby that he has a right to believe what he believes.

It is not a hit or miss hobby with Mr. Harris, judging from results. He has produced an egg-laying and color strain that one could be proud of. For quite a while Mr. Harris bred for egg production, and with the production increased up to the record point he has lately been weeding out chickens that are a mite off color, so that he has a type of hen that meets the best show standards.

During the past twenty-five years Mr. Harris has spent most of his vacations building new hen houses and constructing runways. Today he has a plant that many men who make chicken raising their business cannot equal. He raises from eight to nine hundred chickens a year and ships them to all parts of the country. He feeds over a ton of grain a week and has collected many times, in return, over three hundred eggs a day.

His record pen has averaged for the first ten months of this year one hundred and sixty-four eggs per hen, which means it should reach the two hundred mark by January first.

Mr. Harris believes in sprouted oats fed once a day, together with scratch feed, dry mash, grit, and charcoal. He believes in changing the chicken runways once a year, planting to grass the old runways. In fact, he is full of special ways and means that would be of benefit to those interested in the business.

In regard to the high cost of eggs per dozen, Mr. Harris states that twenty years ago feed could be bought for 80 cents a hundred, with eggs at 30 cents a dozen, and a good hen worth 75 cents. Today, feed costs wholesale $4 a hundred, and hens are worth $3 apiece, or nearly five times as much, which means that the poultry man is not profiteering, for at the old rate he should have $1.50 a dozen for his eggs. "It is the high cost of living of the hens that is raising the prices," says Mr. Harris.

Fair Exchange

Mr. Harley Keeler and Charles Allen are deeply interested in Anconia hens. Each one believed his flock to be the best, so finally an agreement was reached between them to swap a dozen eggs.

Mr. Keeler, of the cylinder job, sent his eggs to the Drafting Room, and Mr. Allen asked Paul Hooenja to take a dozen of his fine, special show-bird eggs to Mr. Keeler's desk in the front office.

Mr. L. M. Keeler, quite delighted to receive the anonymous gift, took them home, where they were routed from kitchen to dining room.

What explanations took place between H. E. Keeler, Allen, Hooenja, and L. M. Keeler we do not know. It is too much of a tangle to be mixed up in. Or was it a scramble?

Presented to Samuel Moss by Men on Polishing Job

Another Benedict

Samuel Moss, second hand on the polishing job, and Alice Peel Craik, of Pawtucket, R. I., were married October 22, 1919, by the Rev. Arthur J. Watson, of St. Luke's Church, Pawtucket, R. I.

Well, Sam, now that we have finished the formal statement above, we want to say that you sure fooled the boys, although Walker and Parcher should have known the week before, when you sprung that "lady in the house" speech and the remark that if the right one came along you might venture it. You earned the name of "Mysterious Sam," so be careful about the bit of conversation you let drop in the future, because we don't like to be caught napping twice. The treat was on the boys, and they came across loyally with the chest of silver reproduced on this page.

"Down Hum" With the Ducks

Robert Robinson, of the Electrical Department, and Lucien Barnes, of the flyer job, went up to Maine for a general loaf and as many ducks as might disturb their peace. Lucien and Rob used the decoys in great shape and bagged the game, as the evidence shows.

We have to admit they look as if they had had a real time. Barnes had the nerve to tell just a half-hour before dinner time, about a lobster dinner such as only the "Down Hummer's" can prepare.

"I went home to see my folks last week."

"How'd you find them?"

"Oh, I knew where they lived."

Jeffrey L. Vail Post Notes

In the recent drive for members, the Jeffrey L. Vail Post No. 111 A. L. greatly exceeded its quota of 130. The paid-up membership to date is 240, the largest in the Blackstone Valley

The slogan, "We fought together, now let's stick together," should appeal to every former service man, and they should become members.

Lester M. Blair has been appointed war risk insurance officer and will gladly assist any member who has any difficulties with his insurance or allotments. Legion buttons can be obtained from Mr. Blair at the local post office.

The Entertainment and Publicity Committee plan on many good times for the coming winter. Their first venture, the dancing party held on November 11, was a decided success.

Meetings are held in lower Memorial Hall on the first and third Wednesdays of each month. The Post hopes in time to have a building of its own with reading rooms, billiard rooms, gymnasium, etc.

Those wishing to join may do so by handing in their names and initiation fee of $1 to any member.

During the recent Red Cross drive the Post had three teams composed of fifteen members who aided in getting subscribers.

Joseph Gamelin, who has worked on our milling job for over a year, was found dead in bed on the morning of October 28. Our sympathy goes out to his family.

Two-Legged Self-Starters

If your car won't start, turn it over to Bob Hargraves and Charlie Noble. Cold engines, weak batteries, and broken valve springs are nothing to them. Only be sure to be at the wheel and, out of appreciation for their services, especially when they are helping you out some miles from home, slow up and give them a lift. If you have their wives inside your limousine, you should be still more careful and not be charged with running away with them.

Clerk of the Court Webster heard his own summons to appear in Whitinsville on the morning of the thirtieth. He had a few minutes of the twenty-ninth left, but the old engine wouldn't go. Believing that his battery was weak and that other troubles too numerous to mention were obvious, he called on his guests, Noble and Hargraves, to give him a boost over the hill just ahead. They did, but Webster in his delight to get started forgot all about his newly adopted self-starters and, but for their fleetness of foot before the next hill was crossed, two families at least would have been broken up for the evening.

The Screw Department claims to have organized a polo team. Manager Maurice Madigan challenges all comers, especially teams organized in this vicinity. He is reported as being especially anxious to book a game for Welcome Home Day in Riverdale, December 32, 1982.

Too Much

Zero—Bill told me a funny story in New York and when I'd gotten to Chicago I couldn't remember it.

Kolder—That was carrying a joke too far.—*Tiger*

Deceiving Mother

Voice of Mother—Louise, it is very cold down here. Have you something around you?

Daughter—Yes, mother. Jack's here.—*Orange Peel*

Shopping Day

Cox—I want to buy some coffee in the bean.

Box—You'll have to go upstairs, this is the ground floor.

Around the Shop

Mr. Albert Lesco, of the Foundry, was married Monday, October 27, 1919.

Mr. Wilmot reported back at the Freight House Office, October 22, 1919, after three weeks' serious illness.

Two families of mice were born to the Foundry, October 21, 1919. Caretaker Walker reports all families in healthy condition.

Louis Veau caused much comment Monday morning, when it was discovered he had reported to work with carefully creased trousers. Thorough investigation disclosed the fact that he had fallen into the pond the Saturday previous.

Sally Jones and Company have laid in thousands of minnows for the winter ice fishing. They were placed submerged in a boat house for storage. Recently the pond was lowered, and the minnows were trapped like canned sardines. Sally has hopes that enough will survive to make possible the good old winter sport.

No. 2 Office Greets New Men

Mr. Theodore M. Prudden has recently joined the Whitin forces from the Ordnance Department of the United States Army, having recently returned from overseas duty.

Mr. Prudden is a graduate of the Yale Sheffield Scientific School, has been connected in the past with the Oakville Co., Waterbury, Conn.; Chipman Mfg. Co., Boston, Mass.; and the General Electric Co. He joined the army in June, 1917, and received his commission upon appointment to active duty at the Frankford Arsenal, Philadelphia, Pa. From there he was ordered overseas.

Mr. Prudden has been placed as assistant to Mr. W. O. Aldrich and has already delved into some of the manufacturing problems connected with the Works. We are glad to welcome Mr. Prudden and family to Whitinsville and trust he will find his home and work here as pleasant as we anticipate he will.

Teacher (describing the seasons): "Now, can any one tell me which is the proper time to gather fruit?"

Jimmy: "When the dog's chained up, miss!"

Heard on the Screw Job

Automatic Man: "Did you ever hear a dead man talk?"

Hand Screw Man: "Your brain's overheated; what about it?"

Automatic Man: "It's straight. Pat was killed by a truck in the middle of the car track and Mike, finding him lying there a few minutes later, gently carried him over to the sidewalk."

Hand Screw Man: "Well, what did the dead man say?"

Automatic Man: "Nothing."

Dixon—Sherman

The following clipping was taken from a Providence paper:

William H. Dixon, of Whitinsville, and Miss Lillian M. Sherman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Everett B. Sherman, of Harrisville, R. I., were united in marriage this afternoon at 3, at the home of the bride's parents. Rev. John M. Wathen, pastor of the Globe Congregational Church, Woonsocket, performed the ceremony. The couple were unattended.

The bride was prettily gowned in white crêpe de chine.

A buffet luncheon was served after the ceremony, only the immediate families of the couple being present.

The bride is a graduate of Burrillville High School and Rhode Island Normal School, previously having taught in Harrisville. The bridegroom is employed in the Whitin Machine Works. Mr. and Mrs. Dixon will live at 53 Prospect Street, Whitinsville, Mass.

Bill Dixon was well remembered by the boys of the Tool Room and has accepted the beautiful chest of silver which they presented to him. We join with the men who work with him in extending congratulations.

The Lost Chord

Jack Heys and his orchestra were stranded recently in Rockdale. They hailed a passing auto, whose driver agreed to give them a lift to town for 25 cents a head. It was a lift all right, mostly bumps and fence dodging. Mr. Pichette, the bass drummer, decided to walk from Whitins station to town, but the others stuck bravely by. Upon landing home, Jack looked for his music, but couldn't find it. He spent the rest of the night retracing that crooked trail back to Rockdale. To date, we wonder if he found the music, but don't dare ask him.

Congratulations

Robert Knox Brown, of the Drafting Room, and his wife, Mildred Holland Brown, welcomed a new arrival at their home September 4, 1919. The baby boy was named Keith Franklin Brown and from all reports is tipping the scales higher, each day, than his original 7½ pounds.

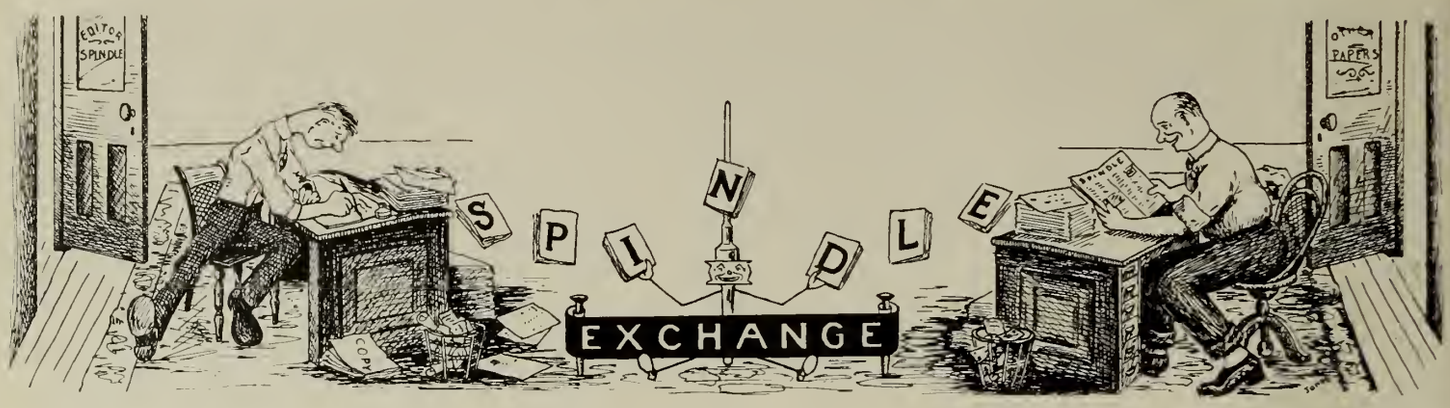
Service Record on Planers

Due to a misunderstanding, the men on Blair's job were not all included in the published list last month, nor was credit given them for the time they had worked in the Shop, but merely for the time they had spent on the job. We are glad to make this correction at this time and hope that any one who notices discrepancies of this sort will notify the editors of the same. Notice should be made of the good average this job made in the length of service of its men.

Name	Years in Shop	Years on Job
William G. Blair	47½	31½
Fred Burroughs	33	25
Thomas Brooks	31	14
William Kidd	28	22
Arthur Aldrich	25½	19
John Leech	22	17½
August Olsen	22	16
William Creen	20	4
Tjerke Van Dyke	18	14
William Browers	16½	15½
Thomas Charas	16	6
Simon Charas	16	2
Hitze Vanderzee	15	14½
Fred Cowburn	10	10
Feike Valke	8½	8
Alfred Query	8½	4
William Stewart	8	8
Joseph Garabedian	6½	4
Elmore Gagne	6½	1
Joseph Poulin	4	4
Lester Pettingill	2	2
James Murphy	2	2
James T. O'Connor	1½	1½
William Lee	1½	1½
	Mos.	Mos.
E. L. Tucker	4	4
Edward Petros	3	3
Howard Cellon	3	3

Average in Shop, 13 years.
Average on Job, 9 years.

A Censored Tale



Send It In

If you have a bit of news,
Send it in.
Or a joke that will amuse,
Send it in.
A story that is true,
An incident that's new,
We want to hear from you.
Send it in.
Will your story make us laugh?
Send it in.
Never mind about your style
If the story is worth while
And may help or cause a smile,
Send it in.

And It's True, Too

It doesn't matter much, after all, whether you go through life in a limousine or a jitney bus—it's what you have the eyes to see and the heart to enjoy along the way that makes the journey worth while.

He Got It Right

An officer of the A. E. F. relates the following: "We had a bunch of negro troops on board; and it was a terrible experience to them, as most of them had never been away from home before. They were very religious and used to pray all over the ship. One big fellow held a prayer right outside of my window, thus: "O Lord, if Thou doesn't do another thing on this trip, call this ocean to attention."

Try This, It's a Money-Making Stunt

Wife (at breakfast): "Could I have a little money for shopping today, dear?"

Husband: "Certainly. Would you rather have an old five or a new one?"

Wife: "A new one, of course."

Husband: "Here's the one—and I'm four dollars to the good.

Pure Imagination

The teacher was trying to give her pupils an illustration of the word "perseverance."

"What is it," she asked, "that carries a man along rough roads and smooth roads, up hill and down, through the jungles of doubt and through the swamps of despair?"

There was a silence, and then Johnny, whose father was an automobile dealer, spoke up.

"Please, ma'am," he said. "There ain't no such automobile."

They Clean Up Just the Same

"I shouldn't say a word about our army, I know," said Mrs. Muffin, "but, really, they must be sadly in need of a good, competent housekeeper at those camps—it's something scandalous the way the papers tell about them dining in a mess all the time."

Elizabeth was going to bed; and when she had carefully and devoutly said her prayers, her mother heard her add, with considerable feeling:

"And, Oh! *please* Lord, make San Francisco the capital of California."

"Why, Elizabeth!" exclaimed her mother, "what made you say that, dear?"

" 'Cause I wrote it that way in the examination today," earnestly replied Elizabeth—*Youth's Companion.*

No, Father is Ahead

Father ruefully gazed on his last dollar. "Money has wings and house rents make it fly," he said.

"Yes," said his fifteen-year-old son, "and some houses have wings, for I've seen many a house fly."

"You're smarter than your old dad, maybe, my son; but I always thought that no part of a house except the chimney flue!"

Why He Wasn't Promoted

He grumbled.
He watched the clock.
He was stung by a bad look.
He was always behind hand.
He had no iron in his blood.
He was willing, but unfitted.
He didn't believe in himself.
He asked too many questions.
His stock excuse was "I forgot."
He wasn't ready for the next step.
He did not put his heart into his work.
He learned nothing from his mistakes.
He felt that he was above his position.
He was content to be a second rate man.
He ruined his ability by half-doing things.
He never dared to act on his own judgment.
He did not think it worth while to learn how.
Familiarity with slipshod methods paralyzed his ideal.
He tried to make "bluff" take the place of hard work.
He thought more of amusements than of getting on in the world.
He didn't learn that the best of his salary was not in his pay.—*Exchange.*

Another Illustration

"And this," said Miss Prim, teacher of the primary school, "is the rhinoceros. Look carefully at his armored hide."

"Yes," said the boy at the foot of the class. "An' what's this one?"

"That," answered the teacher, "is a giraffe."

"Oh!" exclaimed the lad. "Just look at his periscope!"

Records of Service

In the last issue we printed the names of the employees still working here who had been with the works fifty to sixty years. There were eleven in all. The following men have worked with us forty to fifty years:

Forty-nine Years

H. P. Whipple — H. B. Kenney
Levi Rasco

Forty-eight Years

Jeremiah Connors — M. J. Cronin

Forty-seven Years

William Blair — Robert Brighty
B. R. Graves — W. H. Aldrich
James Kearnan — Albert H. Whipple

Forty-six Years

James Ferguson — Jessie Jeffers
Edward H. Hanny — William Riley
Thomas H. Magill — John Y. Rankins
Maurice Walsh — John Leech

Forty-five Years

John T. Brown — James Brown
Thomas E. Fox

Forty-four Years

William E. Riley — Jeremiah Mack
Frank Aldrich

Forty-three Years

William McSheehy — D. T. Brown
George Barnes

Forty-two Years

W. E. Johnston — Louis Brothers
George E. Wood — A. R. Fletcher

Forty-one Years

Joseph Javery — Charles C. Sisson
Bart. Callahan — Louis Bassinait

Forty Years

Wesley S. Bragg — Smith H. Brown
John Ward — Israel Goodness
James R. Ferry — Harry Brown
James McGuinness — William Norberry

Judge—"The police say that you and your wife had some words."

Prisoner: "I had some, Judge, but I didn't get a chance to use them."

Some Doings of Our Little Lamb

Mary had a little lamb that became famous for its pranks. The Whitin Machine Works is repeating history in producing a Lamb of a similar nature.

Prank No. 1

Mr. Lamb has convinced the Drafting Room, after many experiments, that he can whistle two tunes. Judges pronounced them recognizable, after a heated debate.

Prank No. 2

Chet Lamb, in cohort with H. O. Nelson, discussed over the wire the reported sale of Dodge cars at Camp Devens for $395, guaranteed in good condition, yet with one condition attached, and that is, that the buyer must leave the army color on for one year. Rumor was forthwith busy, and before long Mr. Nelson began to take orders. Even our Blacksmith Shop foreman bit hard and ordered one with a bonus of $100 to the purchaser. Up until quite recently orders were received by the firm of Lamb & Nelson, army salesmen for Dodge cars.

Could Eat, But Not See

A stranger, who went to a large city to see the sights, engaged a room at a hotel and before retiring asked the clerk about the hours for dining.

"We have breakfast from six to eleven, dinner from eleven to three, and supper from three to eight," explained the clerk.

"Well," inquired the stranger, in surprise, "what time do I get to see the town?"

Around the Shop

What next!

Raymond Adams, of the Production Department, has been engaged as tenor singer for Al. Brown's choir.

Jack Leonard, our star first baseman, says he is going to pick up a basketball team to trim Dalton's All Stars. Well, Jack, we all wish you luck, but you have some hard work on your hands.

How did the potato exhibit turn out, Sally? We understand that you didn't play fair, though. You put the small ones out of sight and left the big ones where we could all see them. Nevertheless, Sally, it was pleasure combined with business, as we understand you had to paddle out in a canoe to pick them up.

"Attention"

Receive your instructions in boxing from "Dotty" Clarke and "Seepy" Frieswyck, free of charge. Office hours, 12 to 1.

Mr. Halpin may own a Mitchell, but he has got to travel some to keep up to Henry Bouvier's Ford.

Manager Dalton, of the All Stars, had his basketball squad out for their first practice.

Dick Hyland says he is going to buy a horn for Charlie Newton's Ford.

John Orr has thrown up his job at Dave Savage's barber shop. When he handed in his resignation, Dave said, "Let's forget the past."

The Tool Job

TOOLS have been made in the Whitin Machine Works since the very beginning, back in 1826. As the works grew in size, natural divisions of work at once set in. Among the very first of these divisions was the placing of one or two men on the task of making tools.

Mr. Albert Inman was one of the very first tool makers and later became boss of the job. He was followed by William Dixon, the father of William Dixon, of the Tool Room. During his time the small-tool making became a separate job under Herbert Barnes and was located where Wood's Office is now. These two jobs were run separately as the big and little tool jobs until quite recently, when they were brought together under Robert Deane.

William Dixon left the tool job to take up the building of revolving cards and was succeeded by A. H. Whipple in 1885. Mr. Whipple was promoted to superintendent in 1897, and the job was given over to W. F. Tibbetts. Tibbetts held down the job for ten years, when he was transferred to the Office to figure values of equipment and take over the malleable-iron work.

Robert Deane became foreman in 1908, having worked his way up from the ranks. Rob started in the Cast Iron Room and has come step by step to his present position by good workmanship and faithful service.

In the meantime Mr. Barnes, of the small-tool job, was succeeded by William Dixon.

Bob says a tool maker is a queer animal; there are good ones and bad ones; some are good on small tools, yet no good on repairs, and vice versa.

Robert Deane

The tool job has made all the heavy and special tools, jigs and fixtures, and done all the repairing in the last few years. Standard tools, machine dies, and twist drills are usually purchased outside. Complete machines are sometimes made, such as the automatic bolster case turning machine on A. M. Smith's job, the ring turning machine on Hewes' job, wire bending and cutting-off machine on Wilmot's job, and the first lickerin wire punch on White's job.

"Some people get the idea," Rob says, "that machines, if set up and started, will go forever; but they soon find out that the old tin lizzie machine is not in a class by itself."

Another interesting task the tool job accomplished was the building of the first moulding machine used in the Shop. George W. Copeland came here in 1896 for this purpose.

The tool jobs have been located in the following places:

The small-tool job was first located where Wood's Office is now, then in the space opposite the present location of Deane's desk, then up to Spencer's job, and from there to its present location.

The big-tool job was located down cellar under Ed. Hanny's job, then up on the front part of Gill's job, and downstairs where it now is.

Inquiries have been made as to why they keep the small-tool job caged in. We have heard it said that there is where Whitins keeps its wild men.

The following men compose the personnel of the tool job:

Name	In Shop Yrs.	In Shop Mos.	On Job Yrs.	On Job Mos.
Frank Aldrich	44		35	
Robert Deane	31		27	
Frank B. Hopkins	31		27	6
William H. Dixon	30		24	
Daniel Duggan	30			6
Gregory Lawton	26		13	9
Arthur Hall	23		20	
William J. Sherry	23		14	8
Peter T. Baker	20		14	10
Geo. H. Ashton	20		9	10
Jacob Kooistra	20	6	6	10
Gustaf O. Cederholm	19		17	
John E. Ball	18	4	11	
John Walker	18		14	
Frank A. Bigelow	17		15	3
Albert Faber	16	6	10	8
William Hoogendyke	14		2	8
Frank S. Crockett	12	6	12	6
Paul F. Wheeler	12		12	
Ray C. Richardson	12		11	
Geo. P. Fournier	10		4	
Chas. A. Britlea	11		11	
William Skillen	10		7	
John Scott	8			7
Robt. English	7		1	3
Joseph J. Fournier	7	6	2	
Henry Kooistra	7		3	
Samuel Walker	7			5
Chester Montgomery	7			2
Philip Farrel	5	6	5	6
John F. Connors	4		2	6
Sjoerd Vanderakker	3	6	3	1/2
Irving Orrel	3	4	3	
Leon H. Barnes	1		6	
Philip Boyd	1			1 1/2
Nelson Hopkins	1	6	1	6
Erick Johnson		10		10
William Baines		7		7
Herbert Larochelle		8		8
Herman S. Baker	6	10	6	10
Henry P. Moter	8	6	8	6
Eugene Legassey		2		2
William Cochrane		3/4		3/4

Average in Shop, 13 years.
Average on Job, 8 years.

Seating Capacity of Autos in U. S. is Thirty Million

The seating capacity of the six million automobiles in use in the United States is not less than thirty million persons.

The total seating capacity of railroad cars, of which there are 55,705 in operation in the country, is about 3,500,000 persons.

To carry the people now carried by automobiles an equal distance would require 60,000 new passenger coaches, costing $11,000 each, or a total of $666,000,000; 14,972 new locomotives at $35,000 each, or a total of $524,000,000 and duplication of passenger tracks, depots and employees at an expense impossible to calculate.

The WHITIN Spindle

Whitinsville from the Air—View No. 3

DECEMBER

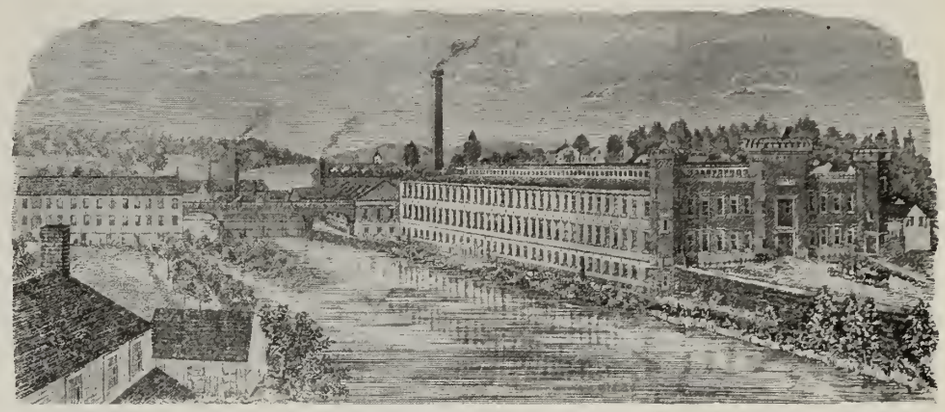
Vol. I No 5

Trade Series—The Wood Pattern Maker

The WHITIN Spindle

VOLUME 1 WHITINSVILLE, MASS., DECEMBER, 1919 NUMBER 5

Historical Sketch of Whitin Machine Works Builder of Textile Machinery



Whitin Machine Works in 1850

Oscar Owen has recently compiled a brief account of the Whitin Machine Works, to be published in the *Bulletin* of Gaston, Williams & Wigmore, of China and Japan, and the *Textile Record*, of Manchester, England. We take pride in being able to present at this time an article as interesting as this one and especially are proud of our service record here in the shop. We believe that there are few, if any, concerns in this country that can match this long service record. If there are, we should be glad to hear from them.

In the old print of the shop in 1850, reproduced herewith, you will notice in the lower left-hand corner the upper story and roof of the blacksmith shop in which Whitin machinery was first made.

The history of the growth of the Whitin Machine Works from a very humble beginning in 1826 to its present position of being one of the largest, most progressive, and reliable concerns for the manufacture of textile machinery in the world cannot be but interesting to all connected with textile industries.

In 1826 John C. Whitin, having invented and patented a picking machine, began its manufacture under the firm name of P. Whitin & Sons on a small scale in a shed used as a country blacksmith shop, located on the north bank of the Mumford River in the village of Whitinsville, Mass., employing three of four men using the very crude machine tools of that time, consisting of a country blacksmith shop equipment and a lathe with a stone bed. As time went on, Mr. Whitin continued to develop improvements in his picker and also in other textile machines, the successful results of which brought an increase in the business, necessitating an addition to the manufacturing facilities, which was accomplished by the erection of a new shop building in 1847—306 feet long by 102 feet wide, with two stories and a basement. In this shop, employing about a hundred men and boys, the following machines used in cotton mills at that time were made: pickers, cards, card grinders, carrying frames, doublers, railway heads, drawing frames, ring spinning frames, spoolers, twisters, warpers, dressers, and looms.

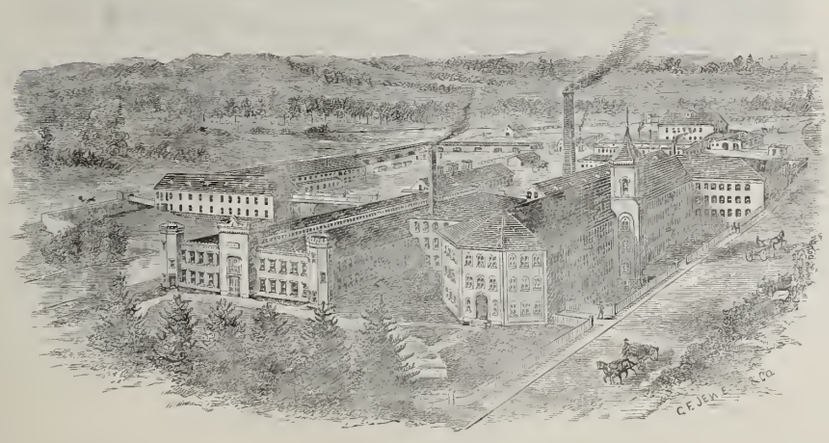
After the dissolution of the firm of P. Whitin & Sons in 1864, the business continued under the name of John C. Whitin; and to accommodate the rapidly growing business another large shop building was erected in that year, of three stories and basement, 475 feet long by 70 feet wide. Also a foundry and blacksmith shop were built at the same time.

In 1870 the business was incorporated under the name of Whitin Machine Works, with John C. Whitin president and his son-in-law, Josiah Lasell, treasurer. About five hundred hands were employed at that time.

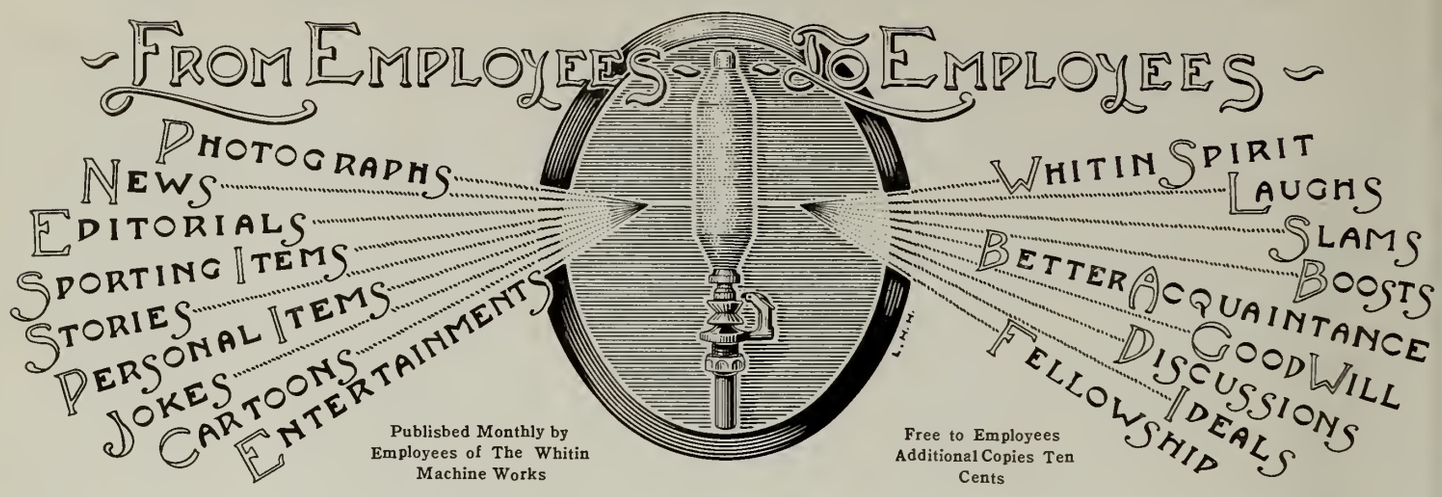
Since the death in 1882 of the founder of the Whitin Machine Works, the business has been so successfully managed by his descendants that it has attained a magnitude far beyond the most optimistic dreams of its founder and his associates. Many improvements in machinery equipment and enlargements of floor space have been made to the plant, so that, exclusive of tenements, sheds, etc., the plant now comprises nearly forty acres of floor space and at full capacity furnishes employment for thirty-five hundred people in the manufacture of a large variety of machines for the making of textile goods from asbestos, cotton, cotton waste, wool, and worsted fibers.

The shop buildings are equipped with the latest modern conveniences for heating, lighting, and sanitary purposes. An emergency hospital with two professional nurses in constant attendance is provided for the benefit of employees who may meet with an accident or become ill while in discharge of their duties.

Continued on page 20, column 1



Whitin Machine Works in 1880



EDITORS
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L. G. Lavallée

Editorial

In our last issue, our editorial dealt with the contentment that has been ours, and a hope that it may continue, recognized as a treasure to be guarded zealously. Where contentment reigns, the spirit of thanksgiving is fostered, and an expression of thankfulness creates good-will. We approach the holidays with abundant good-will.

The social unrest is disconcerting, but let us not be pessimistic. The nations that struggled for human liberty, justice, and right are victorious. Our harvests are plentiful, prosperity is on all sides, the future is bright.

There is no need of anxiety about the social and political confusion. Contentment is in our midst, and we need have no disquietude for others. Our nation is like a great tree—the Government is the roots, the institutions are the trunk, the activities and industries are the branches, and the communities are the leaves. The social unrest, like a storm, may destroy a leaf or break a branch, but the trunk and roots remain. Through the social upheaval our nation is unshaken, our ideals are undisturbed. An industry or a community may be affected, but no principle is overturned. Our traditions hold good, we progress.

We are in the age of big things, we are in the greatest age of giving. This Christmas will break all records. There is every reason to enter into the spirit of the season with fervor and make this a splendid occasion. Let us by thoughtfulness and appreciation make this our merriest Christmas.

We hope that this issue will help to carry with it the good-will desirable at all times, but particularly so in the coming holidays. We greet our readers with a MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

American Legion Notes

The Jeffrey L. Vail Post, No. 111, A. L., is making wonderful strides in its membership. The quota set by state headquarters was 130. At this writing there are 276 paid-up members.

The dancing party held on November 11 was a grand success, both socially and financially. Heys Orchestra of ten pieces furnished music, and those present agreed that the orchestra was at its best. A concert was given from eight to nine, which was greatly enjoyed by all, especially by the older people who did not dance.

The hall was prettily decorated, the national and Allied flags being used. A large emblem of the Legion draped with the American flag was suspended over the center of the stage. The emblem was made by W. O. Halpin and is another specimen of his ability as an artist. A large American flag completely covered the rear of the stage, and with the flags of the Allied nations a very pretty setting was made.

Dancing commenced at nine, and, from then until one, waltzes, fox-trots, and one-steps were enjoyed by all. Punch was served continuously, and that it was good was proven by the quantity that the committee had to make. "Bunky" Kearnan says that it contained the best "stick" that could be found in the town. Intermission was at 11 P. M., and ice-cream and fancy cookies were served in the banquet hall. There was a greater demand than was expected, and the consequence was that some were disappointed.

The members and their friends are looking forward to another such party in the near future. The committee in charge was Thomas Melia, Thomas Mckaig, James R. Clarke, Harry L. Kearnan, and Thomas H. Driscoll.

It Pays to advertise

Employees who have anything to sell or swap or who wish to buy anything may use the columns of the "Spindle" to advertise. No charge will be made for ads, and all are welcome. Here is a chance to buy or exchange bicycles, autos, guns, fishing tackle, boats and canoes, hens, eggs, or even mothers-in-law.

Wanted

We believe that there is an overbalance of office news lately in the "Spindle," compared to shop news. From the very beginning we have hammered in the fact that we want news about the shop. Send it in. Never mind if it does sound flat. Let us have it. Maybe the editors can patch it up, or maybe make it so flat that it will pass as being humorous. Who knows? Just give it a try. The next time you have a hunch, know a thing about the other fellow or yourself, take the old graphite stick in hand, scribble it off, and send it in to either Morrison or Carpenter. If it isn't printed this month, don't be impatient; it may turn up next month.

Dermody Promoted

Lester Dermody has been promoted from the board on Fletcher's job to the office of the Production Department. Dermody started his career here in the spring of 1917, working a few days on Bates's job before being placed on the board work on the polishing job. He was later transferred to similar work on Wood's and Blanchard's jobs.

He broke connections with the Whitin Machine Works long enough to serve six months in the army during the war, taking up a course in electrical motors at Syracuse University. Later he was sent to Camp Eustis, Lee Hall, Virginia, and received his honorable discharge from that camp. Upon his return here he was assigned to the board on Fletcher's job, but is now on more general work in the Production Department. We wish you further success, Dermody.

The third annual Red Cross roll call has just been completed; and though the number of members is not as large as during war times, the reported enrollment over the country is large enough to insure an interest on the part of the people in the peace-time work of the organization which has done so much to relieve suffering wherever found.

In Northbridge a total number of 1,900 was enrolled, and the amount turned in by the local treasurer was $2,058.46. Considering the conditions which have handicapped the work, this is a good showing and apparently above the average for towns of the same size.

Northbridge was responsible to the Worcester Chapter during the week of November 3 to November 11, in which the canvass took place. Unlike former drives for members and funds, there was no canvass made in the shop, mills, and stores, and the efforts of the workers were confined to a house to house canvass throughout the several villages of the town. Mr. Henry Whitcomb, of Worcester, was county chairman and was assisted by several zone chairmen, Northbridge being in the zone in charge of Mr. G. B. Hamblin. The work in town was carried out by an organization consisting of S. F. Brown, chairman; J. J. Foley, secretary and publicity agent; and E. S. Alden, Jr., treasurer; assisted by fourteen team captains responsible for teams of five members each, with the exception of Rockdale and Linwood, which had a larger number. Four of these were ladies' teams; three were made up of American Legion members, and the other seven were general teams. Those in charge of the several units were:

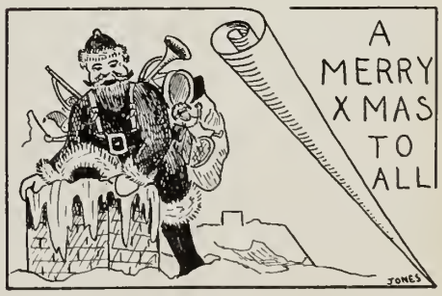
Mrs. S. R. Mason, Mrs. John Redmond, Mrs. C. T. Moffett, Mrs. J. F. Carroll, J. Lasell, 2nd, Thomas Melia, James Lightbowm, W. E. Brewer, F. O. Fiske, William Kearnan, Samuel Moss, Harley E. Keeler, Archie W. Couper, Amos G. Maddox.

In the past months the Red Cross has demonstrated the lasting value of a great independent organization working for the express purpose of relieving pain and suffering without regard to whether those aided are friend or foe. In these pleasant times of peace after the horrors of war are passed, it stands ready to step into any emergency and give help to those in need, whether from wind, fire, or flood.

Let's get behind a work as worthy as this and give it our support in the months and years to come.

Our Cover

The cover for this month shows number three of the views entitled "Whitinsville from the Air." If we will notice the covers of the September and October issues, we will find by placing them side by side that they show the north and northeast sections of the village from the shop. This month's cover shows the east view. We have three more views and by placing them in the order in which they will be printed, together with those already printed, we will have a complete view of the town as it looks from more than two hundred feet up in the air.



A Whitin Machinist Amidst the Picturesque

Spokane, Wash.,
November 4, 1919.

The Whitin Spindle,
Whitinsville, Mass.

Dear Editor:

I am sending a brief sketch of my vacation trip as it comes to mind. As I am on my way home, I seem to be able to review the scenes and get something from them. If you find nothing in this which seems of any value for the "Spindle," do not hesitate to throw it into the waste basket. I would call this article, "A Whitin Machinist amidst the Picturesque."

It would not be possible for me to picture in words the grandeur and beauty of the Canadian Rocky Mountains and the Rockies of our Northwest. Neither would the limited space in our "Whitin Spindle" permit it, but I would like to tell the boys, if they like most wonderful scenery, to take a trip over the Canadian Pacific and to stop at some of the noted places on their way to the Pacific Coast.

On your arrival at Lake Louise, let me tell you what you would see. In front of the hotel would be a lake—the color, robin's egg blue, and at the farther end a mountain whose top is at all times covered with snow. At each side of this lake are other mountans which are not as high and are covered with the green of spruce, fir, and pine, which make a fine contrast to the snow-covered peak at the far end; and these mountains, with the sun shining brightly upon them, as it did the two days I was there, make something worth seeing. It seemed to me that the parlors of the hotel are arranged to allow one to take in this most striking picture, for as you sit in front of one of the big windows it makes a frame with the above scene as the picture.

At Lake Louise you are 5,500 feet above the sea, and around about are peaks from 10,000 to 12,000 feet high. On one day I climbed to the top of one peak 7,300 feet. From here I could see three lakes, all the beautiful blue color, and in the distance the stream in the valley. I would like to say that I thought I was in pretty fair shape for this climb, as there was a good trail up to 6,500 feet and not bad the rest of the way. The last 1,000 feet zigzagged back and forth a good deal and was mighty steep. But every time I stepped I found something was the matter with my mind. There also was a little sensation of dizziness, not from effect of looking down from a height, but from some other cause. Please remember these lakes are right in the mountain tops. The highest one I visited was 6,900 feet above sea level. The weather here was fine and warm—beautiful lawns with people playing tennis as in summer. This is but one of the picture places one sees through the mountains.

Bert Sweet (on right) in the Far West

The writer was fortunate in having a brother who had made his home for the last ten or twelve years in that country, known as the bench lands of the Sierras. It was here I put in a lot of time seeing and doing things. But before speaking of this, I must tell you a little about Seattle. My first sight of this place was at night from the deck of a steamboat in Puget Sound. One's first thought would be that the city was having a celebration, for such is the effect from the almost unlimited electricity which this city has. The city itself is built terrace above terrace, and you get its full beauty at night in approaching from the sea.

Now let me write about the auto drives and good roads a moment, for I know lots of the boys who picked out their summer trips the past season. The roads in and about Seattle are the finest I ever saw. I rode about in the city itself to all the parks and places of interest during one entire afternoon until dark, and I never saw a street with cobble stones. On Sunday I went out to Everett, about 40 miles away, and there was asphalt and concrete with brick inlaid most of the way. We came back by another route which took us through another large town. The roads were the same. The scenery was not very interesting, as this country out of Seattle is owned by the big lumber companies, who are selling it to people who in turn are burning off the brush and stumps in order to get it into condition for farms. This makes it rather desolate, as it is constantly burning and smoking.

In going from Seattle to my brother's I had to go back through the Rockies again and passed through many tunnels and snowsheds on my way. Now, roads in the bench lands are a different thing altogether. In the orchard country you are in a district only ten or twelve years old. I often thought of the boys at home and what they would think of these roads. Let me picture to you the highway from my home there to the next town. Take a loaf of bread and

imagine it as the mountain. Now, cut a slice half way down on one side, but beginning from the upper corner at the left and ending at the lower one at the right. This leaves you with a shelf and a steep grade, also almost a sheer drop of perhaps 200 feet, and you have *no chance* to pass except at certain places where one will have to stop and wait, lots of sharp turns where the bumper will almost jut over the edge of the bank in turning a corner. This is a fair illustration of roads in the sunny town of Okanogan, Wash. Don't think for these reasons there are few autos used. Four years ago this would be true; to-day nearly every orchard and ranch has one, also a truck.

They not only ride in these autos, but in flying machines as well. On Sunday during my stay an aviator gave an exhibition and took any party who had the price. One dollar a minute for straightaway flying and five dollars extra for each stunt, such as the loop the loop, nose dive, head spin, and the tail spin, etc. Did any one go? Well, I guess! For two days that flying machine was kept busy. They generally were up about twenty minutes at a time, and the ranchmen looked at their watches before getting in, to see that they got full measure, too. While I was watching, eight different persons went up. Don't think for a minute, because you see a fellow with whiskers streaked with tobacco juice and wearing a flannel shirt, that he wouldn't take a chance or did not have the price. They have done nothing else but take chances for some years, and any one of them may be worth $250,000 and own wheat land worth as much more, or an orchard worth from $10,000 to $40,000.

The Okanogan River flows very near where I was staying. This river flows into the Columbia; and the way my brother came into this country, up to four years ago, was by steam wheel steamer. If he came in during the early months of the year, sometimes the steamer turned around in the strong current and went down stream. The boatmen then went out with a rope and warped it around the bend.

The Colville Indian Reservation is just the other side of the river, as large as some of our states. It was customary to see the Indians in town every day. Some are quite modern in dress; that is, the *ladies*, but are very *dirty*. They own some very fine wheat lands, and a few are wealthy. I remember in an early number of the "Spindle" an extraordinary story told by some of our boys of a fishing trip in Nova Scotia. I think I can go them one better. I did not do any fishing myself, but I watched some Indians who were; and they have all of us beaten to a frazzle. They stood in the shallows of the Okanogan, dressed mostly as nature endowed them, spearing red salmon. "Chinnook" salmon!

You would no doubt like to hear about what they used as a spear—a pole about 15 feet long, the business end of which branches into two prongs about 6 inches apart at the extreme end, and on the ends of the prongs are steel barbs attached to a strong cord held in the left hand. When they spear a salmon, these barbs are detached from the pole; and then the fight is on. On returning from our ride in the late afternoon, these Indians had finished fishing and were riding out of the river. We watched them through the glass and on finding they were going to come into the road we waited for them. They made a truly Western picture on their horses, with the long spears and the big fish flashing in the afternoon sun against the opposite bank of the river.

After riding up the steep bank they were very willingly stopped, and I purchased the smallest fish for $1.50. This salmon weighed 15 pounds, but I could have bought the largest for the same price, and that would weigh certainly 35 or 40 pounds. They each had six hanging from the saddle, and very obligingly posed while we snapped them with our camera, so the boys can see I have the proof for my story. Soon after this we passed their camp, where the fish were drying in the sun.

A number of hunting trips were taken for ducks, blue grouse, prairie chicken, and our own partridges. While I saw prairie chicken, it was not while hunting, and of course I had no gun. Plenty of deer were brought in after the first of October, black tail or mule deer.

My brother and I, with my nephew and some of the good neighbors, were intending a week's camping in the mountains. My brother's ill health prevented my going, but my nephew at this writing is in the mountains.

The hunting in this country is climb, slip, and climb some more. I remember the first time I went out for blue grouse. I asked my brother whether he had not made a mistake, and if we did not need alpen stocks instead of guns, for mountain climbing. I surely needed no gun, for my nephew, who was just back from doing his bit in France, and the good pack mule carried mine.

Continued on page 21, column 2

The Cigars Are On "Bert"

Whitin Machine Works, 3 Emmets, 0

Playing the best game they have shown so far this season, the soccer team administered defeat upon the Emmets of Pawtucket, this time 3 to 0. The visitors were completely outclassed, and teamwork was clever and smooth. We kept the ball out of danger most of the time and would have run up a larger score but for a little over-anxiety to score. The first half ended 1 to 0, but the Emmets had come within an inch of scoring on two occasions.

The second half was all Whitins. Wade, our inside left, was the star, scoring twice during the half. The first came after some fine passing on a clever dribble past Barney. Rushton and Monks cleared time and again, as the Emmets struggled to keep in the game; but Wade connected with a fast pass and cleverly turned it into a clean goal.

The lineup:

Whitin Machine Works	Emmets
Rothwell, g.	g., Cassidy
Rushton, rb.	rb., Quinn
Monks, lb.	lb., Barney
Maddox, rhb.	rhb., Savage
Hoyle, chb.	chb., Loderbeanch
Lightbown, lhb.	lhb., Holroyd
Cowburn, rof.	rof., Turner
Nuttall, lbf.	rof., Gee
Hardman, c.	c., Leech
Wade, lif.	lif., Carlin
Jackson, lof.	lof., Malarkey

Goals for Whitin Machine Works: Hardman 1, Wade 2. Linesmen: T. Colthart and R. Smith. Referee: Carroll, of Greystone. Two 40-minute halves.

Howard & Bullough, 3 Whitin Machine Works, 2

Our boys visited the Turner Street grounds in Pawtucket to tackle the Howard & Bulloughs team. From the kick-off the ball moved up and down the field, strong forwards passing cleverly only to be outdone by grand defensive work. Rushton saved the day many times for Whitins, and Donnelly and Brennan were a veritable stonewall. The battle was very even until Stinchon drove the ball toward Monks, who, in making an attempt to clear, played through his own goal. Stinchon immediately afterwards made it 2 to 0 with a header after passing Rushton. This aroused our forwards, and they were soon at their opponents' goal; a pass by Wade to Nuttall was shot beyond Dixon for a score, and Wade soon tallied again, bringing the score to 2 all.

The second half repeated the first, but Monks unfortunately missed another shot which caromed off his boot past Rothwell for the deciding goal. While the Whitin Machine Works boys were disappointed over the result, the good-will shown by our hosts soon dispelled our sorrow. Coffee, sandwiches, and pies were on the menu, and our boys did themselves proud; their attack was perfect, and the luncheon was soon vanquished.

The lineup:

Whitin Machine Works	Howard & Bullough
Rothwell, g.	g., R. Dixon
Rushton, rfb.	rfb., Brennan
Monks, lfb.	lfb., Donnelly
Maddox, rhb.	rhb., C. Dixon
Hoyle, chb.	chb., Blakely
Lightbown, lhb.	lhb., Cox
Gonlag, rof.	rof., McKenna
Nuttall, rif.	rif., Stinchon
Ashworth, c.	c., Smith
Wade, lif.	lif., Proctor
Jackson, lof.	lof., White

Goals: Smith 1, Nuttall 1, Wade 1, Monks 2. Time: 45-minute halves.

Whitin Machine Works vs. Second Team

On November 15 our second team, or team B (signifying Bolsheviks), slipped out a red flag and challenged the shop team. It was started for suppers; it ended—well, read on.

A few "has beens," mingled with a few "never will be's," and some promising talent banded together to beat the big fellows. W. Smith, D. Blakely, J. Connors, and Jimmie Jones, the cartoonist, were the headliners in our opposition. The game went big from the start. Somebody lost his finger in Jimmie Jones's eye. He complained to our Past Noble Grand Official the fancy box-maker, Joe Hetherington, without result.

"I wasn't looking," said Joe.

"Well, you ought to have been," said Jimmie; "that's your business."

"Well, my dear James," retorted Joe sarcastically, "if you had been looking, you would have seen the finger coming your way—that's your business."

F. Cowburn's nose ran into somebody's elbow. Billie Smith drove the ball into Eddie's stomach, and it took a crowbar to get it back. H. Ashworth nosed the ball and thought that Jack Dempsey was around. A. Ashworth tried his nose next, and it stood the test no better. Connors, Blakely, and Smith gave the boys a lot of valuable pointers, not to mention Vice-President Hetherington's bits of choice advice. He showed that a little man can see a lot; but more, that it takes a little man to overlook a lot. It was a great exhibition of England's favorite sport. If not, what care we; it was 8 to 3 in our favor at the end.

Norton, 3 W. M. W. Seconds, 1

Our second soccer team went out of its class to tackle the Norton Co. soccer team. The result was gratifying. They beat us 3 to 1, but our boys kept their opponents on the run all the time.

The half ended 0 to 0, and the score was 1 to 1 until near the close of the game. Haworth played a great game in goal, but failure to handle two hot ones cleanly allowed a couple of shots to register.

The coaching that the boys are receiving is showing to advantage.

All-Americans Lose

A game of basketball was played in the high school gym, Wednesday, December 3, between the All-Americans of the shop and the students. The physical condition, knowledge of the game, passing, and shooting of the school team showed great improvement, but they had to go some to win at that. Cassidy and the McGuire boys were much at home on the floor, but out of practice. Heath, Bouvier, and Brennan worked hard. Manager Anderson rooted royally for his charges, but to no avail. Lack of practice caused the All-Americans to foul frequently, in dribbling and in carrying the ball particularly.

The first half ended 8 to 7 in favor of the All-Americans, but the second half was all high school.

The lineup:

High School	All-Americans
Hetherington, lf.	rg., M. McGuire
Vaughn, Fowler, rf.	lg., Cassidy
E. Smith, c.	c., Brennan, Heath
W. W. Smith, Maddox, lg.	rf., J. McGuire
J. Smith, rg.	lf., Vouvier

Goals: E. Smith 4, Hetherington 3, W. W. Smith 1, Fowler 1, Cassidy 2, Brennan 2, J. McGuire 1; M. McGuire 1, Heath 1. Goals from fouls: E. Smith 9, Cassidy 2. Time: 10-minute quarters. Timer: Walter Brown. Scorer: L. W. Brown. Referee: W. Morrison.

Football Star

Greater interest has been shown in college football games than ever before, in all parts of the country. The season has been extremely interesting, with the unexpected happening all the time. One upset after the other has kept experts guessing on the outcome of games. Small colleges have repeatedly defeated larger ones.

Williams College held Cornell to three points and defeated Columbia 25 to 0. In both games the playing of John W. Lasell, left tackle for Williams, was spectacular. New York and Boston papers have praised him frequently. Coach Brooks says he is fast, big, and shifty, and could make end on any team in the country. He has kicked goals from the 45-yard line. We have followed him throughout the season, and our Whitinsville representative on the gridiron has been an honor to us. Williams had one of the best seasons in its history, and you can place a lot of credit on the shoulders of the two players in the cut herewith.

The picture was taken in the Columbia game. John has just kicked a goal, and Benny Boynton, without doubt one of the very best quarterbacks in the country and the choice of many for All-American quarterback for this year as well as for 1917, is seen kneeling, watching the ball sail between the uprights.

We congratulate John on his fine playing and appreciate the honor he has brought to Whitinsville. When next fall rolls around, we shall be looking for him and Boynton to keep Williams in the winning column.

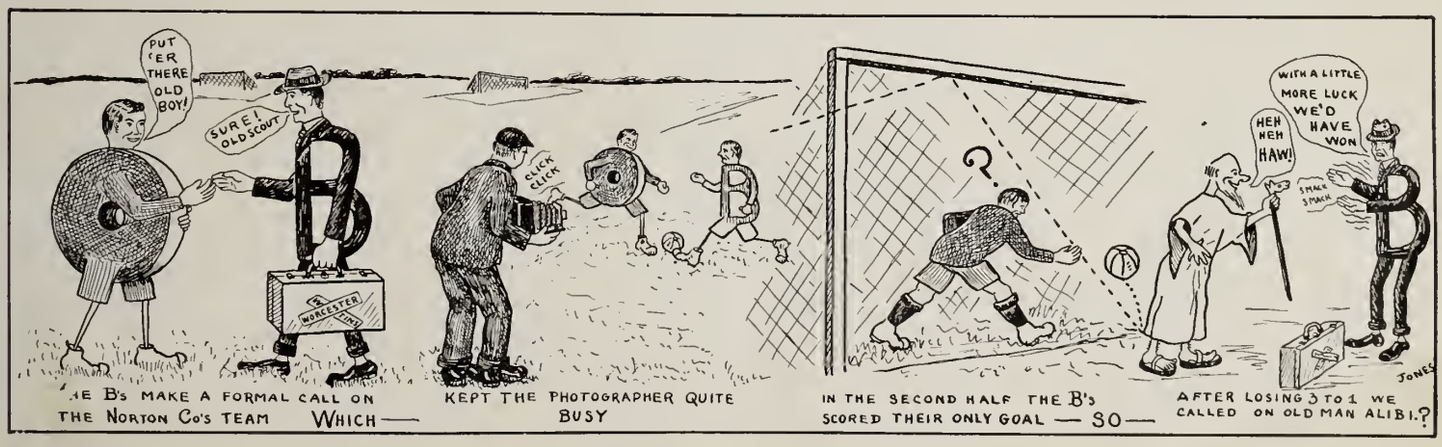
Lasell and Boynton

N. H. S., 15; W. M. W., 4

Some of our boys have taken kindly to the opportunity to get a little sport out of basketball by playing the high school team. It is not to be expected that victory will perch on our side, considering the little time devoted to practice and lack of coaching. However, the games afford plenty of excitement and healthful exercise. If we can only keep at it, perhaps we'll be able to down the students at some future occasion. In the meantime, however, we are boosting the high school team to come out and trim all outside competitors, and our games are doing a lot towards reaching that goal.

Kooistra, former high school star, opened the season Saturday night, November 15, with a basket, putting the W. M. W. on top. We did not stay there very long, for it was the only basket we shot from the floor.

Continued on page 10, column 1



Close guarding kept the score down as much as poor shooting by our opponents. Our boys lacked the staying qualities and teamwork necessary for the best results.

The score:

N. H. S.	W. M. W.
L. Fowler, W. W. Smith, Vaughn, lf.	lg., Ashworth
S. Fowler, Hetherington, rf.	rg., Ballard, F. Smith
Vaugh, E. Smith, c.	c., Kooistra, Ballard
J. Smith, rg.	lf., F. Smith, Ballard
W. Smith, W. W.	mith, Maddox, lg.
	rf., Johnson, O'Neil

Baskets: by Hetherington 1, Vaughn 2, J. Smith 1, W. W. Smith 1, E. Smith 2, Kooistra. Goals from fouls: Johnston 2, E. Smith 1. Time: four 10-minute periods. Timer: Brown. Scorer: Morrison. Referee: Wilcox.

N. H. S., 36; W. M. W., 16

In the second game of the season with the students, our boys were again sent down to defeat. More skill was shown in basket shooting, but our boys did not have the staying qualities. The second quarter ended 13 to 12 against us, but the third quarter was all for the high school. When they gathered eight baskets with a point from foul, substitutes were sent in, but the scoring continued. The shop team was stronger than on its previous appearance, but the schoolboys have made real progress, both in shooting and teamwork.

The score:

N. H. S.	W. M. W.
Hetherington, lf.	rg., Ashworth
Livingstone, Vaughn, rf.	lg., O'Neil, Smith
E. Smith, c.	c., Wilcox
W. W. Smith, McKinnon, lg.	rf., Ballard
J. Smith, Maddox, W. Smith, rg.	lf., Kooistra

Baskets: Hetherington 2, Vaughn 3, Livingstone 3, E. Smith 7, J. Smith 1, W. W. Smith 1, Ballard 4, Kooistra 3, Wilcox. Goals from Fouls: E. Smith 2.

The Apprentice School team lost to the more experienced High School Seconds. Jackman starred for our opponents, and Orrell did the best work for the apprentices. Score: N. H. S. seconds, 25; Apprentices, 1.

Robert K. Brown

Long Service Series

Mr. Robert K. Brown enjoys the distinction of being the fourth oldest employee of the Whitin Machine Works, having been connected with the shop for fifty-four years. As a young man Mr. Brown helped build the old office in which he was soon to take up his life's work, although he did not realize it at that time.

He attended the first commercial school established in Worcester for a period of six months in the years 1866 and 1867. From this school he became the fourth member of the office force of the Works, in April, 1867, holding down the position of office boy, which in those days meant anything from errand boy to general assistant.

The four members of the office force then were John C. Whitin, Josiah Lasell, David B. Chase, and Robert K. Brown. These men worked together for almost twenty years before additional help was taken on.

Mr. Brown recalls very readily the time when G. Marston Whitin first came into the office, for he was assigned to make him familiar with the ways and means. Mr. Whitin took over Mr. Brown's work soon afterwards, in 1874, while Mr. Brown enjoyed a trip to northern Ireland.

Mr. Whitin only recently asked Mr. Brown if he remembered, back in the old days when they were paying off, the time he spilled the pay envelopes. Those were the days when every man was known by his first name, so it didn't take long to straighten out the money scattered by Mr. Whitin. Although it has nothing to do with the story, it is an interesting fact to note that Mr. Whitin was made assistant treasurer soon after this mishap.

Mr. Brown has furnished the editors with a very interesting history of the shop, which we intend to publish in the near future. We hope that Mr. Brown will be with us for many years yet.

In all the fifty-four years, he has watched many of the Whitin executives and employees come and go and in turn has become a friend of a large majority. He is still enthusiastically interested in present-day affairs, yet does not try to impress upon us that he is as young as he used to be. In fact, he finds a certain satisfaction in growing old, a satisfaction much like the thoughts expressed in the following poem, which, by the way, was secured from his desk:

Growing Old

A little more tired at the close of day,
A little less anxious to have our way;
A little less anxious to scold and blame,
A little more care for a brother's name;
And so we are nearing the journey's end,
Where time and eternity meet and blend.

A little less care for bonds of gold,
A little more zest for the days of old,
A broader view and a saner mind,
And a little more love for all mankind;
And so we are faring down the way
That leads to the gates of a better day.

A little more love for the friends of youth,
A little more zeal for established truth;
A little more charity in our views,
A little less thirst for the daily news;
And so we are folding our tents away
And passing in silence at close of day.

A little more leisure to sit and dream,
A little more real the things unseen;
A little nearer to those ahead,
With visions of those long loved and dead;
And so we are going where all must go,
To the place the living may never know.

A little more laughter, a few more tears,
And we shall have told our increasing years.
The book is closed, and the prayers are said,
And we are part of the countless dead.
Thrice happy, then, if some soul can say,
"I live because he has passed my way."

Dr. A. V. Barnes,
In the Christian Advocate

Community Civics

There may be those who think of Civics as a subject relating to foreigners and the methods by which they may become naturalized—in other words, Americanization. This is only one of the many phases of civics.

Americanization in its broader sense has an important meaning for all—native born or foreign. Its aim is twofold—to make us Americans 100 per cent strong and to make us 100 per cent strong Americans. To acquire citizenship by birth is no great credit, nor is it of much value to take out papers for naturalization. These acts in themselves have very little value; but if the citizenship that ensues is worthy, then we have something honorable, praiseworthy, and creditable.

"What is a citizen?" asked the teacher of Community Civics. Promptly came the reply, "A citizen is a man who lives in a city." In the classroom this answer was unsatisfactory, but what line of reasoning could have brought out this definition? Possibly those who live in towns do not take any interest in civic work and are not thought of as citizens. Certain it is that they are not 100 per cent strong in citizenship unless they do something for the community and its betterment. They may do it individually, but in organized effort much more can be accomplished. Each community, great or small, should have an organization filled with civic pride on the alert to foster every suggestion for improvement, not meddling, not officious, but sympathetic and helpful.

Referring to the recitation that a citizen was a man who lived in a city, we can find a whole lot more truth in it than appears at first thought. As far as some citizens are concerned, it applies very accurately; they simply "live in a city." It is not enough to while away time. Citizenship is not a mere existence in any particular place. Citizenship is action, and we have had many splendid examples of it in service during the war. But why wait for war? In peace we have abundant opportunities. Here is a list of activities, in at least one of which you should take interest:

General health, protection of life and property, recreation, education, civic beauty, resources, lines of communication, transportation, immigration, and charities. These groups have various subdivisions, as may be implied; for instance, pure water and pure food, prevention against accidents, playground work, settlement work, clean-up days, thrift campaigns, newspaper reports, street car service, and voluntary charity.

The Fox Hunters

Who are the merry fox hunters so prominently in action in the cartoon on this page?

They are George Gill, Ed. Taft, and Bob Deane, well-known citizens and sportsmen of Whitinsville, and are shown here in all the glory of the chase.

The fox was out of luck this time. He fell back into his hole wounded, but not to die unattended, for our hunters turned premature grave diggers and rescued him in time to be attendants at his death bed.

This was fox number one of the week's sport, and was bagged on Tuesday. Friday, Bob Deane bagged the second fox of the party. On the last day of the week, an eye witness who was unprejudiced in this sport told us confidentially that the time he saw the trio at work it was more like a revolutionary sham battle than a fox hunt. One member of the party was behind a tree, covering a knot hole in a nearby barn, while Lucien Barnes, of the Flyer job, who had joined the party, was seen coming down the road with his hair on end and his coat tails sticking out behind, over-anxious to get in his shot. The other two gentlemen were ducking the oncoming lead pellets from the guns of their pals.

It was a merry old chase. Gill says he found the water in the brook pretty cold.

News From Bradford

The Electrical Department will be glad to know that word has been received from Phil Bradford, now with the Westinghouse Electrical Co. Phil now reports that he is enjoying himself in the "Smoky City" and expects to leave soon for Philadelphia, where he will finish up his course of training. On completing this course he will be assigned to territory in Massachusetts as a salesman. Better figure up your orders now.

Deane & Gill

CONTRACTORS AND EXCAVATORS

Digging Out Foxes Our Specialty

Our Last Contract

The Screw Department

The Screw Department was formerly a part of the bolt job. Back in 1886 there were four screw machines in the shop, two of them on the bolt job; and they were operated by Jerry Holland and Patrick Carroll. Two others were set up on this end of Sweet's job near the office and were operated by Robert Brighty. These four machines turned out daily about 800 screws, which was a sufficient quantity to supply all the machines built in the shop at that time.

In the year 1888 Cyrus Taft purchased from the Jones & Lamson Machine Co. two turret lathes, one for making studs and the other for making screws. The bolt job, which was then at the lower end of what is now the spindle job, was overcrowded, so these machines were set up at the end of Blair's job, where the boring mill now stands. Robert Britton, present foreman of the Screw Department, set the machines up and was the first man to operate them in the shop.

These machines proved to be a success, and shortly afterwards Mr. Taft purchased from the Hartford Machine Screw Co. two automatic screw machines, which were also set up near the others and proved to be quite a curiosity, for automatic machines were little heard of in those days.

Mr. Taft was very skeptical about the amount and quality of work that these machines would turn out, and for several months the operator, Mr. Britton, had to show every morning the amount of work done on them and the amount spoiled. However, these automatic machines, like the stud machines purchased a short time before, proved a success, and Mr. Taft afterwards bought two more automatics and two more turret lathes from Pratt & Whitney; also one automatic machine from Brown & Sharpe. The turret lathes were operated by Robert Brighty and the automatic machines by Robert Britton.

As the shop grew larger and the different work that could be done on these machines was found out, Mr. Taft ordered several more automatic machines, which were set up on the other side of the room, where Ed. Hanny's job now stands. Robert Britton, present foreman of the screw job, was appointed to look after them. This was in 1895.

Robert Britton

In a short time all the available space around the original automatic machines was filled with screw machinery of different makes. Some were placed in the cellar underneath

Continued on page 13, column 3

Name	In Shop yrs.	In Shop mos.	On Job yrs.	On Job mos.
Robert Britton	39		25	
Michael Carney	27		12	
Augustus Guyette	26		24	
Lawrence Kane	26		23	
Wm. McNaul	24		20	
James Kiernan	22		22	
Delphis Remillard	20		20	
Ernest Guyette	18		9	
George Boutiette	15		11	
Joseph Laporte	14		2	6
Felix Cote	13		5	
Erec E. Johnson	12		12	
Chas. McCallan	12		12	
David Magill	11		11	
Philip Belanger	11		9	6
Robert Lawson	10		6	
John McKinnon	9	6	8	
Felix Gauthier	9		9	
Elzear Laferriere	6	6	6	
Edward Kane	6		4	
Maurice Madigan	6		3	
Reuben Seastrom	6		2	6
Ernest Ballard	6		2	
Arthur Merchant	5	6	2	6
Charles Paine	5		5	
Louis Streeter	5		4	6
Peter Dykstra	5		1	
Wm. Wright	4		4	
Ruth Colby	4		1	1
Diana Laferriere	4		1	1
David Gray	3		3	
Harold E. Hughes	3		3	
Alex. Marplucka	3		3	
Arthur Bedard	3		1	6
Hartley Watts	3		1	6
Frank Blakely	2		2	
Ralph Crockett	2		2	
George Kane	2		2	
Earl Hammond	2		2	
Edgar Payne	2		1	6
Ruth Hammond	2		1	1
George Major	1	10	1	10
Annie Conway	1	6	1	1
Aron Seastrom	1		1	
Peter Vandersluis	1		1	
John Wiersma		6		6
Chas. Vitol		6		6

Lasell Delegate to A. L. Convention

Joe Lasell brings back the following report from Minneapolis: The first national convention of the American Legion was held November 10-12, 1919, at Minneapolis, and was in a number of ways an epoch making event in the history of our country. Every state and territory of the country was represented. In round numbers, some 3,500 delegates attended the convention.

The actual drafting of the resolutions and constitution for the Legion was done by fifteen large committees. These committees were composed of one man from each state and territory represented at the convention, with the result that all parts of the country were represented and had a chance to be heard. The work of these committees was so well done that in most instances the resolutions presented to the floor of the convention by the chairman of the committee were accepted. The proceedings throughout were marked by the strongest of American sentiment and vigorous patriotism.

Several resolutions bearing on unpatriotic acts during the war by residents of this country were unanimously adopted. Those aliens who withdrew their first papers in order to get out of the draft were recommended for deportation. Congress was urged to withdraw the honorable discharges of those conscientious objectors who were released from service honorably, with all back pay on the cessation of all hostilities. Another resolution was passed to the effect that no spirit of soft, sentimental charity be shown the Boche. These resolutions show for the most part the underlying attitude of our ex-service men toward those who showed the white feather during the war.

Several resolutions concerning the future military policy of our country were adopted. Some form of universal military service, and a general staff made up of one half of regular army officers and one half of civilian reserve officers was recommended.

An investigation of the unnecessarily harsh treatment of our own prisoners during the war was asked for. Throughout the discussion of these military questions, it was very evident that the Legion was demanding a decided improvement in the conduct of our War Department.

Membership in the women's auxiliary of the American Legion was confined to wives, mothers, sisters, and widows of men who had been in the service. The reason for drawing this line so sharply was that upon any other basis all the heroic women of the United States would have to be taken in as auxiliaries. While the Legion realizes more keenly than any other body, perhaps, what the splendid women of this country did for our men in service, they realize also that to take in all women workers would result in an organization so large that it would be very difficult to handle.

The question of additional compensation for men who had been in service during the war was quite hotly debated, and a resolution was adopted stating that the American Legion felt that her service men were entitled to additional compensation, but that the Legion left the matter of amount and the means for raising this extra pay for the soldiers entirely in the hands of Congress.

Another point which was carefully discussed was the matter of continuing the *American Legion Weekly*. It was decided to raise the per capita tax to national headquarters from 25 cents to $1, in order that the organ of the Legion should be able to continue without running into debt. In consequence, every member of the Legion, upon his payment of $1 to national headquarters, will receive the *Weekly* for a year.

These are perhaps the main subjects which were brought up at the first convention.

In referring to the local post Joe reports, "on November 19, the following officers were elected to hold office for one year in the Jeffrey L. Vail Post:

Commander, Josiah Lasell, 2nd.
Vice-commander, William H. Hoch.
Post adjutant, Frank Lightbown.
Post finance officer, Kempe O. Feenstra.
Post historian, Lester M. Blair.
Post chaplain, Walter Stevens.

Robert K. Brown, 2nd, was elected to the Executive Committee for a term of three years, William Crawford for two years, and Thomas J. Melia for a term of one year.

The Post will hold its regular meetings on the first and third Wednesday of each month. It is urged that during the winter months as many men attend each meeting of the Post as possible.

The Screw Department

Continued from page 12

Hanny's job, and later more were set up in the lower end of No. 1 Shop. The job was then transferred to the lower end of No. 1 Shop, where it now is. There are to-day a total of 141 machines on the job, 88 of these being automatics of different designs.

The screw job is turning out daily an average of 24,000 screws of different sizes; 9,000 studs, shafts, and rolls; 16,000 pins, both taper and straight; 8,000 collars and gear blanks of all sizes; and 1,500 nuts, making an average output daily of 58,500 finished pieces. These pieces all belong to machinery built by the Whitin Machine Works. This is still not enough to supply the demand, for at the present time this job is taxed to its utmost capacity.

Play on the Square

Play the game for all you're worth,
  Play the game to win;
Dig your toes into the earth
  Stick, through thick and thin.
Hit the line with all your might,
  But when you hit, be fair,
Play the game, but day and night,
  Play it on the square.

Play for wealth or fun or fame,
  Never lose your grit.
Stand right up and play the game.
  Don't be quick to quit.
You've a right to want to win,
  Blows you needn't spare;
But whatever game you're in,
  Play it on the square.—*Exchange.*

Gellatly's Hobby

As a country we have our national music, national games, but really have no national dance. such as have the Scotch, Irish, and Spanish. To be a good dancer in Scotland is to be heralded, spoken of, and written about, the same as our football and baseball players are in this land.

David Gellatly is a real Scotchman, having been in this country but three years, and at the present age of nineteen competes with the best exhibitors of his national dances, often taking away all the honors. At the annual Scotch picnic held at Caledonian Grove, West Roxbury, last August, Dave gave a clever exhibition of the sword dance and Highland fling, and won out against a large field. It is indeed picturesque to watch the lads and lassies, all costumed out in national regalia, dancing to the squeek, squawk, and squeel of the bagpipe, while the audience exclaims its "Hoot Mon."

Dave was born in Dundee, Scotland, in 1900. He has always shown an aptitude for dancing and at the age of nine attended the "Arthur Dancing Academy," a well-known school of dancing in Scotland. Dave says he used to practice morning, noon, and night. In fact, he danced out of bed, to meals, and into bed at night; but unlike some of the American boys, Dave says his father never made him dance as a punishment.

At the age of ten he entered the first dancing competition, which was held in the Princess Theatre, at Dundee, and took home the first prize, which was a gold medal. Following up the initial success, the next summer he entered several field day competitions and altogether secured six more medals besides money prizes. When he was eleven he won the juvenile championship of the County of Forfar and held it against all competition until he left for this country.

Dave became an instructor of dancing when he was twelve years of age, at Arthur Dancing Academy, where he had received the most of his training. From then until he came to this country he entered many competitions, winning prizes for Scotch, Irish, English, Spanish, and fancy dancing. He has won special prizes for the cake walk, buck and wing dance, sword dance, and sailor's hornpipe; in fact, he has never been beaten at the latter dance in any competition.

Since coming to America, in 1916, Dave has won four Walter Scott medals in Boston and Providence for Scottish dances, also money prizes at Southbridge and Lowell.

Just call around on Dave, who, by the way, has a sister who works with us and is also an accomplished dancer, and we are sure he will be glad to exhibit his one hundred prizes, consisting of gold and silver medals, and a silver clock.

Ready for the Sailor's Hornpipe

No Accident Day

December 2 was "No Accident Day" in the shop. At least it was hoped that, on that day, by special effort on everybody's part, we could eliminate all accidents. But unfortunately there were three lost-time accidents.

Elmer White, on Snow's job, had a finger jammed and cut.

Tatro Sooridian, of Gill's job, and Joe Boulega, of the foundry, had their backs strained.

We ought to have better luck next time. Everybody watch out for the "No Accidents To-day" sign. It will be up again soon; and let's get together and put a kink in the business of old man carelessness.

Speaking of carelessness, Hugh Ferguson handed us the following clipping from the *American Machinist.*

You Know Me

I am more powerful than the combined armies of the universe.

I have destroyed more men than all the wars of the world.

I am more deadly than bullets, and I have wrecked more homes than the mightiest of siege guns.

I spare no one, and find my victims among the rich and poor alike; the young and the old; the strong and the weak. Widows and orphans know me.

I loom up to such proportions that I cast my shadow over every field of labor, from the turning of the grindstone to the moving of every train.

I massacre thousands and thousands of wage-earners in a year.

I lurk in unseen places and do most of my work silently.

You are warned against me, but you heed not.

I am relentless. I am everywhere—in the house, on the street, in the factory, at the railroad crossings, and on the sea.

I bring sickness, degradation, and death, yet few seek to avoid me.

I destroy, crush, or maim; I give nothing, but take all.

I am your worst enemy.

I AM CARELESSNESS.

A Dancing Cat

"Kid" lives on Northbridge Hill and belongs to Mrs. George Dyer. "Kid" is one of the most influential members of the Cat Community and is a member of its exclusive clubs and societies, which meet quite frequently in spite of the many attempts that are made to disorganize their gatherings. He was recently elected president of the Tommies musical club.

Just at present, "Kid" is a mite more retiring than usual, for during the gunning season his thick angora pelt is apt to lure the eye of the greedy hunter or fool the eye of the near-sighted. "Kid's" accomplishment which is most popular with the human race is his ability to dance. He can reverse, too. However, his dance is not a free exhibition, for "Kid" is surely a professional. All those who have a hot oyster right out of the stew or a cold bit of turkey handy will find the performance most artistic.

The Way It Goes

When it's spring, you catch a cold;
Summer time, you're meltin';
When it's winter, wood is scarce—
Sleet an' snow a-peltin'.

When you've got the cash in view,
Plenty to befriend you;
When you need a dime or two,
Not a soul to lend you!

When you're on the mountain top,
Telescopes to spy you;
When into the ditch you drop,
Whole world passes by you!

Ain't a bit of use to fret—
Take it as you find it;
Best world that you've been in yet;
Laugh and never mind it!

McKee—Kane

A very pretty wedding took place at the home of Mrs. McKee, of 57 Boarder Street, at 2 P. M. on Monday, November 24. The contracting parties were Selina A. McKee, of the flyer job, and Harold J. Kane, of Blanchard's job.

The home was prettily decorated in read and white, relieved by ferns, carnations, and roses. At the proper time Miss Mildred Magill played the wedding march. Then the many relatives and friends witnessed the double ring ceremony which was performed by Rev. Mr. Short, of All Saints' Church, Worcester.

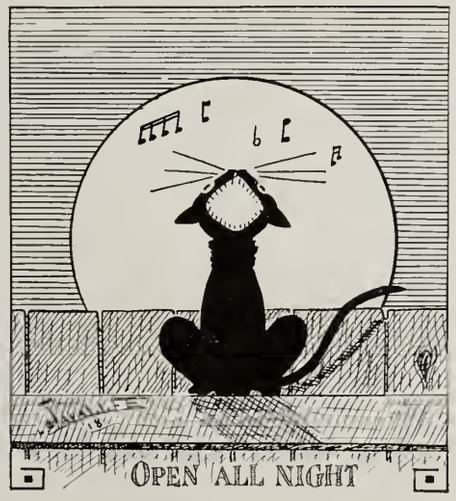
The bride wore a white georgette and satin dress with veil to match and carried a bouquet of white roses. Her traveling dress was a navy blue tricolette with a hat of the same color. The bridesmaid, Miss Annie Smith, wore a pale pink georgette dress and carried pink carnations.

The best man was Robert McKee, a brother of the bride.

The gifts the bride received were too numerous to mention, but chief among them was an electric lamp from the department of Lucien Barnes, where the bride fills the position of timekeeper.

After the luncheon which followed the ceremony, the bride cut the first piece from a large wedding cake. An enjoyable time was then passed with popular songs, until it was time for the bride and groom to start on their honeymoon trip to New York.

The party then broke up with every one wishing the happy couple an excellent voyage on the sea of life.



Another bike fiend of the old days is Lucien Barnes, of the flyer job. Lucien was always on time at the old schoolhouse with his buss, which is more than some of the present-day scholars are who have to depend upon the turn-over of the engine these cold mornings.

Henry Owen reports some interest-facts on the Foundry and Cast Iron Room.

It takes practically 3.27 men for every ton of iron melted under present conditions.

It takes 1.4 men for every ton of iron melted, to do the work in the Cast Iron Room.

The above figures are based on heats taken in 1918 for 121 tons per day, and heats in October, 1919, when we were melting 92 tons per day.

Speaking of the Foundry, Mr. Moffet tells us that the record melt since December, 1916, occurred one day in March, 1917, at which time 135½ tons were melted down.

Albert Buma on his honeymoon reported seeing one policeman and only one. We can't account for the shortage of the guardians of the peace, so it seems to us that he was completely wrapped up in honeymooning. Keep up the good work, Albert. We are surprised that you ever saw that one.

"Camp News"

On Saturday, November 15, 1919, at Camp Ki-Yi, a rabbit pie supper was served.

The boys had been out hunting November 11 and had killed enough rabbits, and then some, to have plenty for twenty men. Supper was served at 7 P. M. Albert J. Brown was toastmaster for the evening.

After the supper the boys showed plainly that they were well pleased and well filled. Some of the great Nimrods started telling stories about the sport they had in the field and streams of yore.

"Bill" Deane told one that was certainly a winner. It was about the great sportsman, Con Hourihan.

"Con and Charlie Wood went out a few weeks ago to shoot a few cotton tails. Every time Con got a shot, the rabbit just winked at him and kept on running. Con got rather peevish and, coming home, he didn't have much to say. All of a sudden Con held up his hand to Charlie and said, "Sh! Sh! There is a pheasant just around this bend in the road." Con took careful aim and pulled the trigger. Just then Charlie started laughing and laughed until his sides were sore. If you want to know what kind of a pheasnat it was, Charlie says you will have to ask Con.

Everybody was having a good laugh when up jumped Charlie Stuart. He was all excited. He had left the draughts in his furnace wide open. He was afriad his house would burn down. "Al" Brown got him to sit down and forget his furnace. He then started up the Victrola. Stuart sat directly in front of it. His thumbs were stuck in the arm holes of his vest. He reminded us of an ad we all have seen, "His Master's Voice." But we all know it was not his master's voice. This was strictly a stag party.

After stories were told by "Mose" Veau, "Dick" Marshall, "Tom" Crompton, and "Gus" Sheldsmidt, Alex Bassett passed around the sweet cider once more. Then it was voted to adjourn. Everybody went home happy, hoping to meet again soon to spend another of the great evenings together.

"In the Days Of Real Sport"

Back in 1887 when W. O. Aldrich and "Jake" Johnston were holding down all records in bicycledom, the desire cropped up to pedal to St. Johns, N. B. On June 27, 1888, the above picture was taken. Four days later Bill and Jake gave up the ghost at Gardiner, Me., on account of the poor roads. Plummers would have been about our destination, we're thinking.

Death and Detectives

Caretaker Walker reports that two of the baby mice born to the Foundry last month have died. Funeral services were in charge of Louis Veau and Harry Mulligan. A post-mortem investigation by Ira Anthony has brought out suspicion of foul play. In view of these facts, Detectives Donlin and Connors have been assigned to the case, which will in all probability be brought up in the next judicial session before Judge Moffet. Sensational revelations are expected to develop.

After Hours

Jam the old briar full of your favorite ring blower, whether it may be Imperial Cube Cut or old B. L., and say "Hello" as if he were your best pal. If you have been eating onions, make it Fore and Aft or old Virginia Twist.

That is what we felt like doing when we came in possess sion of this picture. Sam Moss claims he had it all fixed up to keep his picture out of the "Spindle," but here it is, boys, all posed for, white collar, red necktie, handkerchief in breast pocket, button in lapel, and everything. We'll be looking for your finger prints next, Sam.

Interesting Anniversaries

December 15 to January 15

The period of one month immediately following the distribution of this issue contains the anniversaries of the events that follow:

Dec. 20, 1890—42 inch cards were designed for use with card coilers.

Dec. 20, 1896—Big fire in the center of Uxbridge.

Dec. 22, 1896—250 horsepower Corliss engine started in the power house.

Dec. 25, 1898—Catholic church finished.

Dec. 26, 1916—Boiler house coal trestle finished.

Dec. 29, 1916—Funeral of Mrs. John C. Whitin.

Dec. 30, 1917—Eighteen degrees below zero.

Jan. 1, 1899—Funeral of door keeper John Donovan.

Jan. 1, 1900—Electric passenger cars start runnin to Whitin station.

Jan. 1, 1910—William Taft, former superintendent of the shop, dies.

Jan. 2, 1890—Grippe prevalent in Whitinsville.

Jan. 3, 1917—Hamilton Boyd, deputy sheriff and selectman, dies.

Jan. 4, 1896—Make plans to change over foundry stacks from coal to coke fuel.

Jan. 6, 1893—Eighteen inches of snow fell.

Jan. 7, 1898—Most of the shop running only 32 hours a week.

Jan. 8, 1917—McMyler locomotive crane arrives.

Jan. 10, 1902—Twenty cases of smallpox in Rockdale.

Jan. 10, 1907—Start south addition to Main Office.

Jan. 13, 1892—Designed velvet loom.

Jan. 13, 1902—Superintendent's office extension started.

Jan. 13, 1902—Doctors vaccinate all the shop employees.

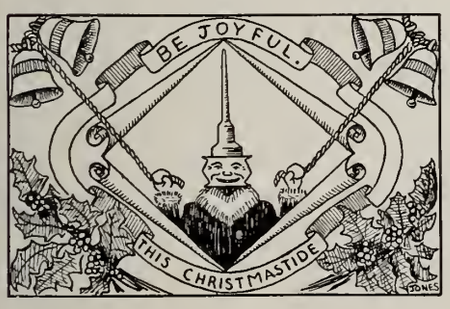
Jan. 14, 1912—Twenty-eight degrees below zero.

Jan. 15, 1894—Several departments stop on account of business depression.

Well, in a Way, Yes

"Why is a pancake like the sun?"

"Dot's easy," answered the Swede. "It rises out of der yeast and sets behindt der vest."



Holland Band Entertains

A concert was given in Memorial Hall, Friday evening, December 5, 1919, by the Crescendo Band, composed of members of the Holland Musical Corps.

Besides the many pleasing band numbers, solos were rendered on the violin by Winona Waters, on the 'cello by Ellen J. Ashton, and on the piano by Elsie Coburn.

Herbert Waters was the baritone of the occasion and was much appreciated.

A special number was rendered by the band, featuring Tillie Frieswick on the cornet.

The band consists of employees of the Whitin Machine Works and does not wish to be classed as professionals, being made up strictly of amatuer players. Mr. William Ashton, second hand on the gear job, is the director.

The concert was a real success, and a great deal of credit is due to the individual players as well as to the director.

The members of the Crescendo Band are:

Director—Wm. H. Ashton.

Assistant Directors—Wilfred E. Booth, Chester A. Wentworth.

Clarinets—Charles Kroll, Youke Van Der Akker, Gerrit De Boer.

Cornets—Dick De Boer, Henry Kooistra, John Baker, Peter Glashower, Dick Zylstra, Harry Ruardi, Gritsen Osterman, Raymond Cnossen.

Horns—Fred Kramer, Fred Baker, John Wiersma, Henry Van Der Brug.

Trombones—Andrew Plantinga, Gert Kramer, Jacob Heringa.

Baritone—Sjuerd van Der Akker.

Basses—Gerben Opperwall, Sameal Oppawall.

Drums—Peter Kooistra, Sidney Mantell.

That's the Question

Mr. Oldboy: "Marry me, and I could die happy."

Miss Bright: "Yes, you could—but would you?"

Mother: "Son, I don't believe you washed your face at all."

Small Son: "If you don't believe me, look at the towel."—*Judge.*

Over Anxious Job Seeker

Superintendent Whipple intends to spend his week-ends away from all shop work and responsibility. However, this is not always possible, as the following incident proves:

About 2 A. M., Monday, the seventeenth of November, Mr. Whipple was awakened by knocking and consistent bell ringing at his front door. Thinking somebody might have an important message for him at that time of the day, he hurried to have a few words with the person. We never found out how few the words were or just what they might have been, but Mr. Whipple says anybody that comes around at that time of the day looking for a job lacks sense enough to be normal. Needless to say, the early morning caller has not as yet secured employment at the Whitin Machine Works.

The little ditty entitled "Out the Window You Must Go" was uniquely demonstrated by "Haddo" Johnston one Sunday recently. The bouncer at the Blue Eagle Inn had adopted the slogan, "All out by nine or no breakfast."

Johnston was locked in his room about five minutes of nine, which trick did more to waken him than all the noise or persuasion could possibly do, and by nine o'clock sharp, Johnston had proven Darwin's theory on evolution.

Passersby report that a hastily dressed individual was seen descending via the rope fire escape from the upper story. This report was just prior to the time "Haddo" ordered his "half and half."

Sweet's job was badly crippled last month, when one of its most efficient members was suddenly called to New York. In his absence a very important visitor called.

Mock Wedding

The above was not a picture of a Wild West party, nor was it a sleepy crowd, but a real live gathering at the home of Mary Lemoine, in Sutton, of about forty girls from Peck's and Britton's jobs. Mrs. Lemoine was indeed surprised when she welcomed in this group of friends associated with her at the Whitin Machine Works.

Halloween costumes were in vogue, and a mock marriage was carried out with a great deal of solemnity. The bride was Alice Spence, who carried a lovely bouquet of cabbage leaves. The groom was Grace DeHaas, who took the part well, with chin whiskers to detract from any notice that might be forthcoming on the various masculine poses. Miss Stromberg was the bridesmaid and wore a short dress and bright red stockings. The best man was Ada Wood. We wonder where she borrowed the well-fitting soldier's uniform! We are expecting a lecture soon on the "Death Battalion" from our latest trooper.

Our contributor states that the individual who occupies the other half of this picture was the flower girl and looked real cute in her short bloomers.

The bride was given away by "old man" Miss Mary Munroe, who, it is stated, will be a bride herself in the near future.

"Parson" Ruth Hammond, attired in a yellow and black clown suit in the role of "Fatty" Arbuckle, tied the knot.

Everybody had a grand old time, and after presenting Mrs. Lemoine with a beautiful rocker the party voted to adjourn until they could meet again on a similar occasion.

Around the Shop

Mr. Newell W. Wood, general manager of the Supply Room, has returned to his work after a month's sickness.

Wanted

A worthy assistant to fill the vacancy left by John Orr at Dave Savage's barber shop. Any person wishing this position may answer through the "Spindle."

Everett Johnston, who has an excellent bass voice, thought he would give the boys a *little* music. He was half way through the song when Herbert Meek, who was standing nearby, was heard to say, "You have a swell Montana voice." Everett stopped for a moment, then replied, "Yes, it's a Butte." One of Dalton's specials.

Some one in the Pattern Loft has discovered a new kind of chewing gum. For further information ask Mrs. Marshall.

Jim Gusney tried to climb a stone wall while traveling up Church Street. What about it, Jim?

Instead of riding to Linwood as they used to, Bob Keeler, John Steele, and Geo. Duchane walk for their health. There must be some attraction on the way. Perhaps it's the Dormitory.

We noticed in last month's "Spindle" that Sally Jones and Company laid in a large supply of shiners for the winter. Well, Sally, we think you will have some difficulty in locating them, as they tell us that the water has risen so high that, instead of offering a place for protection, the boat house offered a good place for escape.

Ray McKinnon, one of our mail boys, is learning how to be a detective. Any one needing assistance can leave word with the operator in the Main Office.

There is a rumor around the Stock Room that Gummy has joined the Blackhand Society.

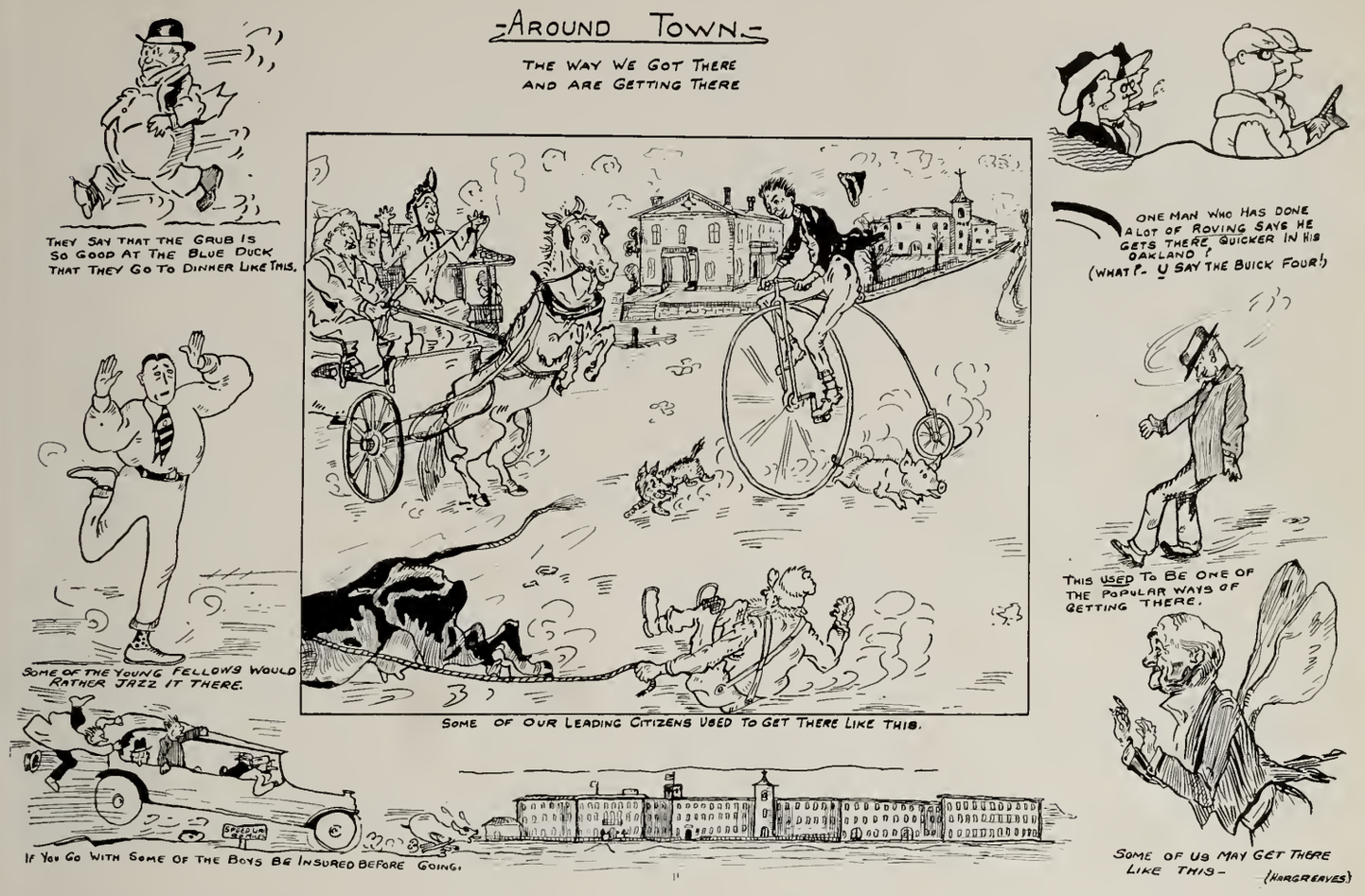
J. W. Dale, foreman of the repair job, has returned to work after seven weeks of sickness. Bill had a tough battle with bronchial pneumonia, and we are glad to see that he has won out so completely.

James Marshall was recently acting on a committee of the C. E. at the Presbyterian Church. Jimmy was trying to think up details for an entertainment, when it dawned on him that he could do fancy dancing. It was real fancy, ending up with a beautiful sprawl on the floor. The other members of the committee straightway tendered their sympathy.

We want to hear from Fred Walker in regard to that motorcycle that was reported to have been brought to him in a wash tub. Did they refund the ten dollars, Fred?

Bill Morrison spent the Thanksgiving week-end out of town. By so doing he gave his neighbors a regular scare. Next time, Bill, as a matter of thrift, we suggest that you turn off the cellar light.

Bob Metcalf, of the Photography Department, has the electric washing-machine bug that has gone the round of the Drafting Room. But Rob has it down to a science. He has a demonstration each month and has already been real chummy with several demonstrators, which reminds us of an ad found in a late *American Legion Weekly:* "Why kill your wife? Let our electric washing machine do your dirty work."



Through Powder and Puff

Already our suspicions, aroused over the sewing circle of the girls in the Main Office, are beginning to be confirmed. Miss Ruth Blanchard, filing clerk, has severed her connections with this firm and is about to be united in marriage with Mr. Edward White, of Providence. Ruth is very popular with every one in the office and will be very much missed. May our very best wishes for a long and happy married life go with her.

Miss Susie Pollock, of the Cashier's Department, is enjoying a three weeks' vacation in Washington.

Miss Gladys Hanny wants to know what palpitation of the heart is. Just as a suggestion we would say no medical aid is needed in Gladys's case.

We are looking forward to seeing some mighty fine basketball games this winter, since the girls in the Main Office have decided to organize a basketball team. We will expect to hear more about this team later.

Since the girls have been studying hygiene, the shop hospital has taken on a new interest to many of them, especially Miss Aldrich. Dr. Aldrich has not announced her office hours as yet, but we already predict a flourishing business.

Miss Jennie Scott wishes to inform the editors of the "Spindle" that any communications between them and Miss Bessie Aldrich about bell hopping or buzzer popping are absolutely unfounded and not to be considered important enough to print. We always try to be agreeable.

Grace Brown and Ruth Burnap attended the Country Club's dance at Worcester, Wednesday evening, November 26. Grace now claims her hobby is shimmying. Ask them what time they arrived home.

William F. Hogarth, of Hopedale, and Miss Alice Devlin, of this town, were married on Thanksgiving Day. The bride was at one time employed on the needle job.

Charles Wood, of Maple Street, and Mildred P. Andrews, daughter of Mrs. Nellie Wood, Spring Street, were married on Monday, November 18. Before her marriage Mrs. Wood was employed on the brush job. Mr. Wood works in the Foundry and was with the Yankee Division during the war.

Mrs. Maria Minshull, after nine years' service, has left the employ of the Whitin Machine Works and is now occupied in mastering the art of housekeeping in her new home on Arcade Street.

We hear rumors to the effect that Annie Buma, who left the shop a few weeks ago to become a waitress at the Blue Eagle Inn, would like to be back again.

The "Jazz Baby" on the brush job is very fond of reading, but her reading is a one-book library which consists of the book entitled "Louie of the Bad Lands." She says she never tires of reading it.

Result of Sleeve Caught by Upright Drill

Napoleon Barber, of the chuck job says he knows from experience that it is a good idea not to wear loose clothing around machinery, especially upright drills.

Thanksgiving Dance

A very pretty dance was held Thansgiving evening at Odd Fellows Hall. Nearly fifty couples from the Whitin Machine Works attended and reported back an evening full of pep, in spite of the heavy repast at noon.

General arrangements were in charge of Herbert Meek, of Wood's Office. Hazel Anderson was responsible for the refreshments, and Catherine Munt took charge of the decorations.

Heys Orchestra performed in their usual creditable manner, winding up with the traditional "Home Sweet Home" just before the hour hands met at twelve.

Historical Sketch

Continued from page 3

Most of the married employees make their homes in comfortable tenements owned by the Whitin family. At this date there are about eight hundred tenements and a hotel and four large boarding houses, and some sixty or more tenements are now in process of erection, together with several large boarding houses for the accommodation of unmarried employees. The houses are fitted with modern conveniences and are located on beautifully shaded streets, which, with well-kept lawns, gardens, and harmonious labor conditions, tend to the contentment of the employees. This assertion is amply proven by the long service records of many of the employees: one has been with the concern 60 years; one, 59 years; nine, 50 to 56 years; forty-two, 40 to 50 years; one hundred and twenty-two, 30 to 40 years; two hundred and fifty-one, 20 to 30 years.

The several members of the Whitin family make their homes permanently in the village, taking great interest in its welfare and contributing liberally of their time and means in maintaining the reputation of Whitinsville of being a model manufacturing community.

Mrs. Joseph Gamelin wishes to express her gratitude through the "Spindle" for the purse of money that was presented to her by friends of her late husband here at the shop. Mrs. Gamelin appreciates the sympathy that was behind the gift and would like to be able to thank each and every one personally.

We wish to express our sympathy to Mr. Levi Rasco, on the loss of his wife, who died Sunday, November 23, 1919, after a long period of illness. The many friends of Mrs. Rasco will always remember her with a great deal of love and respect.

Can You Figure It Out

Tom Wallace tells a good joke on himself. He was boasting to his son Newell, one of the Northbridge High boys, about the big shipbuilding yards at Queenstown, Ireland.

"Yes, sir, boy, they make bigger ships, better ships, and have better workmen over there in Ireland than here."

"Is that so, Dad?" says Newell. "I don't see how that can be."

"Why, sure thing," says Tom; "they can work rings around these fellows in this town and make twice as much money."

"How many years have you worked here, Dad?"

"Nineteen; why?"

"Just a minute; how much money have you saved?"

"Precious little, son; you children have cost a big pile."

"That's not it, Dad. There must be smarter men than you working in this country."

That's American education for you, Tom. We want to congratulate you on being able to enjoy a good joke on yourself.

Mr. Joseph Bergeron, of the bolt job, died of heart diseae November 2, at his home on Church Street, Linwood, Mass. Mr. Bergeron had been with the Whitin Machine Works since September, 1909, and will be missed in the shop as well as on the bolt job.

Do Your Christmas Shopping Early

Records of Service

There are eleven men who have worked with the Whitin Machine Works for fifty to sixty years, and forty-four who have been with us from forty to fifty years. The following one hundred twenty-one men belong to the old stand-bys who have helped make possible the position that the Whitin Machine Works is proudly taking among the textile industries today:

THIRTY-NINE YEARS

John Fanning — W. F. Tibbetts
Samuel St. Andre — Joseph Dwyer
William J. Rankin — Robert Britton
David V. Brown

THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS

Timothy Regan — Benj. Brines
John Duggan — William Cahill
J. C. McGuire — Elkena Shaw
W. H. Searles

THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS

John J. Regan — Hugh S. Ferguson
Peter Savage — Samuel Wallace
Charles H. Wood — Albert Dunn
Dennis Dunn — P. C. Houghton
John Williams — Daniel Leonard
James McKaig — David Lemoine

THIRTY-SIX YEARS

John Feen — M. C. Heath
John Carroll — A. J. Brown
Robert Vail — Frank Bassett
Thomas Gorman — H. K. Burr
J. A. Johnston — Edw. L. Brown

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS

Oscar L. Owen — Harry Brown
Jeremiah Haggerty — John Feen
Dennis Mack — A. J. Snyder
John Marshall — William Dixon
Patrick Cahalane — Henry J. Brown
John Callahan — A. Lasco

THIRTY-FOUR YEARS

John McClelland — William J. Foster
John A. Wood — William Boyd
Edward McGuire

THIRTY-THREE YEARS

Peter Lemoine — J. W. Dale
George Kidd — Sidney White
Robert Shirley — A. M. Smith
David Derenian — Samuel Leech
George L. Gill

THIRTY-TWO YEARS

Dennis Feen — Alonzo Gill
David Marshall — Alexander McCrea
Thomas Skill — Bert. S. Hill

THIRTY-ONE YEARS

Charles Reneau — Moses Veau
Philip Podvin — John Burke
J. St. Andre — Robert Walsh
John Simpson — James McQuilken
Patrick Walsh — Joseph Bouvier
John J. Cotter — Frank B. Hopkins
John Farrand — B. F. Devlin
Peter Taperle — Peter Goodhue

THIRTY YEARS

Robert Deane — Tittiss Felson
H. S. Blanchard — Felix Topp
John Hurley — John J. Kelliher
Henry Gorman — J. A. Parsons
Wilfred Gerard — John Firth
Louis Paquette — Christ. Anderson
John Hayes — Daniel Duggan
Alex. McRoberts — Thomas Crompton, Jr.
James J. Megill — A. Dupont
Fred Burroughs — Thomas Brooks
Thomas Crawford — Walter E. Harris
Neil Currie — John C. Orr
Henry A. Owen — Wm. A. Sproat
John Campbell — J. R. Joyce

THIRTY YEARS

Robert Marshall — Edwin Baldwin
Henry Holland — Joseph Cahill
Albert Birchall — A. W. Austin
A. C. Ball — James Donovan
James Gorman

A Whitin Machinist Admidst the Picturesque

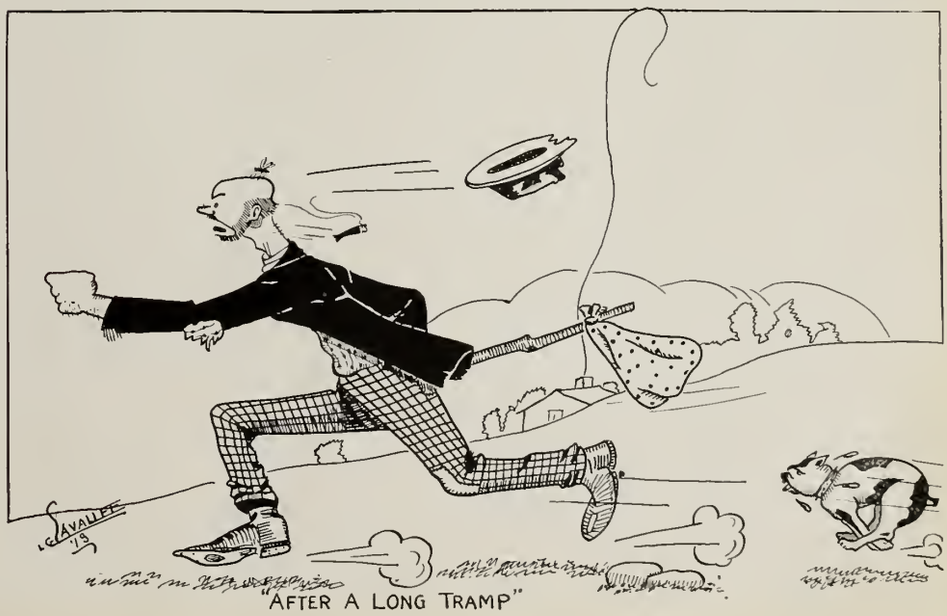
Continued from page 7

As for ducks, thereby hangs a tale that is surely on "yours truly." A neighbor and I came to a pond, or a lake, which held a large flock of mallard ducks; I should say fifty, perhaps. Mind you these lakes are up 2,000 or 3,000 feet; and, when you approach, it is always down hill, with no cover. Well, he told me to go round and place myself in a draw at the far end and, after getting there to show my head, and he would scare them out. When he shot, I was to look out. It took me all of a half hour to go around and get into position. After he saw me, I heard him shoot; and in a moment I saw the ducks coming like a charge of cavalry, flying low, each trying to get ahead of the other. I just knew I was going to do myself proud, and I expect you are waiting for me to say that it just rained ducks. Boys! I didn't get a feather. My nephew, who is pretty fair at topographical sketching, has caught me in a very true picture of this scene, except he substituted himself for the friend. Perhaps the "Spindle" can find a place for this picture, and it is up to me to buy cigars. This is one of many pleasant hours passed in different ways.

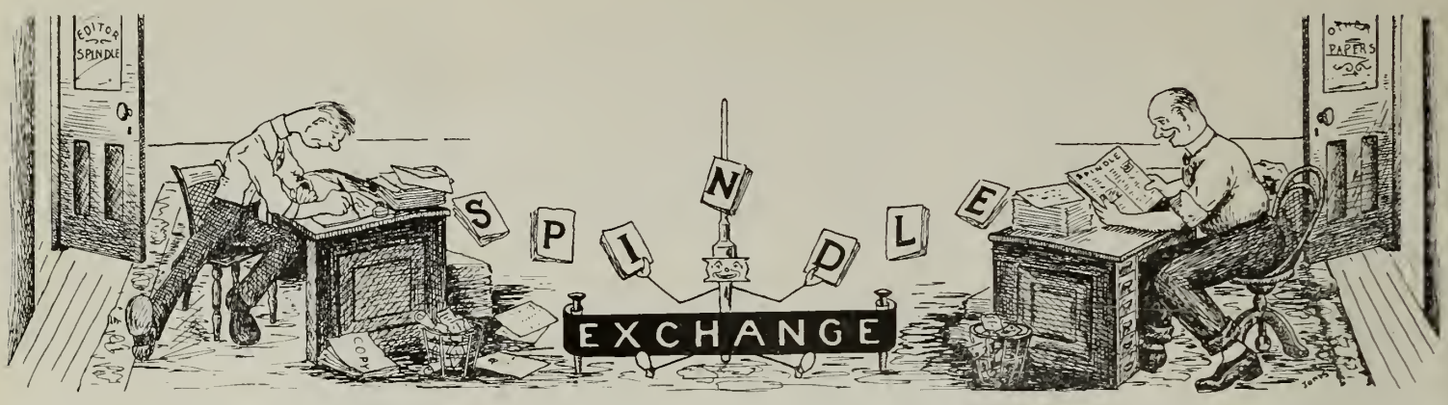
Before I stop, I must tell you what these "Bench Lands" are. They are vast level spaces between the mountains. You will come on them almost unexpectedly. While they seem perfectly level at a distance, on passing through, one finds deep canyons 200 or 300 feet deep, and in lots of places big formations forced up out of the level or left piled on the bench land. These are called buttes. This country has very little rain. When driving in an auto, dust rises up behind in clouds. The soil is mostly volcanic ash; and when water is turned on, as it is all irrigated by the Government, it blossoms like the rose. The State of Washington will produce this year from 7 million to 10 million barrels of apples, and this northwestern part of the state two-thirds of the crop—the finest apples in the world. The "Snookum" brand, having the smiling face of an Indian papoose on the label, comes from this neck of the woods, and you should try a box of "Delicians," packed about a hundred to the box.

I certainly hated to leave this country, where there are 300 days of sunshine; and the weather during my stay will bear out this statement. An appropriate verse comes to me, which expresses my feeling exactly in leaving this country. It is the last verse of a well-known poem:

"Out where the world is in the making,
Where fewer hearts with despair are aching,
That's where the West begins,
Where there's more of singing and less of sighing,
Where there's more of giving, and less of buying,
And a man makes friends without half trying,
That's where the West begins."



"AFTER A LONG TRAMP"



Let Something Good Be Said

Don't save the floral tributes
Till the aching heart is still,
And the tired hands are folded
Submissive to his will.
But scatter seeds of kindness
Upon life's thorny bed,
And while your friend is living
Let something good be said.

Don't magnify his failures
Or rejoice at his downfall;
Remember we are human
And temptation comes to all.
Don't waste the precious moments
To eulogize the dead,
But while your friend is living,
Let something good be said.

Don't crowd another closer,
That is pressed against the wall,
But lend a hand to help him—
Who knows when you may fall?
Let Charity's soft mantle
O'er faults and vices spread,
And while your friend is living
Let something good be said.

J. Werner.

She Up and Slewed Him

Mrs. Timid: "John, wake up! There's a man downstairs; I'm sure I heard a noise that sounded like a yawn."

Husband: "Oh, go to sleep! What you heard was probably the rubber plant stretching itself."

Case Dismissed

Angry Woman: "My husband attempted to strike me. I want to have him arrested."

Police Captain: "All right. Where will we find him?"

Angry Woman: "In the emergency hospital."

Old-Fashioned Marriage Proposal

It was raining—it had been raining for three hours. Yet the young man remained loafing around the garden gate regardless of his dripping clothes. At last a middle-aged woman came to the door and indignantly demanded to know what he wanted.

"I've come a-courtin' your daughter," replied the young man sheepishly, hoping he would be asked inside.

"Courtin' Lizzie, eh?" said the woman with keen sarcasm. "Then you'd better run away and lose yourself! My Lizzie ain't goin' to marry any one who ain't got the pluck to knock at the door and ask for her. Why, when her father came after me and found the door locked, he climbed the back wall, strangled the bulldog, and knocked the old man down. Then he grabbed hold of my hand and shoved on the ring and told me the banns were to be called the next Sunday. That's the sort of husband I want for my girl—not a shivering idiot who ain't got enough sense to come in out of the rain."

A Western Cure

There is a western legend of an Arizona bridegroom whose bride of a few months was missing. When asked where she was he explained with tears in his eyes that the poor woman had been thrown from her horse and he had been compelled to shoot her because her leg was broken, although "she was a fine girl and he loved her considerable."

If you were busy being glad
And cheering people who were sad,
Although your heart might ache a bit,
You'd soon forget to notice it.

REMEMBER

Many a man has dug his grave with his tongue.

Discourtesy hurts the person who uses it more than the person toward whom it is directed.

One discourteous action over the telephone to a patron or prospective patron does an injury to every man whose name is on the payroll—and a place on the payroll beats one in the breadline.

It is not always what a man knows, it is what he does that counts. Opportunity plays no favorites.

Knockers do not kill men—they kill business. They are the persons who sift sand into the gear boxes of progress.

Chickens come home to roost; so do harsh words.

A minister, with two lovely girls, stood entranced with the beauties of a flowing stream. A fisherman, happening by and mistaking the minister's occupation, said: "Ketchin' many, pard?"

"I am a fisher of men," answered the preacher with dignity.

"Well," replied the fisherman, with an admiring glance at the girls, "you sure have the right bait."—*Montreal Journal of Commerce.*

Blessed Yank

A particularly nasty Boche machine gunner, having used up all of his ammunition, jumped up and yelled, "Kamerad," and held up his hands. "Don't shoot," he cried, "I have a wife and two children!"

"You're a liar!" yelled back a Yank. "You've got a widow and two orphans!"

Worth Passing On

Here are a dozen don'ts for daily duties:

Don't argue with the inevitable. The only argument available with an east wind is to put on your overcoat.

Don't preach too much. None preaches better than the ant, and she says nothing.

Don't waste your feelings. Feelings are too rich cream to be skimmed for nothing.

Don't be too patient. "Once in a while," said Uncle Eben, "a man compliments himself on having patience when he's simply too lazy to make a kick."

Don't pick up worries. You can get them anywhere as you go along.

Don't let your stream of life be a murmuring stream.

Don't use a pile driver to pin on a bow of ribbon.

Don't measure success by accumulation, for this measure is false.

Don't talk over "prevailing conditions." Just make friends with your luck.

Don't fail to love your neighbors, yet pull not down your hedge.

Don't kill yourself with unnecessary work. There was once a New England woman whose epitaph read, "She hath done what she couldn't."

Don't leave the sky out of your landscape.—*Exchange.*

Your Standing

Stand close to all, but lean on none.
And if the crowd desert you,
Stand just as fearlessly alone
As if a throng begirt you;
And learn what long the wise have known,
Self-flight alone can hurt you.

WILLIAM S. SHURTLEFF.

AN OLD MAN DISCUSSES MARRIED LIFE

(Coyright, 1919, by Edgar A. Guest)

Lord, we've had our little wrangles,
an' we've had our little bouts
There's many a time, I reckon, that
we've been on the outs;
My tongue's a trifle hasty and my
temper's apt to fly,
An' mother, let me tell you, has a
sting in her reply.
But I couldn't live without her, an'
it's plain as plain can be
That in fair or sunny weather mother
needs a man like me.

Candor, We'd Say

Little Bessie, who went in to entertain the minister while he was waiting for her mother, was shy at first, so he began:

"Do you remember me, my dear?"

"I fink I do," answered the child; "you're the man mother makes me stay awake to listen to in church."

Quick, Doc!

He: "Poor Brown! He has lost all his money in a wildcat mining company."

She: "Mercy! I didn't know you had to mine for wildcats."

Let's Figure This Out

Soph: "I was over to see her last night, when some one threw a brick through the window and hit the poor girl in the side!"

Fresh: "Did it hurt her?"

Soph: "No, but it broke three of my fingers."

Foreign Lady in a Pharmacy

"I vant some powder."

"Mennen's?"

"No, vimmen's!"

"Scented?"

"No, I vill take it mit me."

Chuck Job

The chuck job is located in Shop No. 2 opposite the small tool job. The different jobs used to do their own chucking until May 17, 1875, when Louis Metcalf, who had just completed his time as an apprentice was placed in charge of the chucking work.

Few machines were used in that day in comparison to the present time and were mainly the old Whitin hand chucking machines. Later a few Brown & Sharpe machines and Prentiss drills were purchased.

In reading over the old records of the job, we find the box job was added to the chucking job on January 1, 1894, and for years afterwards all the boxes used on Whitin machinery were made in this department.

Potter & Johnston automatic machines were added to the job on October 4, 1917, which made possible chucking, back facing, turning, and squaring up all at the same time. The job then was composed of a force of seventy-five men.

In October, 1910, when the roving frames were brought to the shop, Mr. Metcalf took over the work on the various kinds of shaft gears, bobbin gears, and spindle gears. In July, 1914, the tool job built a special automatic chucking machine for turning and chucking these gears, and Wm. Hewes, the present foreman, says that the chips from the machine surely do fly; and if anybody doesn't think so, he invites them to stop off in the back cellar and get a few of these chips in the back of the neck. Hewes says he will have his crew ready to hold them from ringing in a fire alarm.

Mr. Metcalf was foreman of the job until his death in February, 1918, a period of forty-three years.

William Hewes, the second hand on the chuck job, took over the work after Mr. Metcalf's death. The bonus system was started on the chuck job soon after Bill took charge and has been popular with the men.

Hewes says his motto is: "Work hard and cheerfully. If you want your castings to-morrow, ask for them to-day and avoid the waste of good shoe leather."

The following men make up the roster of the chuck job.

Name	Years In Shop	Mos.
James Donovan	30	
Anna Vander Schuit	25	
Pe er Oppawall	24	
K at Nororian	22	
Wayland Johnson	20	
John Zylstra	19	
Hagop Hoogoian	19	
William Hewes	16	
Frank Fessenden	16	
Henry Blain	14	
Gerrit De Boer	13	
Toros Gavorian	13	
Hagop Pilebosian	11	
Peter Ledoux	10	
Frank Moore	5	
Raymond Johnson	3	6
Edward Raw on	3	4
George Morris	3	
Ant. Karlanos	2	
Martin Foran	2	
Gorge Wogulas	2	
John Leahy	1	
Ger. Hoogoian	1	
Geo. Baker		
W. M. Stanley		
Walter Minnahan		
Nap. Barber		21
Edw. Marcil		2
Philip Johnson		

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